

# THE LEATHERNECK

March, 1935

Single Copy, 25c



*-take it from me*  
Chesterfields are Milder

*-take it from me*  
Chesterfields Taste Better



# The LEATHERNECK

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*Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON*

## Heroes Wanted

**A**N UNUSUAL commission has recently been formed. According to the Associated Press, "A commission of hero-hunters today (January 26) pressed a record-by-record search of War Department archives for the last of 'the one hundred greatest heroes of the World War.' The Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest decoration within the gift of the nation, have been awarded to ninety-nine officers and enlisted men, including six awards to 'Unknown Soldiers' of the Allies for heroic deeds in the World War.

"Delving into the war time records of the 2,000,000 men who served overseas, the commission hopes to find and certify some other outstanding act of bravery 'Over and beyond the call of duty,' an act worthy of the Medal of Honor."

Without wishing to appear presumptuous, we should like to invite attention to the fact that the Navy Congressional Medal of Honor, which is accorded the same recognition as the Army Congressional Medal of Honor, was awarded on twenty-six occasions during the period of hostilities with the Central Powers. Five of the recipients were Marines of

the Fourth Brigade, 2nd Division, who were also decorated with the Army Medal of Honor for the same act of bravery, and were consequently included in the ninety-nine previously mentioned. Of the remaining nineteen, six were Naval personnel serving ashore with the Marine Brigade. These men were awarded Naval Medals of Honor, but none from the army. Thirteen Naval awards were made at sea, in some instances for heroism performed while engaging the enemy; and two Naval Medal of Honor winners were Marine flyers.

Unless the Naval Medal of Honor is specifically denied, the hero-hunting commission is twenty over the quota now. If the additional hero for whom they are searching must necessarily have served with the U. S. Army, Expeditionary Force, this does not eliminate the Naval personnel attached to the Marines. That they were not altogether unrecognized by the Army is attested by the fact that several Distinguished Service Crosses were awarded them.

But if they're just looking for a hero, and, after all, a hero is a hero, no matter with which outfit he served, we suggest that the records of Lt. Ralph Talbot and Gy-Sgt. Robert G. Robinson, U.S.M.C., both of the 1st Marine Aviation Force, France, be examined. Both these men have been awarded the Naval Medal of Honor, and neither is eligible for a similar army decoration; but that shouldn't eliminate them from the list of our country's heroes.

## Character

**W**HEN we learn that so-and-so, some one we know personally, or some one we have read, or heard of, has climbed a rung on the ladder of leadership, we are naturally curious to know why. Why was Blank made a foreman in the steel mill? Why was Doe made a squad leader?

Generally such questions can be answered correctly by stating that the one in question has, first, the necessary technical knowledge and, second, that he has the right character. Of the two qualifications, the right character undoubtedly carries the greater weight.

For a proper performance of command duty, right character is an essential which cannot be substituted for in the smallest degree. On the contrary, lack of adequate technical knowledge may be, and frequently is, waived, for the time being, when men are selected for command duty.

For positions in the line of command there is no technical knowledge which may not be acquired in a reasonable time by any man of average intelligence. For those same positions there is not one from that of a Commander-in-Chief down to and including a squad leader, which does not call for more than average character. And character is a tree of slow growth. Its roots lie in one's childhood and it seldom reaches its maturity before one's middle age. The kind of tree each one of us will have, depends on our daily, our hourly growth.

It is a tree that needs skillful cultivation. We cultivate most skillfully when we daily, in the little as in the big things, practice being honest, reliable, when we avoid malice, unfairness.

Napoleon, undoubtedly the superior leader of the two in the matter of technical knowledge, ended as a miserable failure; Washington, undoubtedly the superior leader in the matter of character, ended in the enjoyment of a brilliant and a permanent success.

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# THE LEATHERNECK

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## AUGUSTA MARINES VISIT FAR-AWAY LANDS

THE RECENT publication in THE LEATHERNECK depicting the interesting cruise of the USS. *Arkansas*, evoked considerable comment, and we are sure all hands of the *Augusta* detachment enjoyed the story. It was one worthy of preservation. Knowing that we enjoyed their story leads us to believe that other Marines will find the cruise of the *Augusta*, U. S. Asiatic Fleet Flagship, one of interest.

The *Augusta* cleared Shanghai on October 5, 1934, and headed for Guam, M. I., where we spent two days while the Fleet C-in-C, and his staff looked the place over. Colonel R. B. Farquharson, assisted by 1st Lieutenant L. B. Puller, detachment commanding officer, inspected the Marines of Guam.

There is little need to explain about Guam, however, for that station is familiar to most Leathernecks, so we will proceed with the story of the cruise.

After casting off our anchor lines in Apra Harbor, Guam, we steamed up the coast, past Agama, to give the citizens a sight for sore optics, and then headed for the mythical line, the equator. Arriving there at 0900, October 14th, the imaginary line became a fact, and some of us felt better when it had been crossed. An article has been written describing the crossing in a previous issue of THE LEATHERNECK so we will sail along over glassy, tropical seas toward Sydney, Australia.

Enroute to Sydney we passed through the Caroline and Solomon Island groups without excitement. The low, palm-encrusted coral reefs became a common sight and all hands patiently resigned themselves to the routine of the day while *Augusta* plowed her way through

BY JACK

Special Correspondent

the Doldrums and over the Tropic of Capricorn.

### Australia

OUR first sight of Australia was Great Sandy Island, which on the map lies a hair or two off the eastern coast and just north of Brisbane. Some of the alert ones on the watch for first glimpse of "the land down under" here remarked that memory of certain points along the California coast was stirred. Curiosity began anew—and the devils with women looked to a final brushing up on tactics, park and parlor. We learned many interesting facts about Australia that we would like to pass on.

Area—Almost as large as the continental United States.

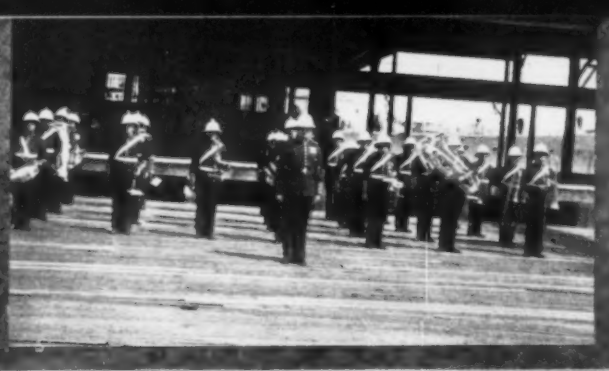
Population—New Era Atlas of 1931 gives 6,373,219.

Industry and Commerce—Soil said to be most productive in the world, giving great quantities of wheat, corn, oats, hay and potatoes. Tons of grapes, bananas, yams, pineapples and other fruits cultivated each year. Other crops include sugar cane, tobacco and cotton. Wool the great staple product of the country—over a million sheep being reared, in addition to other livestock. Mineral yield very great. The Commonwealth own and operate many ships built in government docks.

Personal observations—Steaks served in eating places are great; but scant praise can be given their coffee. A one-horse town has more public parks than any city the size of Frisco, L. A. or l'il ole New Yawk. Their city-planners generations ago must have been a certain way over botanical gardens, every city has one. No real high



The Island of Bali guarantees the safety of tourists by furnishing them with a sturdy guard. We herewith present Pvt. P. P. Emer and his protector.



#### INTERESTING FEATURES OF THE AUGUSTA'S CRUISE

At the left: Tilled ground, Bali;  
right: Australian Band, Mel-  
bourne.

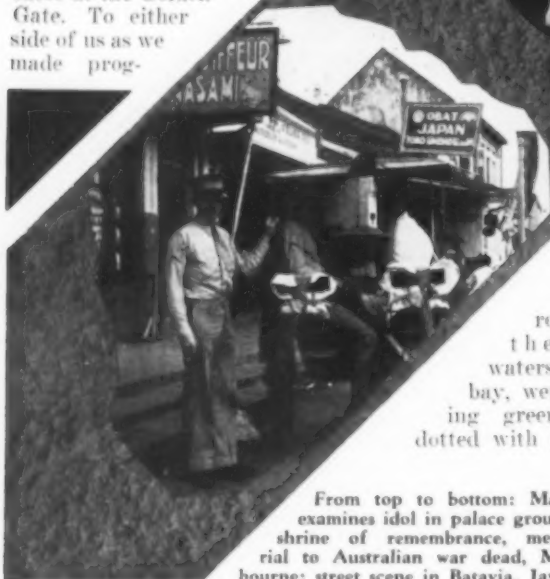
mountains so no real rivers. Tea served bedside at all hotels (yes, chambermaids do the serving). You always get lemon with your coffee. Believe that all Yankees (people from continental U. S. A.) speak the Bowery dialect. Insist upon knowing what you think of Australia, her flappers, and whether or not the girls dress better than American girls. Are enthusiastic over their citizen army, contemptuously referred to by the small regular establishment as the "Saturday night soldiers." A hobby of many Australian men and women is that of collecting data on America, a country they feel is very close to their native land in many ways although geographically 6,700 miles distant. Are great admirers of anything aeronautical, feeling their national defense dependent upon this branch of their fighting forces. Suspicious of anything Asiatic. And take great interest in the ponies—you should see an Australian sport sheet.

There is one thing about the Australians that we cannot give sufficiently high praise, and that is their hospitality. We were received with open arms, invited into their homes, and every attempt was made to have us leave with an impression as favorable as that carried home by the fleet in 1925.

#### Sydney

WE steamed into Sydney early the morning of 20 October. Quite a few of us saw in Sydney harbor something of San Francisco Bay shrunken up a bit. On both sides of the entrance to the harbor were high cliffs which could be favorably compared with those at the Golden Gate. To either side of us as we made prog-

roofs, the foliage so deep in color and the tile so bright that one received an impression of a patchwork quilt.



ress over the deep waters of the bay, were rolling green hills dotted with red-tile

From top to bottom: Marine examines idol in palace grounds; shrine of remembrance, memorial to Australian war dead, Melbourne; street scene in Batavia, Java.

Attention, however, was soon diverted to the ferry boats plying back and forth across the waters, and of course our interest was not in the least aroused by the fair occupants who crowded the rails to get a glimpse of those Yankee men aboard the strange type of cruiser invading their harbor.

Steaming into the harbor we moored about one hundred yards from "liberty" landing and about one-quarter of a mile from "The Arbor Bridge"—Sydney's latest structural pride. If you haven't seen the Arbor Bridge and been told about it—you haven't seen Sydney. We were royally received in the Arbor, and soon liberty parties were over the side making the supreme effort to learn the "Phoney" coins given in change for perfectly good Australian paper pounds handed us by the paymaster.

We had rather a fast start in Sydney as all the business places were closed (being Saturday and after one p. m.) and most of the folks ashore were at leisure. It did not take long to make acquaintances. But some of these early relationships were terminated when all the places where the whistle may be wetted down properly were closed promptly at 1800. And if one wants a glass of beer after that hour it is harder to find than in our own U. S. A. during the era of prohibition.

The six days of our visit in Sydney passed very rapidly, with the daily hours for visitors, the personal tactical maneuvers in the many spacious public parks scattered throughout the city; and repeatedly telling the Sydneites

THE LEATHERNECK



Left, the Rajah's Palace, Bali; right, a wayside restaurant on the same island.

that we had seen their 'Arbor Bridge.

We wish to thank the Marines of the USS. *Astoria*, who visited

sometime before, for informing the fair damsels of Sydney that Marines were of important rank and also that a Marine had to serve several years as a member of the sailor branch of the navy with the highest of markings before attaining the rank of Marine. All we had to do was say, "Uh-huh" and listen. Well done, Astorians!

We like to believe that American people are of a distinctive type but we cannot say that we have a corner on the "beautiful but dumb." One fair maiden had the fortune (?) of having Pvt. C. B. Reid escort her about the ship. The sweet young thing asked her escort what the volleyball net was for and she was informed that ship's commissary had run out of fish on the way from Guam so we stopped the ship and went fishing—and so the story goes, she believed it. All went well until the couple reached the flight deck and the young lady asked how a catapult was used. And she was stunned to silence when the following explanation was given. Private Reid said: "You see, they put the plane in the center and then start spinning the catapult. When it is spinning fast enough the pilot releases a brake and the plane flies off into the air." With that, what could the poor girl do but wonder at the amazing achievements of catapults since the things began to appear on fighting ships?

Pvt. W. M. Adams ran right smack into a social gathering of Sydney educators during his sojourn out a ways one evening and proudly informed those present that the Marines had the best educated military service

in the world and straightaway was invited to speak later to the local school board on education. We received no further reports but trust our man delivered the goods.

We sailed from Sydney on Saturday, October 27th, and were escorted out of the harbor by boatloads of "broken-hearts"—and not a few said they would be on hand to see us in Melbourne.

Sgt. Joe Edwards, a man we saw little of when in China and the Philippines, again dropped out of sight and registered 578 Australian miles on his speedometer by motoring to Melbourne as chauffeur for the C-in-C., Admiral F. B. Upham. Edwards had to do some rapid-fire locating in his trips to the Australian cities, places he had never visited before, to be in readiness each time the C-in-C. went ashore to the principal places. He learned more about the places to go perhaps than the average man aboard, although some of us did quite a bit of stepping ourselves.

The crew had a period of recuperation from the serious demands on energy made during the stay in Sydney, while enroute to the City of the Centenary. All was new interest however as we

pulled into Port Melbourne 29th of October and docked at Prince's Pier, opposite four Australian and New Zealand "cans."

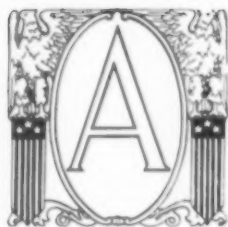
H.M.A.S. *Canberra* (flagship of the Australian fleet), and H.M.S. *Sussex*. The last named man-o'-war had brought the Duke of Gloucester from England to attend the Centenary.

Melbourne was the capital city of Australia until a few years ago when Canberra, inland, was  
(Continued on page 55)



From top to bottom: Ambassador at Large from U. S. M. C. visits citizens of Bali; Dutch destroyer escort, Batavia; cock fight on roadside, Bali.





# MESSAGE TO GARFIELD

BY FRANK H. RENTFROW

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

*It Is Doubtful Whether or Not Ballard Had Ever  
Heard of Garcia and His Exemplary Messenger;  
But When He Was Told to Deliver a Mes-  
sage Personally to Captain Garfield, He  
Made Up His Mind to Follow  
Orders Even If the Whole  
German Army Stood  
In His Path*

"WELL, who are you and what do you want?" The white-faced runner blinked owlishly in the yellow candle light and thrust his hand inside his dripping slicker.

"I'm Private Ballard, Brigade Headquarters, with a message for Captain Garfield, sir. Is this his P. C.?"

"No, this is Battalion; the captain's up in front with his company. I'm his battalion commander, though, and I'll take the message if you want."

The runner shook his head emphatically. "No, sir," he replied: "The lieutenant said I shouldn't give it to no one but Captain Garfield himself."

The man's sincerity brought a twinkle to the major's gray eyes. He leaned over the table and lighted a cigarette from a candle stuck on top of a helmet. The disturbed flame agitated the great, distorted shadows and they danced grotesquely on the dug-out walls.

"I see," remarked the major, "a sort of 'Message to Garcia' idea, isn't it?"

It is doubtful if Private Ballard had ever heard of Garcia or his exemplary messenger, but observations by majors, no matter how recondite, are always to be confirmed.

"Yes, sir," he admitted dutifully.

The major bent over the map spread in front of him and ran his pudgy finger along some penciled coordinates. "Here we are, here," he said as his finger paused. "You should find Captain Garfield somewhere in these woods around Delacroix. Telephone communications have been destroyed so I don't know exactly where."

Ballard watched the peregrinating finger with awe. It seemed to cover a fearful amount of shell-swept territory before it finally came to rest near Delacroix.

Over in a dim corner of the dug-out were some tiers of chicken-wire bunks. An empty one mocked the runner with its invitation, and a mess kit with the remains of



Ballard left the village and began feeling his way blindly along the road. The gummy mud seemed to grip his feet and the cold rain stabbed clear through to the bone.

some greasy food reminded him that he had eaten nothing since before noon. Ballard didn't want to go on. It was a black, rainy night, miserably cold, and the Boche had been lavish to a fault with their shell fire. He was striving to fashion some logical excuse for abandoning his mission when the memory of the lieutenant came to his mind.

"This message is from Division for immediate and personal delivery to Captain Garfield," the lieutenant had told him. "Do you understand, Ballard? It is to be delivered to no one else."

The major ceased his unheeded advice and directions. "Now do you think you can find it?" he asked.

The runner examined the map with sodden eyes. "Yes, sir," he said mechanically.

With a last regretful look at the empty bunk Ballard pushed aside the blankets hanging in the doorway and stumbled up the stairs. His hob-nailed shoes slipped on the rain-wet surface. The night air chilled him and the icy rain beat into his face and ran down his neck. With a stiff, tense motion he slopped down the muddy street to-



ward the far end of the village. A sentry challenged him from a shadowy doorway.

"I'm lookin' for Captain Garfield, B Company."

"They're up yonder around Delacroix," informed the sentry. "That is, what's left of 'em. Just folly the road and you can't miss 'em."

Without a warning a shell crashed almost at their feet. The two men flattened themselves in the mud while the vibrations rumbled through the hollow street. More shells thundered at the farther end.

"Must be gettin' close to twelve o'clock," remarked the sentry. "The Krauts shell here regular at midnight."

Ballard left the village and began feeling his way blindly along the road. The gummy mud seemed to grip his feet and the cold rain stabbed clear through to the bone. Now and then a flare threw the land into a twisted pattern of tortured shapes, and an occasional star-shell etched its peculiar design of color in the sable night; but mostly it was a world of empty blackness through which Ballard trudged. He could hear the Germans "searching" the village he had left, and up ahead there was a steady rumble, fringed with savage, snarling bursts of machine guns. Occasionally he encountered walking wounded bound for the rear.

"How's it goin' up there?" he asked one.

"Rotten, Jack, rotten! Jerry's busted through on three sides and Delacroix has changed hands four times so far tonight."

"Who's got the town now?"

"We have, an' what good's the damn thing? There ain't hardly a house left that's got a roof on; an' most of them ain't got walls either. I wouldn't give two sous a dozen for towns shot-up as that place is."

"You don't know a Captain Garfield of B Company, do you?"

"B Company," repeated the wounded man with a harsh laugh. "you mean B Squad. There ain't no more than that up there now. An' the last I saw of the skipper he was stickin' his bayonet in a Jerry's belly an' yellin' at the dozen men he had left to get under shelter. Just

look for the guy doin' the most fightin' an' it'll be him—it he ain't got himself killed by now."

Ballard left his lugubrious companion and continued on his way. Suddenly Jerry began shelling the road, possibly with the idea of discouraging reinforcements from moving into Delacroix.

"It's a hell of a way to run a war," Private Ballard observed to himself. "Nobody knows nothing. There's that major back there guessin' that the captain's somewhere around the town, an' me chasing all over hell's half acre trying to find him. They all know enough to find a good, comfortable dug out, though."

The shelling increased and the rifle and machine gun fire swelled in volume. A whizz-bang shattered itself terrifically in the ditch by Ballard's side. He choked on the acrid gas as a shower of mud splattered down on him. He rose to his feet trembling.

The road led through a small, torn wood. It was a dank, noxious tangle of trees and underbrush. Ballard transversed it hurriedly, sniffing tentatively for traces of mustard gas. At the outer fringe he encountered a squad of machine gunners ensconced in a gigantic shell hole. They were firing with business-like precision through a blanket stretched before the muzzle of the weapon. Ballard could hear its brethren barking along the flank but it was too dark to see.

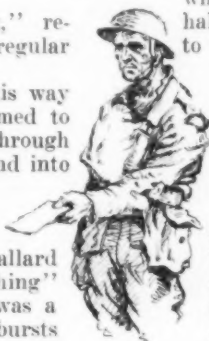
"Hey!" he yelled to one of the gunners. "Where's Delacroix?"

"Shut your bleedin' trap or you'll damn soon find out," was the congenial response. "Do you think the Jerries are deaf? The town's right ahead of you."

"Who's got it, us or them?"

"Well, you might say fifty-fifty. They got half an' we got half. We're shellin' their half now. If you're goin' down into town you'd better stay on the road and don't go wanderin' in front of any of these machine guns or you'll get conked for keeps."

Private Ballard was thoroughly impressed with the necessity of keeping out of the way (Continued on page 51)



There was a ripple of metallic clicks as the bayonet rings were engaged.





### 185 Marine Corps Officers Promoted

Washington, D. C., February 1.—President Roosevelt has approved recommendations of the Marine Corps Selection Board for promotion of 185 officers in the Corps, it was announced yesterday by Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson. Sixty-five captains were selected for promotion to major and 125 first lieutenants for promotion to captain.

### Pacific Fleet on Parade

Los Angeles, February 11.—Thirty-one ships of the United States fleet left San Pedro and San Diego today, and on Wednesday next will parade into San Francisco Bay for a 10-day visit in connection with the national defense observance schedule for February 12 to 22.

On their way the ships will engage in unit tactics, Admiral Joseph M. Reeves, commander-in-chief, aboard the Flagship *Pennsylvania*, directing.

Battleships participating are the *Texas*, *New York*, *Oklahoma*, *Arizona*, *Nevada*, *Pennsylvania*, *New Mexico*, *Tennessee*, *Colorado* and *Maryland*. Cruisers moving north are the *Chicago*, *Chester*, *Louisville*, *Houston*, *Northampton*, *Salt Lake City* and *Pensacola*.

The aircraft carrier *Saratoga* moved out with the battleships. The *Lexington*, sister ship, already is in San Francisco Bay.

### Reserves to Take Academy Tests

Washington, D. C., February 10.—Three enlisted men of the 5th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, have been designated to take the entrance examination for appointment as midshipmen, United States Naval Academy, on April 17.

They are Pvt. Alfred Everett Savage, Pvt. Robert Gwathmey Merritt, and Pvt. Andrew I. Lyman, Quantico, Va.

### Longevity Pay

Washington, D. C., February 9.—Longevity credits will probably be taken care of on one of the deficiency appropriation bills. That seems to be the opinion in the Senate and House Appropriation committees, but thus far no steps have been taken.

### Service Pay Restoration

Washington, D. C., February 2.—Congress

this week agreed to abolish the five per cent pay cut as of April 1, 1935, instead of waiting until July 1 as proposed by the president. Current with our going to press, President Roosevelt has not yet signed the measure, but every indication is that he will do so.

four services were present. Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, U.S.M.C., recently elected as Grand Paramount Carabao, was installed in that office. Other Marine officers to be installed were: Grand Councillor of the Herd Col. Harold C. Reisinger, Grand jefe los Cardadores Col. James J. Meade. The following were selected as Los Consejeros en Bosque (Councillors in the field): Col. Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Maj. Gen. John T. Meyers, San Francisco, Calif.; Brig. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, Quantico; and Maj. Renato Tittoni, Miami. About 400 members and guests were present.

### Purple Heart Vets Unite

Washington, D. C.—A membership drive to bring into its fold all members of the Order of the Purple Heart in Washington and vicinity was announced today by members of Mount Vernon Chapter No. 22, Purple Heart Association, Inc.

It was stated by officers of the chapter that steps were being taken also to form a national organization of holders of this decoration.

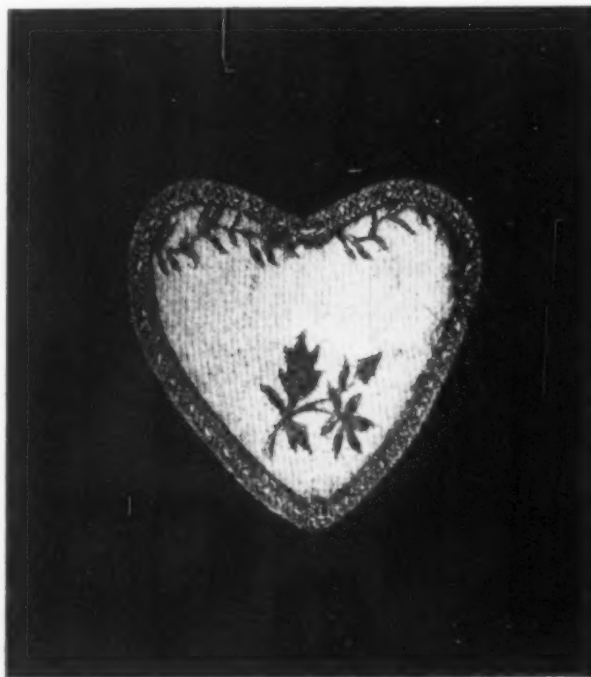
Membership is restricted to those receiving the Purple Heart from the War Department. The award is made to World War veterans who were wounded in action in such a manner as to be entitled to wear a wound chevron, and those who received a meritorious service citation from the commanding general of the American Expeditionary Force.

Commander Pistorio has asked all veterans entitled to membership in the association to get in touch with him at his office in the District Building, Washington, D. C.

### Macon Crashes

San Francisco, Calif., February 12.—The U. S. Airship *Macon*, two-and-a-half million-dollar "Queen of the American Scouting Fleet," crashed and sank into the Pacific 110 miles south of here tonight. Two men were lost and 81 saved.

An explosion aboard is held responsible for the disaster as the 785-foot dirigible was returning with units of the Fleet from Pacific maneuvers. Survivors were picked up by the cruiser *USS Tennessee*, the *USS*



The Purple Heart Badge of Military Merit (actual size) Created by Order of George Washington, August 7, 1782.

### George Baldwin Kayoed

San Francisco, Calif., February 6.—George Baldwin, Marine from Sunnyvale, was knocked out in the first round of last night's fight at the Civic Auditorium. In this amateur classic, Baldwin's opponent, "Tiny" Cervelli, weight 253, is now qualified to meet James Thompson in the finals.

### Carabao Wallow

Washington, D. C., February 10.—The Military Order of the Carabao held its annual wallow last night in the Ball Room of the Willard Hotel. Prominent officers of the

Memphis, the USS *Pennsylvania*, flagship of the Fleet, and the hospital ship, *Relief*. Chief Engineer E. A. Dailey and F. Ed-quiba, Filipino galley boy, apparently were the only members of the crew missing. Commander Herbert V. Wiley of the *Macon*, survivor of both the *Akron* and *Shenandoah* crashes, was among those rescued. He was picked up by a life boat from the *Pennsylvania*.

#### Marine Frustrates Prison Break

San Quentin Prison, Calif., January 17.—Robert B. Prince, guard at the state prison, former Corporal of the U. S. Marines, with the aid of an anonymous prisoner, frustrated a prison break yesterday and by quick action prevented a general escape. Four convicts, using members of the prison board as hostage-shields, escaped temporarily but were captured after a sharp gunfight in which the leader was killed.

#### Flag to Academy

Annapolis, Md., February 10.—The battle-baptized flag which flew from the *Olympia*, flagship of Admiral Dewey's fleet at Manila Bay, was presented to the U. S. Naval Academy by Mr. E. Leroy Pellitier, Admiral David F. Sellers, Superintendent of the Academy, accepted the trophy.

#### Chaplain of Ill-Fated Maine Dies

New York, N. Y., January 14.—Father John P. Chadwick, Chaplain of the USS *Maine* at the time of its disaster, died yesterday at the age of 71.

#### Major Miller Celebrates

Washington, D. C., February 12.—Maj. Harvey L. Miller, commanding 5th Battalion Fleet Marine Reserve, and Mrs. Miller (Colonel aide de camp on Staff of Governor of Kentucky), are today celebrating their Silver Wedding Anniversary. Mrs. Miller is still suffering with an injured spine resulting from a recent fall on the ice. May her recovery be speedy.

#### Admiral Allen to Head Patrol

Hankow, China, January 28.—Rear Admiral William Henry Allen, now commanding the Sixteenth Naval District at Cavite, Philippine Islands, has been ordered within three months to relieve Rear Admiral John D. Wainwright as Commander-in-Chief of the American Yangtze Patrol, it was revealed today in orders received by Admiral Wainwright.

#### Lieutenant Walter Winchell

The New York columnist, Walter Winchell, was recently appointed a Lieutenant in the Naval Reserves. May we humbly suggest that detailing him to the Office of Naval Intelligence might be a good idea. Congratulations, Lieutenant Winchell.

#### Marine Writer Dies

Tom Boyd, who fought the war in the U. S. Marines, died last month at his home in Woodstock, Vt. Tom was known as one of the better writers of facts and fiction. His "Through the Wheat" is recognized as one of the best stories of the World War. Other works from his pen are, "Points of Honor," "Simon

Girty," "Lighthorse Harry Lee," etc.

#### Commission for Sgt. York

Washington, D. C., February 9.—Sgt. Alvin C. York, outstanding war hero, was commissioned major in the U. S. Army and then placed on the retired list.

#### New Air Bases Urged

Washington, D. C., January 15.—The Federal Aviation Commission yesterday submitted to President Roosevelt a plan to make the United States impregnable against hostile attack from air. The project called for the creation of military aviation bases along both coasts, in Alaska, the Canal Zone and Hawaii. It is estimated that the cost would be fifty million dollars.

#### Confederate-Union Soldier Dies

Washington, D. C., January 26.—Monroe G. Chew, 92, one of the few surviving members of Colonel Forrest's gray-clad raiders, died at his home here today. Chew served with the famous cavalry leader throughout the war and upon the collapse of the Confederacy he enlisted in the Union army.

#### War Bomb Found in London

London, January 26.—Dredging operations in the Thames have revealed how close a Zeppelin World War raider came to hitting the House of Parliament one night.

A huge aerial bomb, covered with rust, was recovered only a few yards from Westminster Bridge, scarcely a stone's throw from England's seat of government.

#### New Buildings Asked for Army

Washington, D. C., February 12.—Gen. Douglas MacArthur yesterday recommended to the House Military Affairs Committee a huge construction program at Army posts in Washington and nearby Virginia, to cost nearly \$10,000,000 and provide more than 5,000,000 work hours.

The proposal was in line with a resolution adopted by the committee asking the President to allocate part of the national relief appropriation for "essential and necessary improvements in the military arm in the national defense."

The Army chief of staff asked that the Army Medical Center get \$3,420,069 for construction of new buildings and that \$61,800 be allowed the District militia for improvement of Camp Sims, in Congress Heights. General MacArthur asked that \$127,000 be turned over to Arlington Cemetery and \$14,000 to the Soldiers' Home.

#### 3 Ships Still Missing

New Bedford, Mass., February 14.—Hope has all but vanished for three Cape Verde

packets which cleared last November for islands off the African coast and have since remained unreported. All are overdue.

The fate of 60 men, women and children who made up the crews and passenger lists is linked with that of the three ancient schooners. The *John R. Mantha* left Providence, R. I., November 9, and the *Trenton* and the *Winnepesaukee* sailed from New Bedford a few days later.

#### Record "War" Budget Is Passed in Tokio

Tokio, February 14.—The House of Representatives, accepting the militarists' dictum that an "international crisis" necessitates record army and navy appropriations, overwhelmingly passed the 1935-36 budget today.

(The budget provides for approximately \$297,000,000 for military expenditures. The sum, largest in Japanese history, represents approximately 46 per cent of the entire expenditures contemplated for the current fiscal year.)

An uncounted stand vote sent the measure to the House of Peers.

#### Backs Patman Bonus

Washington, D. C., February 15.—The bonus can be paid under the Patman bill without inflation, increasing taxes or adding to the national debt, Representative William P. Connery, Jr., of Massachusetts, said last night in a radio address.

Connery said that the "controlled expansion" of the currency would prevent bankers from reaping huge interest profits. It would not be inflation to issue it, he said, because it would be the same kind of money as the Federal Reserve banks issue. At the same time, he pointed out, bankers would not be able to draw interest on the bonds deposited as collateral for Federal Reserve notes, then lend the money out at "6 or 7% interest."

#### Exercises Mark "Maine" Anniversary

Washington, D. C., February 14.—Exercises commemorating the 37th anniversary of the sinking of the battleship *Maine* will be held in the Riding Hall at Fort Myer tomorrow at 12.30 P. M. Judge Leon McCord, commander in chief of the United Spanish War Veterans, will be the principal speaker. The Cuban Ambassador and other officials are scheduled to attend.

The United States Marine Band will play. Following the exercises, the auxiliaries of the United Spanish War Veterans will place wreaths at the foot of the *Maine* Mast in Arlington National Cemetery.

#### Byrd Party's Flagship Buffeted by Squalls

Aboard Admiral Byrd's Flagship, At Sea, February 14 (via Mackay Radio)—The flagship of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition encountered a series of squalls today as she headed toward Dunedin, N. Z. At noon the vessel was 893 miles south of Dunedin, and the *Bear of Oakland* was 100 miles astern.

The wind was blowing sometimes at gale force, with a velocity as high as 60 miles an hour.

#### Japanese Off for United States

Yokohama, Japan, February 14.—Japan's first professional baseball team sailed today for an invasion of the United States.



THE PURPLE HEART  
As reestablished February  
22, 1932.



THE PURPLE HEART  
(Reverse side)





### WEARINESS

A rather corpulent and solicitous dowager came through the main gate of the barracks and stopped in front of the sentry who had been pacing up and down with bayoneted rifle on shoulder. The woman smiled.

"Don't you get tired walking back and forth all the time, boy?" she asked.

"Yes'm," replied the sentry.

"Is it because the gun is heavy?"

"No'm."

"Because you have to do it so many hours at a time?"

"No'm."

"You get lonesome?"

"No'm."

"What is it that makes you tired, then?"

"Answering questions."

First Aesthete: "Some of the old fighters used to go a hundred and fifty rounds to a finish."

His Aunt: "Yes, they were regular all day sockers."—*Walla Walla.*

The family was seated at the table with a guest, who was a business acquaintance of Dad's, all ready to enjoy the meal, when the five-year-old son blurted out: "Why, mother, this is roast beef!"

"Yes," answered the mother, "what of it?"

"Well, Pop said this morning that he was going to bring a big fish home for dinner tonight."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Absent-minded Dentist (extracting nail from a tire of his car): "Quiet now. You won't feel this."—*Studebaker Wheel.*

"And all he talked about all evening was Pericles, Socrates and Aristophanes and he knows I hate wrestling."—*U.S.S. Texas Steer.*

Lawyer (to prisoner client who is a plumber by profession): "Well, what shall we ask for—trial by judge or by jury?"

Client: "Take the judge. I've done plumbing for most everybody in town but him."—*Center College Colonel.*

"Hello, Smith, old man, haven't seen you for some time."

"Been in bed seven weeks."

"Oh, that's too bad. Fluc, I suppose?"

"Yes, and crushed!"—*Montreal Star.*

### THRIFT

The man, running after a street car, shouted to the conductor: "How much to the station from here?"

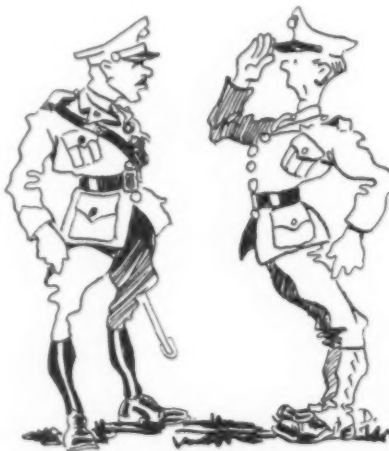
"Five cents," replied the conductor.

The man continued to run, and having covered another stretch, inquired breathlessly of the conductor: "How much now?"

"Eight cents," retorted the conductor.

"You're running the wrong way."

—*Kablegram.*



O. D.: "Can you name all the parts of the rifle?"

Private: "No, sir; not all of them."

O. D.: "Well, which ones can't you name?"

It was at the orchestral concert, and after gazing for some time at the bass fiddle player, a man in the stalls muttered: "He'll never do it; he'll never do it." At length the title of the first number was announced, whereupon the mutterer continued his remark, louder each time. This was too much for a man in the row in front, and eventually he turned and said: "Stop your mutterings, sir!" "Well, he can't do it, I tell you. I know he can't!" was the reply. "Can't do what?" "Put that big fiddle under his chin."—*Tif-Bits (London).*

### FIGHT

Mike was home, wounded, from the front, and he was stopped by a friend one day as he was hobbling along the street on his new crutches.

"And how did you get on in the big battle?" asked the friend.

"Sure, Oi had the toime of my life," replied Mike.

"But you got very badly knocked about," retorted the other.

"Yes, I know that," cried Mike enthusiastically, "but it was the first fight I was ever in that the police didn't stop."

—*Kablegram.*

"My boy," said the magnate to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."

"What are they, dad?"

"Honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty?"

"Always—no matter what happens or how adversely it may affect you—always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it."

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Two bluejackets were speeding through a town in Southern California, when they were halted by a hick cop, who inquired: "Didn't you fellows see that sign 'Slow Down Here'?"

"Sure, buddy," said the driver, "we both knew it was slow down here, but we didn't think you people wanted to advertise it."

—*Legation Guard News.*

First girl: "Doesn't that Scottish boy ever take you to the show anymore?"

The second: "No, I think he has found a girl who can see pictures in the fire."—*Walla Walla.*

Mother: "Come, Bobbie, don't be a little savage; kiss the lady."

Bobbie: "No she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her she may give me a slap just as she did papa."—*Tennessee Tar.*

Scotch Sailor—"Doctor, what can you do to prevent my being seasick?"

Ship's Doctor—"Have you got a dime?"

Scotch Sailor—"Yes."

Ship's Doctor—"Well, hold it between your teeth during the trip."

—*U.S.S. Arkansas Arkite.*



## THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

**ULYSSES S. GRANT.** By Robert M. McCormick (Appleton-Century). A biography of the military genius, Grant, who never lost an objective, and who time after time turned defeat into victory. Colonel McCormick served in France, himself, and is not unfamiliar with military subjects. \$5.00

**DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.** By Paul I. Wellman (Macmillan). A true story of the winning of the west, where the white man was not always the victor in his fights against the red. \$3.00

**SPIN A YARN, SAILOR.** Tales by "Sinbad" (Lippincott). Now, in this collection of short stories of the seas, it is disclosed for the first time who "Sinbad" really is. You know him as Captain Dingle, and have read his yarns in the S. E. P. and other publications. Here we have fourteen of his stories gathered in one volume. \$2.00

**TRUE ANECDOTES OF AN ADMIRAL.** By Admiral Robert E. Coontz (Dorrance). We are sorry to report that Admiral Coontz died last month. In this, his last volume, is presented a series of anecdotes and personal reminiscences. \$1.75

**ONE'S COMPANY.** By Peter Fleming (Scribner's). One of the season's better travel books. Mr. Fleming's venture through Russia and China may have been brief, but his observations were many, and they are related interestingly. Former China-side Marines will especially enjoy this. \$2.75

**SALT OF THE SEA RED SAUNDERS.** By "Sinbad" (Lippincott). Red Saunders, sea rover, gun runner and fighting fool, but always the gentleman Englishman of Eton and Oxford. \$2.50

**K 7: SPIES AT WAR.** As told to Burke Boyce by George Zimmer (Appleton-Century). A collection of spy stories; thrills and horror, told by a member of Naval Intelligence. \$2.50

**WHILE ROME BURNS.** By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). The sale of this book leads the non-fiction field. An interesting collection of memoirs and sketches and word pictures of famous people. \$2.75

**CANNIBAL COUSINS.** By John H. Craige (Minton, Balch). Drums of black Haiti, voodooism, the Marine occupation, serious and comical, are ranged side by side in this latest book from the Marine captain's pen. \$2.75

**SALT WINDS AND GOBI DUST.** By Capt. John W. Thompson, Jr. (Scribner's). A collection of Marine stories by one of the foremost writers of today. \$2.50

**PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.** By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third of the classical trilogy relating the story of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. This volume deals with the mutineers who colonized the island. \$2.50

**THE TAVERN ROGUE.** By Robert Gordon Anderson (Farrar and Rinehart). A swashbuckling, two-fisted novel of the Elizabethan period. Plenty action and suspense. \$2.50

**ALL'S FAIR.** By Captain Henry Landau (Putnam). The operations of counter-espionage and of actual systems employed during the war. The author was chief intelligence officer in Holland for the British. \$3.00

# BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

## AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

### CAPTURED BY MARINES

**DESTINATION UNKNOWN.** By Fred Walker (Lippincott). \$2.50

Mr. Walker, whom we can picture more vividly by explaining that he bears strong resemblance to the famous William S. Hart, paradoxically ran away from home to escape a career in the British army, and ran slap-bang into fighting wherever he went.

He experienced a remarkable chain of adventure, one link of which we shall detail more fully after a bit. It was in 1905 when he followed the footsteps of an older brother and decamped from parental discipline. Thereafter, seeking the life of the Indian, fighter as portrayed in the wild west novels, he came to the United States. He didn't fight many Indians, but found plenty of substitutes.

For a while he worked as a stable boy on an upper New York estate, then drifting westward he took jobs as they came. He punched cattle, worked in the rehabilitation of San Francisco after the earthquake, joined the gold rush in Alaska; south to Mexico, where he was captured by Villa. His war experiences in France, where he was wounded twice and gassed, are dismissed in three brief paragraphs. Subsequently he went to South America, then north, where after many adventures he arrived in Nicaragua, where he joined Sandino.

We should, I suppose, as good Marines, resent Mr. Walker's attitude concerning our hospitality toward him as a prisoner; for when he was out scouting with about twenty men he suddenly found himself faced by a "full company" of Marines. They fired. Walker's horse reared and fell: "As I struggled to get up the Marines were on me, and although it is true that I was an enemy their methods were more brutal than circumstances warranted. With the butt of their rifles they clubbed me into unconsciousness . . ." Now, who was guilty of that? Anyhow, Mr. Walker took a not unnatural dislike to the Marines; but we fear such dislikes form a cross we have borne for so these many years. But it makes good reading, and that's what we're after.

### CAESAR'S LEGIONS

**TROS OF SAMOTHRACE.** By Talbot Mundy (Appleton-Century). \$3.00

In this book Mr. Mundy proves that blood-tingling fiction is a timeless product of man, and adventure is adventure whether it occurred in the dawn of civilization, or is set somewhere in the dim, mysterious future. For those who have formed the opinion that novels with historic background are dull and uninspiring, this drama of Caesar's Legions should awaken a new interest.

The action of the story takes place about 55 B.C. Tros and his father, Prince Perseus, with hatred in their hearts for Caesar, journey to Britain for the purpose of warning the island people against Rome's invasion. They are taken by the emperor who holds the father hostage while Tros is permitted to go to Britain where he is supposed to further Caesar's interests.

With fire-tipped words Tros speaks before an assembly, warning them what must follow the marching legions. He exhorts them to stand firm and drive the Romans away from their coast: "And I, who bring you Caesar's message, and who love my father, and who myself am young, with all my strength in me, so that death can not tempt me, and life seems good and full of splendor — I say to you: Defy this Caesar!"

Each succeeding chapter is packed full of thrills, fights, charging chariots, and the clashing of blade against blade. Incident after incident piles one upon the other: The battle between Tros and the sturdy Northman, the tempest-scattered wreck of the Roman fleet, and the thrilling climax of the Circus Maximus and the lust-mad Romans: Gladiators, wild beasts—A Roman Holiday: "Glaucus sprang like a leopard—feinted—turned aside Tros' lunge on his buckler . . . he forced Tros backward against a writhing gladiator's body . . . stabbing furiously, until Tros hurled him backward and the long sword licked out like a tongue of flame."

There are nearly one thousand pages, each one more exciting than the one before it, with never a moment's lag of interest.

### ORDER BLANK

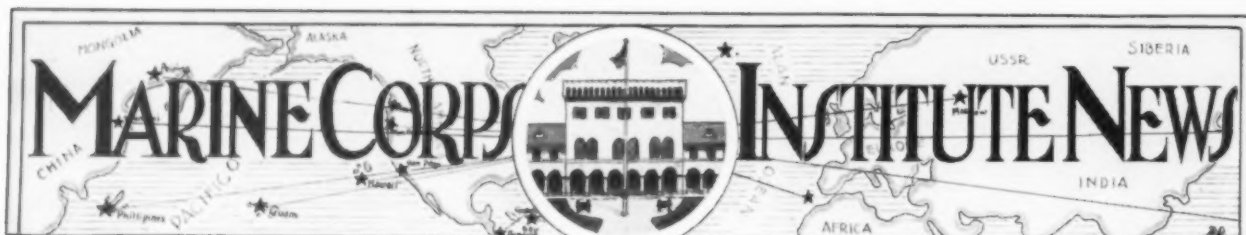
**THE LEATHERNECK.** Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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Please forward to the address below the books checked on this sheet.

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1935



## FIGURES AND FACTS

**T**ODAY'S business problems have made accounting the most important single factor in business direction. Methods of organization, production and distribution in the business world are changing constantly. Mergers, consolidations, chain stores, cooperative arrangements, are making the business structure a complex affair. Prompt and accurate information gleaned from accounting records is demanded by business executives, being of inestimable value as a guide in planning business operation and expansion. The business executive today initiates policies largely on information supplied by the accountant. Decision on extension of plant and equipment, the advisability of increasing production, and sales and advertising plans are made on the basis of known facts, not on hunches, guesses, or theories.

More and more you are bound to feel that the success of all modern businesses, irrespective of whether they are large or small, depends on correct control through accounting. Modern accounting practice rests upon the basis of simple fundamental principles. The application of these principles to meet the requirements of modern business has necessitated the introduction of many adaptations and refinements with which the accountant of today must be familiar. He must not only know the principles of debit and credit, but he must also be trained in the preparation of correct statements, must know how to make investigations into the adequacy or inadequacy of accounting systems; he must know how to determine costs, and to some extent he must know the principles of business organization in order to suggest improvements in the organizing and managing of modern business enterprises.

Perhaps the first thing a prospective employer will ask is: "What can you do?" Will you be in a position to give him a definite answer—be prepared to talk figures and facts? If you can say, "I am capable of supervising the work of your accounting department," you are offering a service which is useful. Your chances for immediate employment will rise because you are trained to fit the job. Prepare yourself for the goal ahead. Use your spare time in a way that will improve you so that you will be a more valuable, better-rounded, better-trained business man.

The man who is best qualified is in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred going to reach the top.

The Marine Corps Institute offers you a wide selection of Accountancy courses to choose from. These courses are modern and up-to-date in every way and the text material contained therein has been compiled and written by our leading and foremost authorities on accounting and business training. The methods of teaching are clear and comprehensible, and the Institute stands ready to assist you in the selection of a course which will fit your particular needs.

In urging the study of bookkeeping and accounting we do not mean for the moment that accountancy need be or should be the

ultimate goal; but we do mean that the mastery of accountancy is one important rung in the ladder leading to business success. There are thousands and thousands of positions where an executive looking around for a suitable man will be influenced to pick an employee who understands all about accounts and can check up and analyze the figures pertaining to the work. Enroll NOW. Prepare yourself for the job ahead.

## NOTED IN PASSING

Have you ever thought of study as a matter of habit and is an excellent one to acquire. An hour or two every day that might otherwise be wasted can be devoted to self improvement, and you will be surprised at the progress you have made in a few months.

Once you have mapped out a systematic study routine, do not let anything interfere with it—make it a matter of habit. If you are really sincere you can find that hour or two every day.

While it is the desire of the Marine Corps Institute to further a man's ambition, many cases arise where a student has too much ambition and attempts to master a subject for which he is not adequately prepared. Particular instances are Engineering courses, advanced mathematics and English, and some Architectural courses.

The requirement of resident schools that before taking a college course, the student must have completed high school, and before entering a high school must have completed grammar school, is not a mere arbitrary rule. It has long been recognized that education is similar to a series of superimposed structures, the firmness and stability of the last being dependent upon those beneath, and particularly upon the foundation, which must be solid and rest firmly upon the ground.

This is not written with the idea of discouraging any ambitious student, but merely to impress all with the advantages they will enjoy if they possess a good basic education. Every man who aspires to be an engineer or to follow any line of professional work should have a good, practical knowledge of English grammar, composition, geography, history, and mathematics. The Institute has excellent courses in all these subjects.

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES

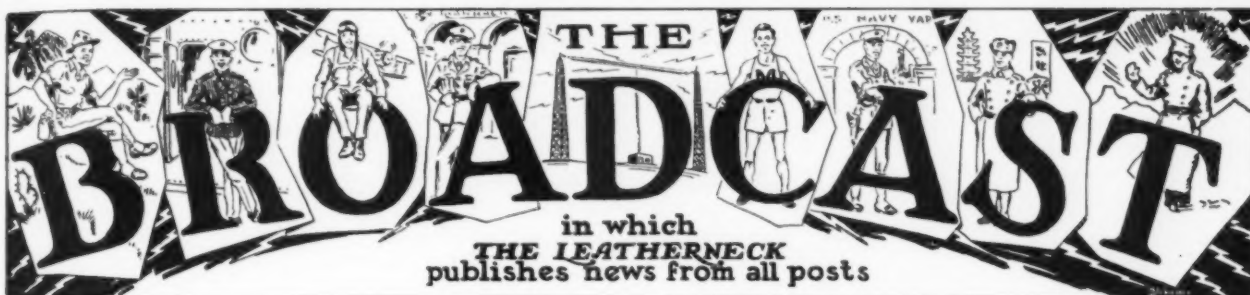


First Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, U.S.M.C., Editor and Publisher of The Leatherneck and Superintendent of the Industrial School, M.C.I.

*"From the time we begin to learn to walk and talk our role in life, throughout, is that of either student or teacher. Each environment, and every experience add their bit to the composition of our being. Man's innate curiosity throughout the ages has prompted him in the search of the Unknown, the conquest of the elements and the utilization of natural things, first in their fruits for the need of living and then in the ever increasing richness in the enjoyment of life. Our Christian era which dispelled the darkness of Barbarism was founded by the GREATEST TEACHER of all, whose thirst for knowledge led him, after long*

*hours in the carpenter shop, to the teaching of the priests in the temples by night. Our use of each advantage and opportunity is reflected in HIS parable of the servants of whom, in the use of their talents, some increased five fold, some two fold, and others, not at all.*

*"At no small cost to the Marine Corps all Marines are enabled, with cost to them only of effort, to study practically any course or subject, whether it be elementary, intermediary or advanced, and under competent supervision. The privilege resorts itself into the basis of real value—being worth just what it means to you."*



## Quaker City News

### RECEIVING SHIP, PHILADELPHIA

By "Spheare"

With the snow melting away, little by little, we have found time and warmth long enough to tell you readers of the happenings and "what nots" around this place.

Our Detachment, commanded by Captain Freeny, is composed of two departments, the Brig and the Fire Department. The Fire Department, with Corporal Eckert in charge, was very busy last month getting cars to and from their parking spaces in order that the work about the "yard" might continue through the great snow storm.

Our basketball team, accompanied by Captain Freeny and First Sergeant Frey, made their way to victory over the ship's team of the USS *Minneapolis* and in doing so pulled down the championship title of the Navy Yard. The boys have the distinction of having won fifteen games out of a total of eighteen played. One of the three lost was to a league team and the other two defeats were suffered at the hands of outside teams, one of the latter being the strong P. A. C. Club. There is a great deal of consolation in knowing that we lost to them by the small margin of three points. We feel that the Yard league team, who won from our team, will meet with intense competition February 20th when they go up against the great "Dribbling" McMichael and his squad on the same floor where both teams have battled to many victories this season.

It is with no little regret that we bid "adieu" to Private First Class Hill who, on February 20th, will board the USS *Outside* and hoist anchor for the good old South, where, we're sure, he will be successful in pursuing the duties of a civilian and experience little difficulty in finding some real North Carolina girl. Yes suh!

Private First Class Rider says that he hasn't decided whether he'd rather be a Private First Class in the Marine Corps or an orderly to some basketball team.

Pvt. G. M. Huff tells the boys at the fire house that he's very sorry Uncle Sam cannot furnish locks and keys for all lockers, but he will, at least, have his own locker closed for inspections if he has to sacrifice a field scarf to the cause and tie it up.

This is the first time that your columnist has contributed to these columns and, as the result, he finds it difficult to obtain sufficient topics of interest to be worthwhile to all of you. However, he begs that you bear with him and if you'll watch for this heading next month we'll try to write to a greater and more lengthy extent. Be seen' you next month!

### YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

Philadelphia, Pa.

B-r-r-r! Talk about cold weather! Say, you should have been here in Philadelphia the 22nd and 23rd of January. We had a two-day snow storm accompanied by a thirty-six mile wind, which surpassed any Philly has seen for the past twenty years.

Approximately seventeen inches of snow fell, causing traffic to be tied up, and putting the street cars out of operation for two days. Here's hoping we don't have another such occurrence, or we'll all be requesting transfers to the tropics.

Due to the efforts of our Commanding Officer, Col. E. B. Manwaring, all the buildings occupied by Marines are undergoing complete renovation. Gee, mates, they are sure looking fine, too, if you ask me. It is a pleasure to be quartered in these barracks, and what's more, it makes the



EDMUND LOWE

Mr. Herndon Davis, well-known Washington artist, depicts Mr. Lowe as the typical Leatherneck





**MARINES OF COMPANY D, FIRST MARINES, AT SUBIC, P. I., 1901**  
Seated, left to right: Cpl. Jack McDonald, Pvt. Wolf, Tingley, Hajek, Hunt. Standing, left to right: Cpl. James A. Bevan, Pvt. Orsoba, Ormsby, Moon, Laub, Casey, Sgt. James Bell.

clerks and the boys doing inside work delve into their work with much more ardor. That is one of our Commanding Officer's very fine traits—always affording his Marines the best of everything.

All you Marines who served with the Second Regiment in Haiti, a couple of years back, when the colonel was commanding, will, by retrospection, recall what a good outfit we had and how well we liked it; and of the time when the colonel congratulated his outfit in the gymnasium to congratulate the Regiment on winning the basketball championship and, in conclusion, delivering his last, memorable talk to the boys before his departure from Haiti. It does feel well to recall such reminiscences at times, doesn't it? You said that right!

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—so I said to my gathering—but that did no good, it still behooved me to act as valedictorian at the commencement exercises of the U. S. Marine Corps Clerical School, Philadelphia Navy Yard, on 31 January, 1935. Yes, the boys finally climaxed their six months' course in: typewriting, shorthand, English, spelling, Marine Corps correspondence, muster rolls, pay rolls, typewriter repairing and Naval Courts and Boards. Only by the strictest adherence to their work were the students able to finish the course. Tackling this Clerical School is by no means a simple task. But whatever is worth having is worth working for—and it's an accomplishment, I assure you.

Pvt. John E. Hausman, the Shakespeare of the class, got sentimental over the coming dispersion of the class and put on an elaborate farewell party at his home, in Frankford, Pa., for the class, so that the boys might have one grand festival together before shoving off for their designated stations of duty. It was in all respects an auspicious affair and one the coeds will always remember.

Here's wishing all you boys the best of success during your cruise in the old Corps; may you have many more before you. No doubt you are all sympathizing with the next class which begins 1 February, 1935. Of course, it's going to be

a tough grind, but if you people weathered the storm, so can they—if they work hard!

I hope this cold weather will let up—soon and give old Sol a chance. We, here in the Navy Yard, are ever so patiently awaiting the good warm weather so that we can inaugurate the opening of our new golf course, two new tennis courts and handball court.

What a break! This will afford Corporal Adalae the long-awaited opportunity of giving his handball adversary, Cpl. John Locke, who, by the way, is one of the sergeant-major's clerks, the usual trouncing in handball. John is a fair player but his feet get in his way too frequently. However, I must concede that he does possess some bowling talent and bowls some fair games now and then—mostly then; and that only when lady luck is with him. We have to overlook John's poor scores at times because he has a mania for rolling that old pill down the gutter, or in the wrong alley, due to too much concentration on his feet.

Speaking of bowling. The half-way mark in the Post Bowling League was climaxed 15 January, when the Office and Mess Hall teams split even in their match; each team collecting two points for the evening's efforts. Mess Hall won two out of

three games but Office topped them in total pins by a count of 1947 to 1928.

The bowling league has been a success so far as affording the first real inter-post sports competition for several years. Everyone's bowling is improving and the second half of the schedule should result in better matches with all scores going up—including John Locke's. If John was QM Sergeant Frederick Dykstra's protegee, then I would be justified in stating that he would get somewhere, as Dykstra is the consistent high scorer of the lot.

The following is a synopsis of the first half of the schedule, with the players' averages for six games or over:

#### LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Barracks Detachment	14	2	87.5
Quartermaster Dept.	12	4	75.0
M. G. & Howitzer Platoons	6	10	37.5
Mess Hall	4	12	25.0
Office	4	12	25.0

The highest individual scores were registered by Quartermaster Sergeant Dykstra, making 237; Pfc. A. M. Black, 209, and Pvt. F. Becker, Jr., with 207. The highest team scores were registered by the Barracks Detachment and Quartermaster Department, making 839 and 819, respectively.

#### PLAYERS' AVERAGES—6 GAMES OR OVER

##### Barracks Det.

Sgt. C. R. Dempsey	148
Pfc. M. J. Baum	146
Pfc. H. F. Kuhns	150
Pfc. R. F. Lilley	156
Pvt. L. L. Ross	132

##### M. G. and How.

Cpl. F. S. Baugh	146
Cpl. S. Pederson	132
Pfc. M. S. Dean	147
Pvt. F. Becker, Jr.	150
Pvt. T. Kovaleski	130

##### Office

Cpl. D. C. Bennett	112
Cpl. C. J. Brown	157
Cpl. J. J. Locke	119
Cpl. H. M. Tupper	119
Pvt. C. A. Gearhart	121

##### Quartermaster Department

QM Sgt. Dykstra	180
Sgt. P. W. Sullivan	146
Cpl. H. M. Nunn	137
Pfc. A. M. Black	156
Pvt. T. C. Roy	126

##### Mess Hall

Cpl. J. L. Dunlap	139
Pfc. H. L. Nesmith	130
Pvt. V. J. Moylan	120
Pvt. T. C. Johnson	118
Pvt. E. Oakley	139
Pvt. E. R. Snyder	144

A team organized from the foregoing teams participated in four matches with civilian teams; engaging in three matches with the McCall Post of the American Legion and two with the New Way Laundry of Philadelphia.

The last match between the McCall Post and the Post team was played on the McCall Post alleys at 42nd and Market Streets, Philadelphia. A good crowd was on hand to witness the competitions and a good time was had by all. After the grand





finale the legionnaires threw a beer party for the Marines in good old style.

The two most colorful individuals of the evening in this match were Sergeant Dempsey of the Post team and Mr. Chester "Squirt" Kurtz, of the McCall team. Sergeant Dempsey, the pot-bellied cyclone, introduced his famous hook ball, which had the crowd in an uproar all evening. Dempsey made the statement that he first had to practice to be a contortionist in order to properly deliver this freak bounding pill he lets loose. I don't refute his statement in the least from all the misshapen forms he depicted when delivering this patented ball of his. The spectators were always on edge for fear he was going to break a couple of legs or throw away his arm with the delivery. Sergeant Dempsey's adversary, "Squirt" Kurtz, was working for like honors; only he had to be half-clad before being able to play in top form. This legionnaire, a stately looking gentleman whose waist line surpassed that of Dempsey's by about ten inches, tried to retain his composure while on the mound but learned that under such conditions—not natural to him—he couldn't hit the side of a barn. So—out comes his shirt-tail; down plops his bread basket; disheveled becomes his hair—and did he go to town—and how! A bowling maniac, indeed he was! Old Pop and Jack sure were the rage that night.

The legionnaires were the victors in each of the competitions with the Marines. In the third match there were four teams competing. The first and second teams of each outfit. The first team of the Marines, composed of Sergeant Dempsey, Corporal Brown, Private First Class Black, Private Thomas and Private Sarade, was defeated by the first team of the legionnaires by a total score for three games of 2762 to 2539. The second team of the Marines, composed of Quartermaster Sergeant Dykstra, Sergeant Sullivan, Corporal Baugh, Corporal Nunn, Private First Class Lilley, Private First Class Nesmith and Private Becker, was defeated by the second team of the legionnaires by a total score for three games of 2519 to 2508.

The Marines decided that this would never do, so decided to avenge these defeats—which they did. They engaged in two matches with the New Way Laundry of Philadelphia—winning on both occasions to the tune of 2625 to 2415 and 2435 to 2122.

The upsets they received at the hands of the legionnaires was nothing unusual as they're all "old salts" at the game; however, I'll venture to state that before the second half of the schedule is over—when the Post team will be well warmed up—the legionnaires will be easily subjugated.

The Post basketball team is forging along in great style, losing only three games out of seventeen played. The first two games were lost to the USS. *Minneapolis* and U. S. Naval Hospital, respectively; the team won the next fourteen consecutive games, dropping the seventeenth to the Villanova College freshmen quintet, located on the outskirts of Philadelphia. The boys are worthy of much laudation for such performances, you must concede. The Villanova quintet has kept its record unmarred so far this season and they are playing the best in their class in and around Philadelphia. That should give you an insight into what kind of teams the boys are bucking up against. My only wish is to see the Post team play these freshmen again, as I feel quite confident the boys

could take them over the next time. The team's greatest victory was when they defeated the Receiving Ship. This game was for blood and I don't mean maybe. The Receiving Ship was just a little too cocky due to the fact that they had defeated several very reputable teams in and around Philadelphia. The boys got the surprise of their lives when they went down in defeat to the tune of 31 to 24.

Much credit is due Lt. John Butler, USMC, for the strong team he has built up. It seemed hardly possible to get a team together at the start of the season, due to lack of candidates. But that didn't faze the lieutenant any. He buckled right down—got himself a team together, and is coming through aces high now.

It is evident that there is a renaissance interest in sports around here—and that's just the way we want it—to keep this old Marine Corps in the limelight. Of course, this isn't possible without the enthusiastic interest of the commissioned personnel; in that respect we are aided in every way. That is why I can positively state that our Commanding Officer can boast of having, right in this yard, the best small-bore rifle team in the United States. And if any organization doubts the reliability of this statement, they can very readily be assured of same by competition.

'Tis all for now, mates. I'll give you a broader insight of conditions in my next article.

### MARINE DETACHMENT, RECEIVING STATION, NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA

Greetings and salutations! After a lapse of a few months, we are once again back with more notes about ourselves. We have a few newcomers amongst us. Namely—Private Edney, who came from the barracks here in the Yard, and Private First Class Strain, who came in from leave. Pfc. Herman Taylor was a big loss to the detachment when he got paid off and, also, the ex-fireman, W. Hill, who left the same way. The whole detachment wishes them luck on the "outside." Private Gerdeman wanted to be a flyer so he is now at Quantico. Privates Grey and Cook wanted to be clerks and they are now waiting at the Barracks for the next class of the Clerical School to start.

The basket-ball team is still going strong. They have lost only four out of twenty-four games. Keep it up, team. The big stars of the team are McMichael and Rowan. Between them, they have scored over six hundred points. That is something of a record. Travis, Keefe and Reider also do their part in running up the high scores. The second team is also making fine headway. Up to date they have won all of their games—TWO! That is just a start . . . the last game will be in April, so they have plenty of time to win more games and bring additional glory to the Marines.

The bridge fiends are still at it in a big way. A game can almost always be found

going on in the quarters. Pinochle is the next big attraction. First Sergeant Frey and Corporal Swift are uncrowned kings of that game.

As this is being written, the basketball team is getting ready to leave for the Washington Marine Barracks where they are to play a return engagement with that team. In the first encounter, the Washington team put up a very fine fight but fate was against them and they lost. That game was played in the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

The sterling mess cooks are kept busy and, incidentally, out of trouble by the Master-of-Arms in the mess hall. Whyte, Harlee and Petronis are the names of said men. Archie Poole was transferred back to the Firehouse and he is once again happy because he is driving his beloved Persch. He is the chief rooster of the detachment and his voice will be missed on the nights when he is on duty. Allen (Gracie, to youse guys) is another ardent rooster at the games. He also holds the championship of the men who work out on their bunks. Strain and McMichael are very close runners-up in that race.

Hardwick and Hobbs are still crazy about Hill Billy music. No one has been able to find out why they like it. We are beginning to suspect that they don't know themselves.

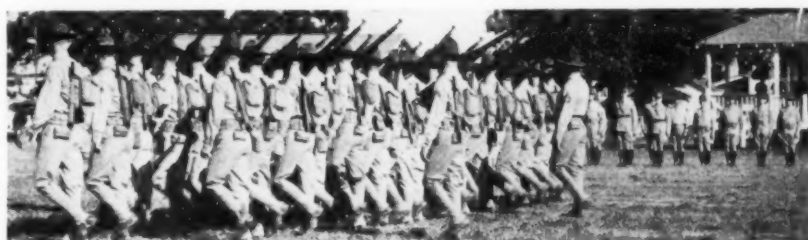
Well, this is all for this month. We will endeavor to keep something about the Detachment in THE LEATHERNECK each month.

### PHILLY MARINES

By Mike Krometer

Bang—Bang—The British are coming. Just a minute, folks, till the smoke clears away. Nope, I'm all wrong. It's the Valley Forge Military Academy Rifle Team coming in for the annual small-bore shoot against the Philadelphia Post Team. Been off the air for quite a while and get confused between this shooting and fighting, so if the prattle seems to roam off on a boot race, football game or boxing match, just regard it as being due to absorbing too much Virginia sun, corn and recoil at Quantico last year.

Ladie-e-e-e-s-s and gentl-l-l-lemen. You are about to witness one of the special semi-final mat exhibitions of the year. There they go at it while I'm talking to you, one of them has a toe hold and the other a half-Nelson. Just a minute, folks, something is going on at the other side of the line. There's a lot of dust but it's clearing up. That toe hold and half-Nelson as it appeared from here is nothing more than two men dragging up mattresses to the firing line. These small-borers insist upon firing from a dark firing point (to hide their confusion when they pull a wild shot, I suppose) which makes it tough for the boys on the ether. Philly is out for blood this year. Dead-Eye Dick, Jesse James, John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, Al Capone and other number one men of the past and present are backed off the map when it comes to faze trigger finger work.



The lineup for today consists of Cpl. Raymond D. Chaney of Quantico Fame. He was the bad man of Wink, Texas, and is wanted by the sheriffs of nine counties on twenty-six charges. Chaney left dear old Wink in a hurry one night when he was seen in a hen-house stuffing a gunny-sack with fowl. In his haste to make a get-away he kicked over a lighted lantern which burned down the hen-coop and brought down a shot gun volley from the enraged farmer. Raymond still has blue marks on his hide, reminiscent of "them thar days." He hasn't been home on leave yet and is still accepting protection in the Marine Corps. Chaney besides being a rifle and pistol shot is far better known among his friends as a trencherman. His facial gymnastics at the long board are hilarious to the extreme and his "thousand faces" would have done credit to the late Lon Chaney. His oral cavity when eating spaghetti is so large that it completely hides his face. Incidentally, since Bartlett initiated Chaney into the mysteries of the Italian art, he (Chaney) has far out-classed his mentor and is hopelessly addicted to the Italian dish.

Corporal Bartlett is Salvatore J. to you, but just Bart to us. Anyone at Camp Perry in 1930 remembers when this little half pint

combination of meat balls and spaghetti walked out with the National Individual. In company Bart claims to be of Irish descent. He takes to Italian Turkey (as Chaney, his partner in crime) as a duck to water. He made the remark about Chaney's facial contortions and I mean to tell you Bart would never take last place in an "Odd Faces" contest when he eats. Says that it is nothing for him to consume fifty fathoms in one sitting. He believes a yard is too short to measure spaghetti, hence the fathom. Can he put it away! Says that it is all in the wrist as shooting is in the trigger squeeze.

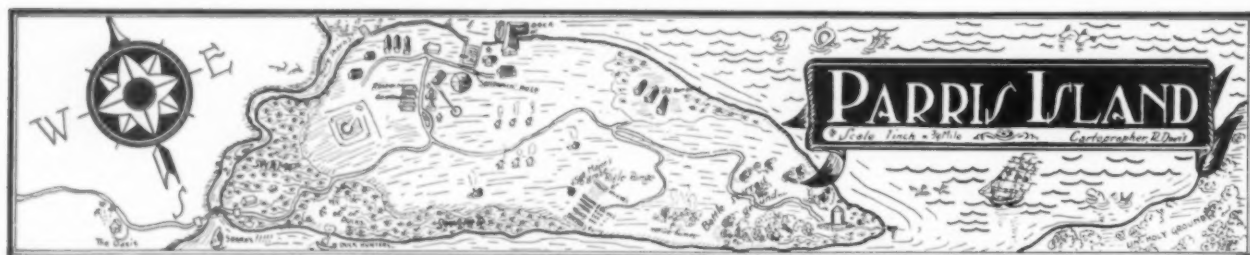
Sergeant Guilmet, who will in all likelihood be Gunnery-Sergeant when this comes out, now going on the line accompanied by the light and guide of the Marine Detachment (1st Sgt. E. J. Snell). Guilmet hails from Maine. He first saw the light in a thickly populated town of 998 inhabitants, which included the cattle, horses, mules, chickens and stray cats and dogs. He will be remembered at Quantico last year with the Philly-stines. Sure can tell many a tale of Cape May and Wakefield when in the right mood. From his past performances you can class him as the rapid fire champ. Oliver is most famous though, as a wing

shot with the rifle; birds on the fly being his specialty.

First Sergeant Snell hails from New Jersey, famous for its mosquitoes, good-looking women and fogs (ye scribe should know). Snell has just embarked on the SS *Matrimony*. May all of his troubles be little ones. He pulled a fast one when he tossed a two-headed two bit piece the other night to see who would place in the Princeton match when both of our scores were identical shot for shot.

Now comes an old timer many of you know. None other than 1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke. If all the medals he won were linked together it would make a good suit of armor. Betke has about as many medals as anyone in the Marine Corps and some beauties from International shooting. He fell asleep in the barber chair the other day and the barber, without disturbing him, shaved off his disguise and soup-strainer. He's been down with a cold since from exposure and is contemplating growing another till the cold spell is over. During his spare time between seasons he is holding down the operations and training end here. You should see him operate on the troops here at drill.

The time has arrived to introduce the  
(Continued on page 50)



BORN on January 26th, to Sgt. and Mrs. Robert English, a daughter, Betty Joan. This makes the third girl for the Englishes. Sergeant English, when informed over the telephone that the latest "bundle from Heaven" was a girl, said there must be some mistake as they were looking for a boy this time. However, congratulations! And better luck next time!

New arrivals are coming in via the Recruiting Office, also. Allowing about 165 for reenlistments, it is estimated that our quota for the months of March, April, May and June will net us about 900 recruits from the Eastern, Central and Southern Recruiting Divisions; an average of 225 per month.

1st Lt. Earl S. Piper, who took a very active part in recruit training activities, and was well liked, has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, for duty on the staff of the Marine Corps Schools.

We made a slight error in this column when we said that Brig. Gen. C. H. Lyman had come down here to inspect the local auxiliary of the FMF. We are informed that the purpose of the visit was to inspect the nearby fishing and quail hunting activities. And it was in connection with the results of the quail hunting that the general expressed himself as "well pleased with the showing made." With regard to the fishing, however, the general was of the opinion that when taller fish stories are invented, Parris Island will invent them. He got nary a nibble.

The Savannah Bowling Team bowled a return match here with the Parris Island Team on Sunday, January 20th, and our team was completely bowled over. Sa-

vannah's first team won by a margin of 147 pins and her second team won by a margin of 135 pins. Those men from Savannah are really bowlers and good sportsmen, all. One doesn't mind so much when the trimming is received from a team of that caliber. Sandwiches and drinks were served after the match and everyone enjoyed the "get-together party" and the dance at the Non-Coms' Club that evening.

The Civilian Team and the Service Company Team are, at this time (Feb. 7th), tied for first place in the bowling tournament. Each team has won 27 and lost 9 games. Hq. and Hq. Company has won 23 and lost 13. Rifle Range has won 20 and lost 16. The Officers have won 20 and lost 16. Recruit Area has won 14 and lost 22. The Band has won 13 and lost 23. Capt. L. C. Whitaker's score of 223 is high for the season. The season's high game was bowled by Service Company with a score of 957. High averages for the season are as follows: 1st Lt. L. C. Whitaker and Mr. Sam Lipton, 160; Sgt. E. M. Powell and Cpl. H. J. Levine, 158; Mr. Sample, 153; 1st Sgt. F. R. Hanrahan and Cpl. J. L. Parks, 153; Pfc. F. C. Peper, 1st Sgt. E. S. Conn and Lt. C. F. Storey, 150.

It has been ten years or more since Parris Island was an aviation base, but at about five o'clock on the afternoon of February 6th, three flights of planes (each consisting of six fighting land planes) and one large, silver, bird-like transport plane arrived here from Quantico for a five or six weeks' period of gunnery exercises. Two more planes, that had been delayed, arrived here the following day, making a

total of 21 planes. This outfit is a part of Aircraft Squadron Number One, Fleet Marine Force. It consists of 13 officers and 69 enlisted men under the command of Capt. Ford O. (Tex) Rogers.

The Non-Com's Club held a dance on the night of February 7th to welcome the non-commissioned personnel of the squadron.

In a small bore rifle match, fired on the Post Rifle Range on Saturday afternoon, January 26th, between a team representing Parris Island and a team from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., the local sharpshooters won the match by a score of 1718 to 1638 points. The losing team, oddly enough, had the man who made the highest individual score. Pfc. R. M. Watts, Jr., of the Charleston team, piled up a total of 351 points while Sgt. Claude N. Harris and 1st Lt. F. M. Reinecke of the P. I. team shot 349 and 348, respectively. Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi (P. I.) was high man at 1,000-inches with a score of 92. Lieutenant Reinecke's score of 78, shooting offhand at 25 yards, was the highest offhand score. Pfc. D. L. Collins, of Charleston, and Lieutenant Reinecke each made a score of 95 at 25 yards sitting position. Pvt. E. N. Amos (P. I.) with his score of 99 was high man at 25 yards, prone. Lieutenant Reinecke was Team Captain for Parris Island and Sgt. Robert English was his assistant. 1st Lt. H. T. Nicholas and Sgt. Lucien N. Hudson captained the visiting team. The enlisted men on the winning team and the high score man on the Charleston team were awarded handsome cigarette lighters. After the matches came an elegant chicken supper served to the members of the teams



Platoon 47, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Lee and Corporal Williams

in Greer's Grillroom at the N. C. O. Club. If any of our readers don't think there was anything remarkable about the scores made in this match, just let them remember that the largest ring on each target was about the size of a silver dollar, while the bull's-eye was about the size of the end of an ordinary lead pencil.

At the CO's inspection of quarters at the Rifle Range, recently, the C. O. came to a sergeant's bunk with eight pairs of shoes lined up neatly beneath it. In each shoe was a sock, apparently placed there for convenience until next laundry day. The sergeant, himself, wasn't there. "Tell this guy," said the C. O., "to send his socks to the laundry and to set his shoes outside for a breath of fresh air!"

There has been organized a ladies' gym class which meets in the Post Lyceum every Tuesday and Friday morning from ten to eleven o'clock. The class is under the direction of Mrs. Glover and Miss Dorothy Creamer.

Chief QM. Clk. Rosco Ellis, of the Post Commissary, has received advance transfer orders to the 4th Regiment, Shanghai, China. Our popular band leader, 1st Sgt. Leon Freda, is slated for a tour of duty with the Marine Detachment, American Legation, Peiping, China. His many friends wish him "bon voyage" and a pleasant tour of foreign service. Chief Phar. Mate, C. H. Richter is also due for a tour of duty on Asiatic Station. Ph. Mate 1cl. W. B. Stondemire is off for a spell of under-sea service in a submarine with New London, Conn., as his base. May whatever goes down be sure to come up again! Eh, Stonde? Cpl. James D. Newman was transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, for duty, on February 4th.

The Junior Selection Board has selected our Post Commissary and Post Maintenance Officer, Capt. Claud A. Phillips, for promotion to major; and the Commanding General's Aide, Publicity Officer, etc., 1st Lt. James Snedecker, for promotion to captain. Congratulations.

There's going to be a hot time at the Non-Com's Club on February 18th. The occasion is the Semi-Annual Election of

officers. Candidates for president are QM-Sgt. E. R. Beavers (for re-election), 1st Sgt. Frederick Belton and 1st Sgt. Carl Montgomery. Candidates for vice-president are 1st Sgt. Carl G. Schuler, Sgt. Robert English and Cpl. Henry B. Cain, Jr. The terms of office of the Secretary and Treasurer, St-Sgt. Lawrence Theodore and of Steward, Pm-Sgt. Adial P. Greer, will also expire on February 28th, but these officers are appointed by the Board of Governors. It is predicted that they will be reappointed. When the new steward took over his job, a few months ago, the stock the Club had on hand was worth about \$300; today it is valued at more than \$1400.

These aviators surely brought a lot of cold weather along from Quantico in their wake. We were in hopes that they would bring a weather-man along down with them

to regulate things a bit. They left the world's best weather man, Doctor Johannes K. P. Hoffman, right there in Quantico. "Little Hans" was weather man on Parris Island once. The ladies all remember him. One of them asked an aviator, the other day, whether he knew Doctor Hoffman. He replied in disgust, "Whatta man! Whatta man! Everywhere we go, the women ask us whether we know the Doctor!"

1st Sgt. Frank R. Hanrahan has just received a nifty-looking "Hole-in-One" Medal from the United States Rubber Company, of Providence, R. I., for that hole-in-one we mentioned in our column last month.

Capt. Dot Creamer's Hurricanes defeated Capt. Bobby Wiedemann's Tidal Waves 18-15 in a well-played basket-ball game Friday, February 1st.

## FLEET MARINES ON EAST COAST MANEUVERS

### FLEET MARINE FORCE TRAVELOG

By "The Traveler"

Legion are the Marines, outside the Fleet Marine Force, who enjoyed laughs from their mid-sections when, during the past few months, various Marine Barracks were called upon for men for the F. M. F., and the many of us were blasted from various and sundry soft berths. However, it now appears that we of the Force have the laugh on our side for, from radio press news and the few newspapers that have just arrived, it appears that we left the States at the time Old Man Winter was claiming his own and embracing the entire country in one of the worst cold snaps that has occurred in many years. Ho, hum—and we are spending the season in Puerto Rico.

After some weeks of preparation, the contingent of the Fleet Marine Force stationed on the East Coast began its exodus from Quantico on January 15th. Brig. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, in command of the en-

tire Fleet Marine Force, is in command of the F. M. F. Marines taking part in the present maneuvers, functioning from his Headquarters on board the USS *Arkansas*.

On January 15th, the First Battalion of the Tenth (Artillery) Marines, commanded by Maj. H. S. Fassett, together with the Force Quartermaster Detachment in charge of Col. E. W. Banker, the Force Paymaster Detachment in charge of Maj. J. G. Ward, the Engineer Detachment in charge of Capt. H. R. Huff, an Aviation Detachment, with attached Medical personnel, embarked on board the USS *Antares*, the Stand-by vessel of the Fleet Marine Force, and sailed from Quantico for the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va. After loading additional supplies, refueling, etc., at Norfolk, the *Antares* sailed for Culebra, by the way of San Juan, Puerto Rico. At the latter place, the Aviation Detachment was sent ashore, together with certain supplies, and all men granted an enjoyable (we understand) liberty in the Capital of the Island. The An-



tares then proceeded to Culebra, Puerto Rico, and was waiting the arrival of the USS *Arkansas* and USS *Wyoming*.

Lt. Col. C. F. B. Price, commanding the Fifth Marines and his Headquarters, together with the Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, under command of Lt. Col. John Potts, embarked on board a Potomac River boat, the SS *Southland*, at Quantico on the 19th of January, proceeding to Norfolk, where they went aboard the *Wyoming* and settled themselves for their seven weeks stay.

January 21st saw the Commanding General and his Staff, the First Battalion of the Fifth Marines, led by Lt. Col. O. Floyd, and the Force Headquarters Company bidding Quantico farewell, via the SS *Southland*, en route to Norfolk, where the USS *Arkansas* was waiting our arrival.

Promptly at 9:30 a.m., January 22nd, the *Arkansas* and the *Wyoming* raised their hooks and heads south at a leisurely speed, sailing direct for Culebra, where we arrived on Saturday, the 26th. Of course, Old Hatteras had to act true to form and give all hands a few bad hours, but outside of this, the trip down was more than delightful, especially as the weather grew warmer, and we read of the weather in the States in our daily "ships press news."

The following day, Sunday, shore liberty was granted and swimming parties sent out. Between the two, it is believed that the swimming parties will prove more attractive, as the metropolis of Culebra is nothing to write home about. The town of Culebra has a population of about 850, 'tis said, but this writer believes that these figures include the chickens and goats. There appears to be nothing to hold the town together, and when the natives were asked as to their industries, we were told that their main-stay was the U. S. Government's rehabilitation money being sent to Puerto Rico. Of course, the *cantinas* were restocked and many new ones, temporary affairs, erected for the rush (they hope) of trade from the Marines and Sailors. Nothing but beer is sold, and, so far, has been kept fairly cool. But the joker in this deck is—she's two bits a bottle.

For the benefit of those who do not know what these maneuvers are all about, will say that this is a combined Naval and Marine Corps affair. Many organizations have entered into the preparation of the plans, including the Secretary of the Navy, the Bureau of Naval Operations, the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet, the Major General Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, the Commander of the Special Service Squadron (USS *Trenton*, Flagship, USS *Claxton* and USS *Taylor*, which ships are now with us, the Commander, Training Squadron USS *Arkansas*, Flagship, and USS *Wyoming*), and not forgetting our Fleet Marine Force Staff. The important points are, of course, perfecting naval gun fire and the landing of troops from naval vessels. Active operations commenced on the 28th of January and will continue until the latter part of February. Upon completion of the maneuvers, all ships, with the Marines on board, will turn their noses toward Panama for a week of liberty and recreation. Then, the return of the Marines to our Barracks at Quantico.

And now, a few orchids (pardon us, Walter Winchell). Baustemente to the faithful Staffs and all others who were responsible, for their long hours of work in planning these exercises and ironing out the millions of little kinks in order to make all hands as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Everything is running like a well oiled machine, leaving nothing to be desired. Too, plenty of orchids to Rear Admiral H. Ellis, commanding the Training

Squadron, to Captain Coffey and officers and men of the "Arky" for their untiring efforts and many kindnesses in making us feel as though we were permanent members of the crew and at home at all times. Tribute must be paid to the Supply Officer of the "Arky," his Chief Commissary Steward, his bakers, butchers and cooks. Their labors cannot be improved upon, and the "chow" is miles above par.

These last remarks about the officers and crew of the "Arky" are from personal observation, and should, in no way, reflect to the discredit of any of the other ships. From what we can understand, the same can be said about all the ships. In fact, after talking with men from the other ships we can find no one to whom scallions might be thrown.



## FIRST BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

By Zilch

During the closing weeks of the Haitian occupation the 1st Brigade in Haiti was reorganized to form, for the most part, our outfit, the Third Battalion of the Fleet Marine Force, with Lt. Col. Thomas S. Clarke, then Assistant Commandant of the Garde d'Haiti, commanding. Inter-Brigade transfers were effected and late in July Companies "I" and "M," formerly "A" and "D" of the Second Marines, embarked aboard the USS *Bridge* Quantico bound. The remainder of the Battalion was returned to the States on the return trip of the *Bridge*.

While en route to Norfolk the reorganization of the Fleet Marine Force changed our status to 1st Battalion, Sixth Marines, and we were to base at San Diego. Conditions had been rather congested on board the *Bridge* but the consideration accorded us by the crew was so noteworthy that when we debarked at Norfolk terms of approbation for the ship were heard on all sides. We take this opportunity as a unit to publicly thank the personnel of the USS *Bridge* for their thoughtfulness.

From Norfolk we moved into the Sea School Barracks in the Norfolk Navy Yard

and, due to the division of the Battalion, became known as Rear Echelon of the 1st while the two companies that had gone on to Quantico became the Forward Echelon. Company "C" somewhat complicated matters by going aboard the *Chaumont* at the Operating Base early in September for duty thereby becoming the Rear Echelon of the Rear Echelon. The Forward Echelon of the Rear Echelon embarked aboard the *Chaumont* on the 24th of the month and the next day the *Antares* arrived at the Base bringing Companies "A" and "D" and Battalion Headquarters from Quantico, uniting the Battalion for the first time since its organization. Competitive examinations for promotion were held a week before we sailed and, a few days out of port, not a few promotions were made in the fourth, fifth and sixth pay grades. With the exception of the foregoing and a smoker held between Balboa and San Diego the trip around to the west coast proved uneventful.

Arriving at the Marine Base we underwent a brief shakedown period followed by a program of intensive training in order to bring the Battalion up to a high standard of efficiency. Despite the lateness of the season a Battalion Football Team was organized and made a very creditable showing against some very stern opposition. Several of the players played on the Base Team and helped to turn back the Navy's best on the west coast.

In addition to our Battalion Commander, our Executive Officer, Maj. F. D. Strong, and almost every second lieutenant in the command have been promoted since we arrived here. As the result of another competitive examination several more promotions were made in the ranks late in the year and several men of the Signal Complement in the Communication Platoon received promotion by letter.

In December we participated in landing force operations on the south side of North Island for the new Marine picture which has just recently been released, "Devil Dogs of the Air." A small detachment from Company "B" went out to the island of San Clemente for a short period on special assignment, but returned in time to go to the Rifle Range at La Jolla with the rest of the Battalion units for annual small arms practice.

Company "D" has just returned from Camp Kearney where they hung up quite a commendable record with their firing of machine guns and infantry howitzer weapons.

The most recent innovation around here is the advent of the double deck bunks, necessitated by the arrival of the large draft of men from the Orient. We are wondering just what the future has in store for a few of those old soldiers who weren't quick enough to get in on the lower deck.

# Tropical Topics

## PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

By L. A. Y.

As the end of the first month of 1935 drew to a close the Marines at the barracks and at the outposts had taken up the routine of the new year with characteristic adaptiveness. They had not waited for the end of the month, for scarcely had the din of oriental firecrackers in celebration of the New Year died away and scarcely had the celebration of the holiday season by the Marines in their own inimitable

ways ceased, when range details were being sent out, men were preparing to go to the States, intrapost and outpost transfers were being effected and many other activities were taking place—each pointing to the fact that '35 promises to be one of the outstanding years of this decade.

The only manifestation of high holiday spirits which remained with us during the month were frequent visits to the wash rack. This place is noted as the greatest in the world for working off excess energy. As its name indicates it is a place for



cleaning up. However, judging from the appearance of some who make use of the place, it must be a rough process because their heads usually look as though they had slipped on a bar of soap and had fallen heavily against a post or had marred their knuckles in a desperate attempt to save themselves from a fall. Among those who participated in this odd sport (all of them are good, congenial fellows) were "Moose" Byers, Private First Class Agee, Privates Howell, Hixon, and Stuhlsatz.

For ten days during the month Lieutenant Colonel Randall was at one of the islands observing submarine maneuvers. During his absence Captain Waller acted as executive officer.

Although the post has its full quota of officers, their many duties have made it necessary to establish Officer of the Guard watches. The Post's first sergeants, Mack, Woltring, Robinson, and Bissinger, are capably performing the duty.

An event of some weight and worthy of consideration took place when the eagle eye of the medical officer, Lieutenant Commander Bryan, sighted in on Sergeant Major Clayton and First Sergeant Bissinger resulting in their being placed on a diet. The result on Clayton seems to have been nil, while Bissinger, who lays claim to the ability to live on foam and laughs, has gained ten pounds.

The basketball team, which the men have supported so laudably this year, has been a source of both joy and disappointment. Their first game in the Sector-Navy League was won neatly with a score of 39 to 34. It was a victory over the fast-working gobs from the Fleet Air Base. But a week later, on January 14th, when the Marines played the Army aviation mechanics from Luke Field, it was a different story. Both teams were fast, both showed good teamwork, and both were full of fighting spirit. The Marines, because of their tall and quick center, Corporal Gregory, were able to take the tip-off at every jump and the advantage gained was well used by the rest of the team, notably Corporals Woods, Brown, Wilson and Private First Class Murphy, and sometimes by substitutes Coffey and White. Each team had about the same number of shots at the basket. The final score, much to our chagrin, was 52 to 33.

Since the writer of this article went to the range with the first detail of the year, he requested that Post's librarian, Private McKelvy, send him some news from the barracks. This is what he received:

"While the famous Miss Earhart was winging her silent way across the vast Pacific, a more heroic struggle was taking place in the dugout on the ball diamond at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Pearl Harbor, T. H. And sometime during the very small hours of the morning our Pearl became the proud mother of eight bouncing, and I might add squealing, offspring. Barracks sleuths declare that the fire station is well represented—how about it, Smoky? But ancestry being what it may, the fact remains that this event far

eclipsed the performance of Miss Earhart—at least as far as the Marines of Pearl Harbor are concerned. Although none of the puppies has made an appearance on the parade ground to date, both they and their mother are doing well. It is hoped by all the men of the barracks that these happy puppies will not grow up to be just a bunch of 'Chow Hounds'. However, if environment means anything, their future surely looks dim and dark.

"The home-going detail departed this morning amid cheers and flying colors. Of all those who left, Private Gislason, recently of the signal gang, was in the highest spirits (?). He remarked, 'If you don't think I'm going home, just count the days I'm gone.' Private 'Snakehips' Jones, also of the signal gang, favored the crowd that had assembled to bid the boys Bon Voyage with a hula danced in real native style. It seems that Corporal Brown, ex-military, was troubled with something in his eyes about the time the Commanding Officer shook his hand and wished him luck. Privates Cobb and Merica seemed to find speech rather difficult as the band struck up such tunes as Malihini Mele, Aloha Oe, My Little Grass Shack, and Auld Lang Syne. It was with gladness that they are going home and regret that they are leaving us that we watched them don their leis and depart.

"When the *Republic* sailed she also took from us Sergeant Major Moore and his family whom we will miss greatly.

"Around the barracks: First Sergeant Bissinger tripping the light fantastic with a ninety pound girl at the farewell party for the Moores given by Pay Sergeant Jones. . . . Private Dousa, runner in the Sergeant Major's office, who has earned the title of 'Slowest man in the barracks,' has been observed taking nocturnal jaunts to Honolulu in company of Corporal Brown of mess hall fame. Dousa has been heard uttering some strange sounds about a certain lass—could it be love? . . . Pvt. Arthur Lorraine Coffey, most efficient clerk in the Barracks Detachment office at the present time, asked the following question of First Sergeant Woltring. 'Why does a stork stand on one leg?' Woltring, being a first sergeant, of course didn't know, so Coffey calmly replied, 'If he'd lift it up he'd fall down.' . . . Rumor has it that Corporal Ming has given up sleeping. Which is altogether too much so we'll cease this noise right now!"

And out at the rifle range, "Camp Alibi" at Puuloa Point, a certain chap dropped in the tent as this article was being written. Good-humoredly he acknowledges the title of Private Briece, chief of the telephone girls. Since his job as telephone operator gives him fluency, he proffered the following concerning life at the camp:

"My alibi for today—I forgot my Bromo Seltzer. . . . The first detail of would-be-experts for '35 are out here on the range holding 'em and squeezing 'em under that able tutor, Gunney Davis (Tailor-made Davis to you). Sixty dollars is the objective and a host of efficient coaches

bids fair to give the old bull's-eye plenty of punishment.

"Next week will mark the beginning of competition to select a local team to represent P. H. in the Western Divisional Matches. With such excellent shots as Sergeant Angus and Corporal Thomas pooling their efforts, we should be able to show our heels to other outfits when the final show is held in Bremerton.

"The most persistent shadow in the limelight as a local celebrity is one Private Kornegay, who aspires to fame as 'Ye Editor' of a daily scandal sheet. He has provided amusement no end with his Walter Winchell style and Breezy Turner thoroughness. One of his oft-repeated sayings—'I've got the stuff but I need more background to make the editorial staff of the Star Bulletin'."

Thirty miles from Pearl Harbor there is a naval ammunition depot, Lualualei. Although it is a separate command the men are transferred there via P. H. and of course their liberties are made in Honolulu or at dances at the Pearl Harbor barracks. Recently First Lieutenant Straub was transferred there as commanding officer to relieve Captain Talbot. First Sergeant Calvery has charge of the company office. The three patrols at Lualualei consist of the main gait, barracks patrol, and mounted patrol.

Private Lazaros, the "Terrible Greek from Pittsburgh," volunteered the following information from Lualualei:

"Business has been picking up since Private Floyd has been playing nursemaid to the horses. . . . Private Nelson has been unsuccessful in ascertaining the temperament of his horse and has been left lying on the trail three or four times within the past month. . . . Sergeant Mann has adapted himself well to the wide open spaces. It is said that he can give squads right or left from a distance of a half-mile and be distinctly understood. However, despite the fact that his vocal feats are admired, his competition with the radio one midnight after a trip to Honolulu was hardly a success considering the attitude of the other men. . . ."

Chief Marine Gunner Herrington is the officer in charge of West Loch, an outpost of Lualualei. The men there claim the best chow in the Corps and they may be right for they take pleasure in doing a bit of farming on the side so they have fresh vegetables the year 'round. In response to a query by telephone, Private Luscomb reports from there:

"The detachment of 'Mongoose Chasers' at West Loch mourns the loss of two good men and true—on second thought, maybe not so good and probably not any too true. . . . Anyhow, Private 'Ex-Coxswain' Deen and 'Pancho Villa' Phillips, czar of the galley, have left us for better if not cooler climates. . . . We started the New Year right by throwing out all the time-honored traditions and shining the door knobs for a new C. O. inspection. . . . Music Chalewa broke training one night this month and sounded taps. . . . Melani says he just doesn't like corporals. . . ."



'Redtop' Burt hooked a big one off the coast last week—of course that big one (600 pounds at least) would get away. . . . Our new short order chef, Angelo Steriti, is still making those twilight trips on foot to Ewa to see that certain someone. . . . Huttshell, when he isn't chasing around with that grief list is busy writing letters on some beautiful pink and blue stationery. . . . 'Rabbits' Rowlan is still riding herd on his bunnies. . . . P. W. Brough is through with women. . . . Georgie Gettings and his basketball squad are still playing a good game of football. . . . 'Freddie' Smith, our cute little second cook, has just topped the 200 pound mark. . . . 'Swampy' Vickers claims he is still heart-whole and fancy free. . . . Luscomb is straining his soup nowadays through one of those things—he says that it gets in his teeth. . . . 'Mickey' McGowan is seen around the barracks a lot more these last few weeks.'

There is a detachment of about thirty Marines under Sergeant Glover stationed at Fleet Air Base, Pearl Harbor. Their duties, in addition to snapping in on their bunks, consist of standing watches on one of three posts—either at the dock, the patrol, or the gaswalk. Privates Keen (of Louisiana football fame) and Martin (for some unknown reason sporting a sergeant's shooting blouse at the range) furnished the items below:

"As a whole our P. A. B. detachment is a very quiet group of men but in spite of the untiring efforts of our sergeant in charge, at times several of the privates engage in a very brief but boisterous conversation during the quiet hour.

"We have said 'Aloha' to Private First Class Small and Privates Browning and Sloan as they turned their tear-stained (?) eyes toward the States. We regret losing these men but in turn wish those taking their places a very pleasant tour of duty.

"Being shorthanded for the reason that several of our men are out to reclaim their right to the rifle dough, we welcome these men as a relief for the strain that the present guard duty bears upon our bunk fatigue.

"We are waiting in readiness to welcome the Fleet because we feel that the Air Base will play an important part in the maneuvers scheduled for this coming spring."

All that is now lacking to make this a complete news article from Pearl Harbor and its outposts is something from the Old Naval Station at Honolulu. The boys there say that they have a real and enjoyable home. . . . Many of them are old timers and while they do much that might be related they are shy of print. Next month!

Aloha Nui.

## THIS AND THAT FROM THE GEM OF THE PACIFIC

By The Triumvirate

By the time that this article is read people will have gotten out of the habit of dating their cheeks 1934, but the after effects of a joyous New Year's Eve are still very much in evidence at the Marine Barracks in Guam. It seems that most of the boys have taken the vow for the sale of soft drinks at the Post Ex has increased considerably.

The big event of the holidays was a Christmas party given for the children of the post. This affair brought to light one of the most talented actors in Guam, none other than our Pay Sergeant Geo. R. Richardson, who took the part of Santa Claus. It is

rumored, that since his performance here all the studios in Hollywood are battling for his services. The enlisted men of the post received their Christmas presents in the form of two-dollar coupon books, needless to say every one was well pleased.

The Marines here think their soft-ball team has established some sort of a record. In order to win the championship of the Tri-City Soft Ball League it was necessary to take fourteen games in a row—nuff said—they are the champs. The opening game between the Sumay Stars and the Marines was probably a more auspicious occasion than the opening game of the world series. The two teams, preceded by a band consisting of one bugle, one drum and a guitar paraded through the streets of Sumay, then back to the ball park. The first ball was thrown in by First Lieutenant Williams,

president of the League and the game was on. Playing air tight ball but victims of a little bad luck, the Marines lost 23 to 12. The record at the end of the season erased the memory of this defeat—twenty games played, sixteen wins and four losses.

At present, the baseball season is well underway with the Marines in a tie for first place. Lead by Sergeant McLain, the team has shown lots of spirit and should bring another trophy to decorate the library. Corporal Baird, Chief Pay Clerk Klingennagen and Lieutenant McMillan, U. S. N., are leading the team at hitting but the rest of the boys are now determined to move them out of their positions at the top of the list.

Our amateur radio station had been off the air for several months when a transport stopped here and gave us Private Ferranto.

(Continued on page 49)

# Detachments

## MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

The news mart has diminished and disseminated to the four winds since a couple of fortnights ago when last I sat me down and dashed off, in a moment of nubulosity, the prattle and ludicrous narratives depicting the "doings" of our personnel. Indeed, we are pressed with such a state of declination that even the lists of reinforcements have dwindled away to a mere score, or less, in number. So it is that I ask you to bear with me but for an instant and in short order we will, more from necessity



than otherwise, proceed to our customary roundelay with the "Phantom of the Arcade," Walchell Winter.

Foremost among those who have joined us in the, not distant, past, is Maj. Jacob M. Pearce, Jr., our new Quartermaster Officer, who comes to us from the Navy Yard here in the City. Then, there's Capt. Norman M. Shaw, late of the Fourth Marines, who has been detached to this Post and ordered to his home to await orders for retirement. First Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery joined from the Navy Yard at Pearl Harbor. T. H. Drummer First Class Brannock is here on temporary detachment and the remainder of the "new" fellows are privates. They are: Beatty, Hughes, Hall, Chambers, Stevens, Nolan, Cummertott, Harrington, Wm. King, Mau, Droke, Lewis, Adam, McClain, and Edmondson.

We strike off the roster the names of

Capt. M. H. Fleming, who has left us for the Norfolk Yard at Portsmouth; Sergeant Major Verdier, who retired on "thirty," February 2nd; Corporal Tesh, whose enlistment expired February 4th; and Trumpeter Smith, who left us for Iona Island. Sergeant Thompson, Post Armorer, reached the end of a cruise, shipped over and is on furlough. Musician First Class Bernolfo, of the Marine Band, reenlisted and Musician First Class Terzo, also of the Band, extended his "time" for a period of one year.

Few were the promotions to be handed out. All the lucky fellows this time, with but one exception, are Band members. They are: Drum Major Florea who made Sergeant Major; Hoofman who went to Principal Musician; Bernolfo who made Musician First Class and Gworex and EauClaire who got Musicians First and Second Class, respectively. The exception was Corporal Frisch who was promoted to Sergeant. And, believe you me, if ever a guy rated it that fellow does. Congratulations, Frisch—the same to you other men.

Another positive identification of deviation toward the collapse of news topics is that the Bridge Team won only three cups during the month of January. It is easy to understand, however, that this sudden "drop" is due to the scarcity of competitive teams. The Post now has two teams entered in the Federal Bridge League. The "Leathernecks," captained by Joe Lobley and composed of Gibson, Ross, Fox, Wilford and Phinney, have attained the rank of sixth position. The "Marine Corps" team, whose captain is Astleford and whose members are Groves, McElroy, and Cook, are encamped some distance down the way. In short, they are not acting up to standard, of late. Those who won cups are Groves and Rawlings, who took the Argonne Apartments for a "cleaning," and Astleford, who, with a girl friend, followed along to the same hostelry and came out victors. Rawlings, by the way, is not one of our regular representatives in the Federal League. He and Private First Class Davis are members of the "Set-back" team.

The results of the Evening Star Bowling Tournament were not so favorable in so far as our team was concerned. None of the boys got into the money. None-the-less, they still maintain their place in the Herald Government Bowling League. Today, they are tied for first place but after tonight it is safe to assume that they will be firmly

settled on top with no team too close for comfort. Tonight is the date set for the playoff. Which means that long before this reaches the printed page, the decision will have been handed down. The fellows entered in the Navy League are "up and coming." They regained lost territory and some to "boot," moving from ninth position to seventh.

January 29th brought another of the enlisted men's dances. Twelve or fourteen inches of snow, that besieged the place, was not enough to stay the fancies of our "romeos" and when the orchestra swung into its lovely melodies the floor was crowded. Each dance this season has met with remarkable success.

For once we saw a detail move out of the Post with no complaints. On January 30th, a bunch of the lads were detached to the Shoreham Hotel to participate in the "doings" of the President's Ball and every man was happy to have been selected to the duty. They were privileged to see such notables as the Senators from many States, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Rubinoff and his Violin and many another artist of renown.

The Barracks has assumed a much brighter and, decidedly, more favorable aspect since the painters have started their attack on the faded walls of the squad rooms and hallways. As a matter of fact, so delightful and refreshing are the new tints that some of the fellows have contemplated purchasing dainty pajamas of such hues as will fit in with the color scheme.

And, now, before we disregard one of the "Don't Touch" signs and collect a goodly portion of the "coloring" on our blouse, suppose we step into this blank file here in the ranks and troop **ALONG THE ARCADE WITH WALCHELL WINTER:**

**PASSING IN REVIEW:** "... Though he dwell in the wilderness the world will make a beaten path to his door." And so, "Bing" Bryan tells the world's worst jokes and "Minnevitich" Adams comes traipsing over to offer him solace and to laugh either from hilarity or sympathy (?).

And while broaching the subject of jokes—here's one that I would like to submit to Stoopnagle's and Bud's Joke Explaining Department. Pvt. Ralph "Town" Hall is guilty of springing it. He asks: "Which is more ALIKE a snake or a rabbit?" Maybe I heard him wrong. I must have—no one person could be dumb enough to say anything like that all in the same breath. But, no, he repeats it and it sounds the same. He is gracious enough to repeat it again, and again. Now, folks, maybe in my old age there's some discrepancy creeping into my auditory organs. I hadn't noticed it before now so to save myself the shock I succumb to his wit—I give up. "Well," says he, "The rabbit is more alike because the snake has ears." Now "ain't" that cute? Somebody better take him away before I find someone who can riddle me that!

It just goes to show how one subject will lead right into another. Two of our "Dapper Dams" took off one day last Wednesday to see their girls. Reaching their objective they settle down for a quiet evening of entertainment. Someone suggested that the radio be utilized. Everything proceeded in perfect harmony until one of the "Gentlemen" remembered that tonight was the night for Fred Allen and his Town Hall Program. Being an ardent fan of the old "Municipal Temple" our friends insisted that the dial be twirled in that general direction. Not being educated to the proper appreciation of "art," the girls said, "Not on your life. We wanna listen to Blurplezileh's Orchestra." "That's all we want to know," yells the insulted guests and they



are away, sans coats and hats, for the Barracks where they know that all speakers will be resounding to the vibrant tones of their beloved program. They dashed in just in time to hear Fred Allen piping, "And next week Town Hall Tonight brings you ...". The boys fainted and had to take Sal Hepatica for a whole week to regain their "smile of health." They have learned a lesson, though,—henceforth they will cancel all engagements for Wednesday nights from nine o'clock 'till taps.

Monickers: "Honey Boy" Middleton. "Sassafras" Spivey. How?

The latest selection for the "regular fellows" list is Private First Class Dodson, the Post Carpenter. The title might be amended to read "useful" as well as "regular." Besides being a general "fixer upper," Dodson is a cabinet maker and craftsman of no small accomplishment. A remarkable example of his work is depicted in the construction of the new fixtures that have recently been erected in the offices of THE LEATHERNECK. No job too small, none so large, that he cannot, with the aid of his able assistant, Private Adomovitch, turn it out with the earmarks of a master's job.

It is inevitable that we learn that there

are certain characters whose personalities will not permit their being, long, interred from the public's eye. Such a person—such a character, is our Post Librarian. We bring him to your attention this month in order that you may know that we have a man of "letters" in our midst. Of course, I appreciate the fact that there are many of the instructors in the M.C.I. who have attained degrees but, I ask you, where is there one whose distinction is such that he may write thusly: Hon. "Senator" Reginald Parkman Greenleaf Hodgdon, CPL, U.S.M.C., P.L., C.S.I., M.C.I., M.B., W.D.C., U.S.A. (????)

The spiced doughnut goes, this month, to McNulty of the Business School. His was the best story submitted. Don't forget, folks, if you know any "good ones" bring them or send them in to THE LEATHERNECK Office and sooner or later we'll crowd them into this column. The context of today's "believe-it-if-you-can" is: Prior to his Marine Corps career, McNulty used to peddle vacuum cleaners among the tribes of his native state, the land of red skins and feathered bonnets, Oklahoma. While en route, one day, from one point of contact to the next he encountered an accident (or vice versa) and was dispossessed of all his mer-



chandise. He sat himself down, rather, he raised himself on one elbow in his hospital bed and made out a written report of his misfortune for the benefit of his employers. With some degree of redundancy, he stressed the point that he was not at fault, that such a disaster might have befallen anyone—in short, that no man could have averted the tragedy. He dispatched the missive and sat back to await developments. He got them in the form of the following letter and quotation: "That a calamity, such as you have brought to our attention, can be overcome is demonstrated in the following article from the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone*. It seems that upon purchasing the equipment for publishing the newspaper, the management disclosed the fact that the type founder had failed to furnish the complete cases of type. It was noted that the "f's" and "k's" of the most necessary font were missing. They had not the time to send back for the letters so they were compelled to "put out" their initial number without them. As a means of explanation they inserted the following notice on the front page: 'We begin the publication of the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone* with some phew dipphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphic phailed to supply us with any ephs and cays, and it will be phor or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaqe was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox or this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair.'" The letter bore the Post Script: "You're fired! Laugh that ophph!"

Here's saying "Adios" until I come again with the April showers.

## GREAT LAKES GOSSIP

By The Dopester

Howdy Everybody! Yessuh it's the ole dopester back again with another armful of chin music, so draw up your chairs, fill your hods, boilers, pipes, or whatever they may be called with your favorite *potpourri* and get a load of the latest:

Chief Mariner Gunner, William A. Buckley, recently reported here at the Lakes for duty and has taken over the duties as O.I.C., Drills and Instructions. Gunner Buckley is an old timer in the service and many of us young fellows are not acquainted with him, but it is the advice of those who have succeeded before us that give us the stepping stones along the pathway of success. We are glad to have you with us, and speaking for the detachment, will do everything in our power to make your tour of duty here at the Lakes a most happy and successful one.

Private Habush who has been sojourning at the Main Gate for the past fifteen days, returned to the barracks for duty. "Peat-

bog" Peck who ran up the high score of 250 while bowling, hasn't come close since. The team as a whole have been getting more pins than their opponents, but that doesn't win games. "Emma" Brown sure has been looking bad here of late. What's the trouble "Emma" can't you make up your mind? Someone remarked that "Tony" Frank has embarked on the sea of matrimony. Well, from the looks of things it won't be long and we'll be following the little white ball o'er hill and dale, hoping we can finish the game before we become a menace to public safety, and locked up. Methinks "Chief" Hill doesn't know much about the game of ping pong. "Wop" Schilliter can stand a few lessons in pinocle.

Strolling down the Main Drag (squad room to squad room) the other evening I noticed that the barracks is not in want for news, sports, music or what have you. For example: No. 1 squad room, "Calling car 42, go to Trimble Avenue family trouble. Calling car 42"; No. 2 squad room, "And now ladies and gentlemen for the next fifteen minutes you will be entertained with the distinctive melodies of Wayne King and his incomparable music"; And now to the miniature broadcasting station in No. 3, "Esta mi amigos, es la voz el Madrid Espana, y Buenas Noches"; Now to No. 4, "Whatta fight ladies and gentlemen, round after round in there slugging toe to toe every inch of the way, never taking a backward step, fighting for a champ's crown to which they are equally entitled." When it comes to entertainment we have it.

Now that the hunting season is over, the cotton tails here on the station can rest easy till next fall. For about four weeks it sounded as if bush warfare was being carried on in the ravines.

Though we were sorry to see them leave, fate decreed that the following men be transferred to Lakehurst, New Jersey, for duty: Pfc. W. E. Farris, W. Schlitter, G. Hutchinson; Pfts. V. Zuris, H. Phillips. Cpl. Howard Carmichael was transferred to Pensacola, Fla. Well the best of friends must part, so Cheerio, Au Revoir, Bon Zwah, Adios, what have you, and the best of luck.

"From pole to pole and continent to continent here's the latest flashes: Smith and Zuris extended—Crapser has give up the idea of trying to ride the wagon, and also shaved the upper lip—Lane is going to give the fellows in South Chi a break and stay at home for awhile—Smith, N. W., is diving into the deep and mystifying secrets of radio—Purcell is going to study Greek—Going to open a greasy spoon, "Percy"—Top Sergeant is losing some of the extra weight—Kozoil is going to get an assistant to keep books for the bowlers.

Well, this concludes another monthly broadcast so until we're on the paper again next month, remember; "Yesterday is an outlawed account; Tomorrow is a promissary note; Today is real money, invest it."

## PORTSMOUTH POT SHOTS

By Jeffrey Cardin

Our latest arrival is Pvt. Jesse H. McNeal, late of the Schools Detachment, Ma-

rine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. He is now with us in the exalted position of Motor Mechanic. Previously McNeal was the catchword by which any girls claiming acquaintanceship with Marines in Portsmouth was judged. If they failed to identify him they were just overlooked as parvenues and social climbers.

We have bridge players here in Portsmouth. Yet not to deride the playing ability of the Institute Marines who have been boasted of having won the majority if not all the loving cups in Washington society, we lay claim of having the greatest number of bridge players, who, sub-rosa, play for stakes that would make the loving cups of the Washington Matrons appear very infinitesimal. That is to judge the amount of I.O.U.'s that are cashed on or about pay day.

Then again we boast of the champion hitch hiker. Irrespective of weather or snow he goes to Boston every day off guard. Regulations and no modesty keep his name from among the immortals. Of course this is a secret known only to the writer and the champion of champions.

Last year we had a good basketball team. We could not help it for we had an All-American player. But this year with just ordinary fair-to-middling players we have a good team. This is proven not so much by the victories we have gained but rather by the offers of good teams that are willing to play us.

Long and Gilmore are courting in Rye Beach. Their ardor is so high that even during the last snow upheaval that stopped trains and busses from operating it was just duck soup to these boys.

To those who have been stationed in Portsmouth and know the amount of snow we get we greet with the message that they have not seen anything. The snow is piled up so high in front of the arcade that we cannot see the cars parked on the road. Thus a little of the Desk Sentry's worries are eased since he cannot supervise the parking of the cars on the road.

## MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

By Joe Harris

The Chelsea Naval Hospital Marines might still be considered unknown by some people, for that reason it will be quite a task to attempt to alter their conception in this limited space. We will, however, give you readers of *THE LEATHERNECK* a general account of the activities, personnel, and the facilities which help to characterize and make this detachment the success it enjoys.

This is a small post, it is true, but it is a home and, mark you well, 'tis not an "old soldiers' home," for the sprightly and youthful spirit of our NCO-in-Charge, 1st Sgt. Robert Colsky, of the old Guardia fame mixed with his wide and varied experience, permeates the place.

No, it is not an "old soldiers' home" and you are not wanted here if you are



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not looking for a place to "soldier." We are on the go from physical drill at reveille to taps at night. By that, we mean that we are on the go, but we don't mean that we are on the drill field from morning to night. We have a routine here so varied and so interesting that a man is just simply carried away by the spirit in which his daily chores are done.

For the benefit of all readers, let me inform all and sundry that this place is located in Massachusetts on the beautiful site of the historic Bunker Hill Monument and the banks of Mystic River. It is about a mile away from the Boston Navy Yard. The purpose of this Detachment is to guard the Naval Hospital and to act as police for the Reservation. The Hospital itself is

one of the best in the Naval Service and our Commanding Officer, Capt. R. A. Warner (MC), U. S. Navy, is one of the finest officers that one would want to serve with.

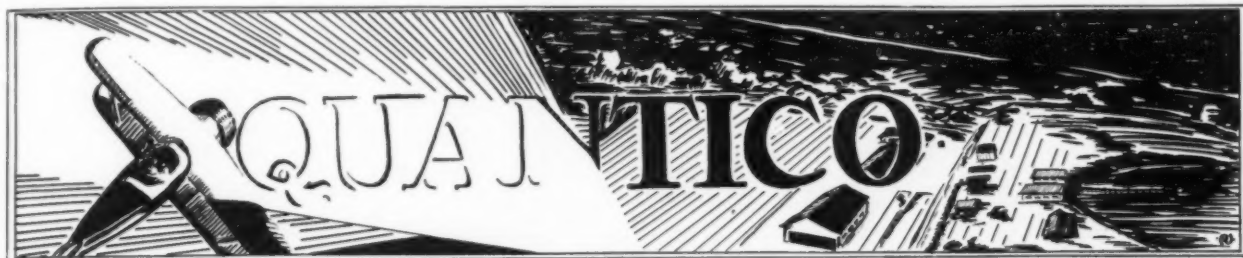
All of us here are enlisted men—twenty in all. Our "Top," Bob Colsky, is one good soldier; some of us remember him as the Guardia Lieutenant of the good old days of Nicaragua. His interest in the welfare of the men and that includes his varied and interesting training schedules and his ability to make a man realize that he is a Marine, and as such carries on his individual shoulders the reputation of many men before him, has left a stamp on every man here. It is human nature to follow in the rut, or to get into the rut, in a small post of this type, but not so with First

Sergeant Colsky. To him, every day is a new day—a day when something has got to be done and something accomplished to make a man a better Marine. There are no beaten trails for him; he makes his own way and by doing so, makes it a pleasure to follow.

Our second in command is Sgt. L. D. Ganzel. This sterling old time Marine is a Marine, and we point with pride to him and signify to the youngsters of the Service that here is a man in whose footsteps it is well to follow.

Let us take a further look at our personnel. Yes, sir, we also have a corporal here—a corporal with a capital "K" and his name is Aleceus L. Kerr. A fine

(Continued on page 50)



## THE QUANTICO PASTE POT

With Phil Haensler

GENTLE readers, this is the final spasmodic outburst of blurbs that will emerge from your correspondent from Quantico . . . Duty calls, the lure of the tropics, swaying palms and aguana dinners on Sundays . . . Quick, Watson, the needle. . . Our old friend, who formerly entertained under the guise of "The Earl of Quantico," is still in the vicinity and we leave the column in the very capable hands of this sage of the Virginia foothills . . . Just a few concluding gems of wisdom, smatters from the monthly newscasts . . . The former footballer, Marion Trees, has taken on Mae West bulges, in the most embarrassing places, and if the hefty lad continues to expand he'll be drawing flight pay . . . catch on . . . This winter may be a blessing to some folks, but it's no treat to the Sons of Slum and Gravy who call Quantico their Spa . . . Here's an incident that occurred to a local boiler-tender we'll call Rosenberg, because he hails from the Emerald Isle . . . This youngster, unwittingly allowed his fire to go out, for which stunt he landed a five-day furlough in the Quantico Hotel DeGink, perhaps better known as the Booby Hatch . . . Oh, well, it probably is great weather in Miami these wintry afternoons . . . The proposed Tiger Phipps-Tommy Nemphos "Epic of the Century" fozzled owing to the transfer of the Gabby Baltimore Greek, who gets his mail addressed to the Fleet Marine Force . . . The latter group, of course, is doing most of their fighting, pushing back the herded sand fleas at Culebra, where 'tis said, the fleas are so big, each individual pest had his own ground crew . . . Your correspondent came to grief the other day when he fell on his noggin and spent the first two weeks of the latter part of the first month of the year in the Post Sick Quarters . . . The poke in the slats handed in the direction of Baldy Baldassare, A's Mess Chief, had a telling effect . . . The Big Boy won't even glance in our direction these days . . . Our only defensive retort to this explosive

missile is to have our readers bear in mind the fact that the writer pens this column in a spirit of alleged levity . . . Swede Hansen, pride of Quantico's guzzling parlors, is celebrating New Year's for an extended period . . . Hansen, late of the Motor Transport here, takes the coveted barbed wire under-jacket when it comes to sipping ale, and has absolutely no rivals. . . The Post Grill took on the appearance of a Hollywood Bar Room scene the other evening when one corner struck up "Sweet Adeline," while the opposite side of the room retaliated with "She's Nobody's Sweetheart" . . . Some of the gags pulled in this establishment would cause such comies as Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl to blush with shame . . . These Marines have no competitors when it comes to dishing out the rib-ticklers . . . Quantico, accustomed to handling thousands of Marines, seems deserted with vacant seats prevailing in the Motion Picture Auditorium . . . The Fleet Marines emptied the town, and for long faces that would do credit to some of our better mortuary bosses, the Quantico Greeks step into the limelight . . . This is a good time to squelch the rumor that Jeem Londres, the present wrestling champ, is to locate in Quantico with a hash-house . . . There are enough Sons of Pericles in town now to crowd out the popular title holder. . . A certain old timer, who should know better, fell victim to a popular game here in Quantico when he was forced to sew his pockets up, as penalty for warming his digits . . . Were it not for the fact that the ancient gent in question is no longer, referring to the Corps vernacular, a chicken, we'd mention his name, but we haven't the heart, and the old boy still packs a wallop, anything but anemic . . . This month's supply of orchids are awarded to that splendid group of hospital Corpsmen at Quantico's sick quarters . . . This is a throw-back to the days when Marines dreaded entering a hospital, and with due reason . . . The villainous Corpsmen used to apply the dreaded "salts dose" for any and every ailment, but those days are apparently gone.

. . . Well, the salt in the air tells us that we are bidding THE LEATHERNECK good-bye from the shores of the Potomac, but we'll tell you all about it when we reach Guantamano Bay.

## THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS QUESTIONNAIRE

(The answers to these questions are straight from the Crystal Bowl as gazed by the Mick)

Quartermaster Sergeant Jameson: "What is the matter with our new Electric washer?" Ans—No Soap.

Bailey, our First Sergeant, would like to know how to find a woman who can't talk over the telephone. Sell your new Dodge, Bailey; buy a Model "T" and then take only those "hers" out that can be muzzled and led with a leash.

Gunnery Sergeant Gilstrap wonders how people can waste good alcohol in their automobile radiators. A motor, during this semi-arctic weather, needs something to stimulate its circulation as well as a man.

Gunnery Sergeant Kane: "Why do they call me 'Tippy'?" Watch the tip of the scale arm the next time you step on the platform.

Staff Sergeant Anderson: "What's the difference between a Ford and a good ear?" A Chevrolet.

Staff Sergeant Arsenaault: "Is Fredricksburg a town or a village?" With the help of a few Marines and a good stout stork it will soon be a city.

Staff Sergeant Kelsey: "What is Manila, P. I., noted for besides good cigars?" Rope.

Sergeant Sanford: "Kelley, what are you doing with all those travel 'aids' and circulars; going on a cruise?" Kelley: "Yes, four years coming May."

Corporal Cooley, looking longingly at a foreign stamp on a package lying in the Mail Orderly's basket: "What's the good of a stamp if you can't collect it?" Never mind, Cooley, just look at all the foreign money representatives that Uncle Sam has failed to collect.

Corporal Knight: "How far is it from

the Post Guard House to Dumphries?" Just a coupla "thumbs."

Private First Class Golden: "What's the difference between Quantico and New York?" In distance, about 270 miles.

Private First Class Weaver: "What's a Georgia Cracker?" Often just a North Dakota Ginger Snap with a little coating of strawberry jam—raspberries.

Brisendine: "What's a Marine Corps Hash slinger?" Just a Ritz Hotel waiter in white make-up.

Conner: "Damico, from what School did you graduate?" Damico: "From the School of hard punches, no referee and a Ship's bell."

Crosby: "Some day I'm going to write a book." Toth: "If you do, I'll read it with an eraser."

Jennings was repairing a light in the hallway the other day when he chances to look down and catches Smith, his helper, leaning against his step-ladder fast asleep. That's all right, Jennings, shooting the .30 rifle in the off-hand position is only one of Smith's standing accomplishments.

Martin: "What is drafting?" Some of these fresh air fiends think it's sleeping with the windows wide open.

If any of you readers of THE LEATHERNECK care to gaze into the Crystal Bowl just write "The Mick" care of the MCS. Auf Wiedersehen, bonheur, etc.

### QUANTICO FLASHBACKS

Several of the boys employed ingenuity to the extremities during the past month when passes were required to witness Quantico's motion picture offerings. Instead of being assessed fifty yen for ducats, the boys utilized old automobile license slips, identification cards, Chinese laundry tickets and the like in place of the required passes. Needless to say, they succeeded in flim-flamming Tiger Phipps and the moguls on hand. Clever, these Marines!

Another good man gone wrong, you say? Looie Ankrom, local footballer and baseballer, joined Charlie Gann and deserted the bachelor ranks the other day, and waltzed down the aisle. Congrats, old boy, and all that sort of thing. Wedding bells will soon ring for Mark "Connie" Boswell and a certain young Quantico belle or we miss our guess. Of course, missing our guess would hardly create an innovation, as we've done that same thing many a time and lived to survive, but it's "dollars to doughnuts

(shades of John Mogan)" that it's the real McCoy this time.

It is with sincere gratification that the local athletic colony notes that Capt. Elmer Hall, of Quantico football fame, has been selected for promotion to the rank of major. As a major, we trust, Captain Hall will continue his activity in the gridiron ranks.



TED "KING" COTTON

The World of Commerce has always recognized the power of "King Cotton," and now "King" Cotton creates a bear market in Fistic Circles.

Such men as Captain Hall in the ranks assure the enviable continuation of successful Marine Corps athletics.

One of the bright lights of the recent smoker, accorded little comment in Charlie Adams' report of the fisticuffs, which reflects no discredit on Charlie's commend-

able article, King Cotton, light heavyweight performer, is about ready to swing into action down in Culebra (you recall the name). Cotton, surnamed Teddy by fond parents, is the most improved cuffer-arounder the writer has seen in action, and is bound to go far in the fight game, provided he keeps his ears above the water mark.

Marine Corps fight fans will be glad to learn that Johnny Segars, late of the Corps, and formerly with the First Battalion, Fleet Marines, hied down Baltimore way, the other day, and more than held his own with the venerable Sylvan Bass, one of the better scrappers. Johnny patted Syl with everything but the ring-posts, and the old boy was glad to totter out of the ring, bearing the marks of the battering. More power to you, Segars, keep up the good work.

The members of the Quantico Home Guard anxiously await news of the Fleet Marines and their cactus battles down in Culebra. The writer vividly recalls his important role played in the last Culebra Comedy, when he sampled Virgin Island barbed wire to perfection. Take our advice, boys, and insert leather lining in your pants when you get under way in the big "putsh." At that, we wager that many of the local softies would gladly battle the dreaded maneuvers, now that King Winter has commenced to work into a heat up here in Virginny. We'll soon be in your vicinity, lads, for the Old Maestro has received orders to board the *Vega* for Guantanamo Bay on March 6th.

Quantico Social Notes: Joe Walters, the rotund Coal Baron of these 'chere parts, has just recovered from a case of acute laryngitis, suffered when the Jolly Walters attempted to strain a vocal chord in his recent casting as a local Joe Humphries, during our late-lamented Smoker. Joe is in such a bad state that he is barely heard at the Triangle when he whispers at the Coal Palace.

Jack Clifford, King of the Clothing Compound, is still rousting about on his ninety-day leave. They talk about the younger generation in glowing terms, but these old timers still keep the kids back on their heels. Jo Jo "Roxy" Moore, the Grey Fox of the Depot Quartermaster outfit, is nursing requisition slips until Jack returns.

It's all yours next month, Earl of Quantico, step in, and welcome home.

(For Further Quantico News See Page 48)



### AND WE USED TO THINK VIRGINIA WAS IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH"

The flyers from Brown Field were accused by the Parris Island correspondent of bringing bad weather with them. These pictures prove that they didn't take it all with them at any rate.



By Gosh

Well, Groundhog Day is here and passed (we don't mean the day on which we had pork sausage, either) and we find it was all wrong to let the little fellow see his shadow. With ten days of real winter weather in the latter part of January, we could well have foregone the chill blast which arrived here today, February 6th. There is promise of more days of frozen radiators and icicles forming on the proboscis.

California is no longer the leader with unusual weather. The week in which Colonel Rowell led eighteen fighting planes, ten observation planes and two transports to Miami, placed Virginia at the head of the list. While for the most part the condition was local, we had fog thick as pea soup for almost a week. Richmond and Washington had high ceilings and we could not even see in the basement. After being held up for two days, a thin spot drifted over the field on January 10th and Captain Marshall and his observation squadron were sitting on the ground ready to go. Lieutenant Colonel Evans had just made a trip to Stafford in his car and reported a clear sky at that point.

After Captain Marshall cleared, the fog settled in again and it was another hour before Colonel Rowell and Captain Rogers with the fighters got away. The transports also were underway. As soon as the fighters had cleared, the fog came back again and didn't lift until about noon the next day.

The group arrived in Miami on January 11th and after hurriedly replenishing the gasoline supply put on the first show for the expectant Miamians. So good was the show, and so well received by the public that the Marines were the honored group during the remainder of the show.

Aside from the honor received, the attending personnel report that the Miami races were the most successful yet attended, this being due largely to the untiring efforts of Lt. Raymond C. Scollin, our liaison officer. Lieutenant Scollin received a very commendatory letter from the Miami authorities for his able handling of the multitude of details involved.

During this time VO Squadron Nine-M had been preparing for their participation in the maneuvers in the Caribbean area. On Monday, January 28th, they took off on the first leg of their long flight. That evening found only one plane at its destination. A thickening fog had made navigation difficult and a high headwind had reduced the ground speed so greatly that all planes landed short of their goal. One plane was damaged in the landing and the squadron reduced to eight SU's. They were accompanied by a Douglas amphibian transport and two Grumman amphibians. At this writing the squadron is operating from San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Fifteen men were not worried about head winds or gasoline supplies either. They were safely aboard the USS. *Antares* bound for Culebra. MT-Sgt. George Morgan, Gunnery Sergeant Paul and Corporal Baughman were laden with photographic materials; Staff Sergeant Staph, Sergeant Straba and Private Neach comprised the armament section; Staff Sergeant Forde

(Continued on page 48)



THE LATE MAJOR LOUIS BOURNE

"Now the proud eagle, stretch'd upon the plain  
No more through rolling clouds shall soar again."—Byron.

## MAJOR LOUIS M. BOURNE

On January 7, 1935, Maj. Louis M. Bourne, Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, died at the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., after an illness of only a few days. His death was a sudden and severe shock to all those who knew him for he had the respect and esteem of officers and enlisted men alike.

On May 13, 1911, he was appointed a midshipman in the Navy, resigning on 10 February, 1913. On 20 August, 1913, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. During the World War, Major Bourne served in France with the American Expeditionary Force, March 26, 1918, to 25 July, 1919. For this service he was awarded the Fourragere and Victory Medal.

On 23 December, 1921, Major Bourne was designated a Naval Aviator and held this designation at time of his decease.

For his services in Nicaragua he was awarded the 2d Nicaraguan medal. A letter of commendation for his assistance and cooperation in establishing air mail service between Florida and the Canal Zone was extended him by the Vice-President of the Pan American Airways.

The first successful non-stop flight from the United States to Nicaragua was accomplished by Major Bourne, for which he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. The Nicaraguan government bestowed upon him the Medal of Merit. The Expeditionary Medal for service in Haiti was also awarded Major Bourne.

Major Bourne was generally accepted

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BEFORE MARCH 8

as an authority on aviation. His long experience and his excellent training gained him this recognition. He was a graduate of the Marine Corps Schools, Air Corps Tactical School, and the Army Staff and Command School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Major Bourne was buried at the Arlington National Cemetery with full military honors on 8 January, 1935. The Services were held in the Arlington Chapel in the presence of a host of friends, both commissioned and enlisted.

The Marine Corps has numbered among its officers many great and well loved men, and the name of Louis M. Bourne, Jr., is accorded a position second to none by all the officers and men who have ever served under him.

### IN MEMORIAM

BY ARTHUR W. ELLIS

*For years he sailed the broad expanse of  
Heaven—*

*Free as the birds upon the summer air;  
To him there was no space or height not  
given,*

*And his was but the beautiful and fair.*

*But as a bevy of the quail take flight  
There's one a victim of the huntsman's  
aim,*

*To him approaches everlasting night;  
The muster roll of Death had reached his  
name.*

*His course was one of glorious victory;  
He conquered time and space, the seas,  
the skies;*

*He gave his life to duty valiantly;  
Could it be said, "In vain," that thus  
one dies?*

*It matters not that we are fain to weep,  
Our sorrow and our homage o'er a grave  
Mar not the peacefulness of endless sleep—  
Yet honor we the glories of the brave.*

*A pioneer of Sky Roads—may his memory  
Instil in us the purpose and the aim  
To carry on, that sacrifice atail, and history  
Revere and sanctify his name.*

# MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

## THE WORLD PREMIERE OF "DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR" HELD IN SAN DIEGO CREATES BIG SENSATION

By James Fountain

THE city of San Diego has never in its history witnessed a more sensational and spectacular event in showmanship than on the evening of January 29th, when it looked as if all Hollywood had moved down to San Diego to attend the world premiere of the U. S. Marine picture, "Devil Dogs of the Air," presented at the Spreckels Theater. More than five thousand spectators crowded the street outside the Spreckels to get a glimpse of Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and a score of other celebrities of the silver screen.

Our Commanding General, Brig. Gen. F. L. Bradman with Rear Adm. W. T. Tarrant, John Fox, president of the chamber of commerce, city manager Buck and Edward S. Bernard, manager, U. S. Grant Hotel, headed a group of prominent San Diego citizens who attended a banquet for visiting film celebrities and news correspondents at the U. S. Grant Hotel preceding the Spreckels premiere.

The stars arrived by special train at 6 P. M. at the Santa Fe station and were met with a band of 100 pieces. Both factions combined and marched up Broadway amid the fanfare of trumpets and streamers that caused San Diego veterans to scratch their heads in amazement. Our own Marine Base Band also took part in the gala event.

From the very arrival of the Hollywood party, San Diego took on a genuine Hollywood atmosphere. Engineers and announcers from the Warner Brothers station, KFWB, had charge of the public address system at the theater entrance. A carload of Kleig lights had been installed giving a more resemblance of the cinema capital. Warner Brothers and the Spreckels manage-

ment are to be congratulated on giving San Diego a royal night of unusual happenings and events.

Before screening the picture, John Fox, after being introduced to the audience, thanked Warner Brothers for choosing San Diego as the location for the production of the feature picture and also thanked the Marine Corps and the Navy for their co-operation. Many of the prominent film personalities were introduced.

"Devil Dogs of the Air" will no doubt make life too easy for Marine Recruiting Sergeants. This picture really is typically Marine due to the fact that Marine officers were used as technical advisers during the filming of the picture, also many officers and hundreds of enlisted men were used in making the picture. The scenes were taken for the most part here at the Marine Base, at the flying field, North Island and vicinity. Special maneuvers were conducted for the picture in which a score of warships, dozens of airplanes and the dirigible USS. *Macon* took part.

"Devil Dogs of the Air" deals with the romantic and dare-devil exploits of members of the Marine aviation. James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh are the leading male characters with Margaret Lindsay leading the feminine role.

The story concerns a fresh kid who joins the Marine Corps and tries to tell the officers what it is all about. Anyway, he wakes up one day to find out what the service means after a thrilling incident which brings a smashing climax.

OK, fellows, see this picture and sign the dotted line for 4 more years, but don't forget—before being transferred to San Diego, be sure to learn to be an actor, because San Diego Marines have gone Hol-

lywood, but we still hear the old saying occasionally, "ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE."

### BASE NEWS FLASHES

By Berry Perry

A NUMBER of changes took place within the Fleet Marine Force on February 1. The 1st Separate Battery was disbanded and the 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines (Artillery), was formed from the personnel of the old battery. This battalion will consist of a Headquarters and Service Companies, Batteries "D" and "E," and will be under the command of Capt. Curtis W. LeGette until February 15, at which time Maj. Joseph I. Nettekoven, now Base Property Officer, will assume command and Captain LeGette will revert to duty as Executive Officer.

This battalion will be brought up to full strength upon arrival of the troops on USS. *Chaumont* from Asiatic stations about February 18. Approximately 400 men will arrive on the *Chaumont* (as soon as they get their immigration papers at Mare Island) and will be assigned duty with the new battalion and the 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines, with the exception of a few who will go to the Band and 2nd Signal Company.

The Commanding General has authorized the Commanding Officer, Rifle Range Detachment, to select a rifle and pistol team to compete against the Rifle and Pistol Team of Santa Paula Club of that city. It is understood that arrangements have been made for a ten-man team to compete during the week ends this spring, first rifle match to be fired over the National Match Rifle Course the 16th or 17th of March.

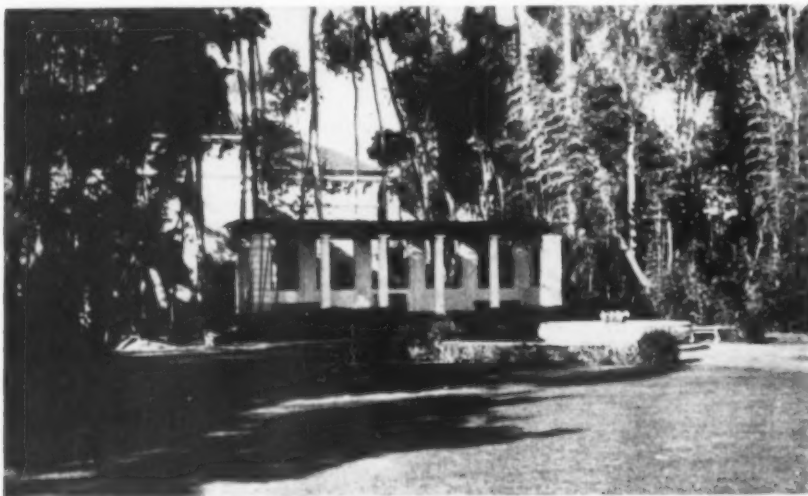
Construction of two new temporary buildings to house artillery materiel at the base has been authorized at a cost not to exceed \$6,000.00. The buildings will be 193 feet long and 40 feet wide. Construction will be provided by SERA labor assisted by post labor if necessary.

1st Lt. John C. Munn, attached to Aircraft Two, is attending the Stanford University Ordnance School at Palo Alto for temporary aviation duty in connection with undergoing a course of instruction in Aero-plane Engines and Aeronautics. Upon completion of this course, about February 16, Lieutenant Munn will return and resume his former duties.

Sgt. Juett A. Hurst, discharge clerk in the Office of the Commanding General for the past eight months, has been transferred to Recruiting Duty at Los Angeles as a relief of Gy-Sgt. Madison C. Whiteside who is under orders here. Sgt. Barney L. Vinson, formerly on duty drilling recruits, has taken over the duties performed by Hurst. (Say, Vinson, does this include all Hurst's social affairs in San Diego and the tutoring of LaRue?)

Private First Class Zenger's musical aspirations have been seriously interrupted of late by frequent social calls on a local society dame. His banjo now rests securely in a local loan shop—he took it there to be tuned, I suppose.

Cpl. "Harry" Muir, former Post Exchange clerk, has been granted a furlough-transfer to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia. Harry stated, "He was going to the Armory School to learn how to do Squad-Right-About."



BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO

"Wherein the hand of man enhances Nature's glory"

Cpl. Donald H. Skinner, attached to Base Service Company, has been awarded, through the Major General Commandant, a diploma from the International Correspondence Schools upon the completion of the Elementary Electrical Engineering Course of the Marine Corps Institute. Congratulations, comrade, upon your good work; it indicates that some of your spare time has been wisely invested.

Hearken all "Ye thirsty damsels" and all ye who are or have been seeking a honeymoon! Sergeant "PeeWee" LaRue has reformed. Yeah, he has quit! Announcement is made that his spirit is strong but the "where-with-all" is weak. He is now devoting his spare time and investing his shakels in photography in a serious way. Play this to the tune of Zeiss Ikon Contax and imagine his attractive precision camera—yeah to the tune of about two hundred simoleons, plus incidental expenses for a three-foot shelf of books on photography and other equipment. Say, "Pee-Wee," did the girls say you were developing a "CONTAX PERSONALITY," and who was that guy in front of barracks six that the OD was stammering about whether he was a Marine or not? I wonder!

First Sergeant Burnham's famous last words, "Sir, the Company is formed and ready for inspection." So is ye scribe's efforts.

#### MARE ISLAND NEWS LETTER

The month of January has been very wet for those of us who inhabit this neck of the woods. California can be depended upon to furnish samples of unusual weather.

We have had several discharges this month, some reenlisting, others going into the Reserves. It is hard to understand why some of these boys insist on going out into the great Outside, with the quantities of number one chow that is being put out by our very excellent Mess Sergeant Carl Schmidt.

Sergeant Routh folded up after six weeks of his reenlistment furlough and reported in to these Barracks. He said that two weeks was enough but had to wait for his check before he could come back. Well, we all know just how it goes in the life of a civilian.

On the 5th Sergeant Harry A. King



BALBOA PARK, SAN DIEGO  
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"

was promoted to Staff Sergeant and Eddie May, not to be outdone, repeated on the 16th. Congratulations. These men are winding up their careers in the U. S. Marine Corps after thirty years of service.

Corporal Wells asked for a chance to try the Great Outside and was discharged on the 22nd for his own convenience. Best of luck, old man, West Virginia's gain is the Corps' loss.

Sergeant Jacoby, another one of the old timers, joined from the East Coast, but did not stay long. He was transferred to Moffet Field the day following his arrival.

Chief Quartermaster Clerk Strong was ordered home to await further orders on the 4th. We all wish you many happy days, Mr. Strong.

Corporal Brown was transferred back to Recruiting Duty after two years in the line. Best of luck, Brown, we know that Los Angeles is gaining an exceptionally fine recruiter.

The big news of the month was the arrival of the *Chaumont*. About six hundred men were donated to the barracks on the

29th, and are we busy! Men are bunking all over the place, including the Gym and attic. They seem to like Stateside beer, if one may judge from the play they are giving the Post Exchange Restaurant.

A large number of old China hands were included on this trip of the *Chaumont*; Sergeant Major Szumigalski, First Sergeants Dowd, Green, Miller, Peters, Owens and White; Master Technical Sergeant Gernert; Gunnery Sergeants Cook, O'Neal, Davis, Skoda, "Cap" Anderson and Adolph Anderson. A total of fifty-six or seven sergeants among who were Sgt. "Charlie" Nissen, "Slug" Marvin, "Duke" Duvene, John Pluge, Waldo Perry, Don Taylor, "Maxie" Smith, Jack Tucker, Oliver Turner, "Kelly" Schlentz, Walter Grant, William V. Hancock, Leo Hein, Charlie Isham, Carl D. Foster, "Sam" Gandy, "Nemo" Freeman, and "Socks" Gunsolley. . . . The corporals also included a number of old timers, the Johnsons, A. R. and Ray W., "Sam" Mitoff, LaPointe, Laughridge, McBurnie, Pearski, Ruth, and many others.

During the month we joined three officers. Captain Flack joined from the N. P. D. and First Lieutenant Beatty and Second Lieutenant Boles joined during the latter part of the month. Captain Flack relieved First Lieutenant Schneider as Post Exchange Officer and we all wish him well in his new job.

During the rainy weather the Recreation Rooms get a great play; some of the boys are getting quite expert as Badminton players, or maybe it is Ping Pong. When the weather permits our tennis courts are kept busy; we have even seen men sweeping the water off the courts VOLUNTARILY.

Most popular magazines and the best of the latest fiction is supplied by our library which has been taken over by the very capable Corporal Okerstrom.

All letters have to end so we will make this the end of this one.

#### "HOG ISLAND NEWS"

By Bishop

To all Marines who raise questioning, bushy eyebrows to the above mentioned address, let it be known that Pvt. Kennah Smith has changed our name from Yerba Buena or Goat Island to Hog Island by



Company "H," 2nd Battalion, FMF, out at the Marine Artillery Range, Camp Kearney, giving a demonstration for Army Reserve Officers, R. O. T. C. of San Diego and Hoover High Schools, and students from Army and Navy Academy.



his hog calling activities and championship in one of Frisco's popular hostilities, besides winning coastwise fame for himself. We are on the wooded island directly between San Francisco and Oakland. The new inter-bay bridge tunnels through the top and crosses over our parade ground. The steel workers, besides cutting in on our slumbers for 12 hours a day, have also given us a permanent kink in the neck from watching their precarious activities overhead.

Major Beecher is our commanding officer, Dalton Farrar our first sergeant; and Corporals Hoppe and Stade assist him in the office and act as sergeants of the guard also. Sergeant Auberle is the commandant's orderly over at the Department of the Pacific and only comes over on pay day. Sergeant Brennan is outside overseer of the brig, keeper of the swimming pool, and as he conducts bachelor quarters by himself, can be depended upon to guess wrong as to the uniform for quarters of a morning. Corporal Callicotte is on 30 day leave, investigating the possibilities of the outside before being paid off in February. Corporal Weiland is in charge of the signal tower on top of the hill and is an authority on police dogs, gardening and sweeping the bay with a long glass and an eagle eye. Corporals Linville, Patchinson and Gigolo Vinson are in charge of wrong-doers incarcerated in the bastille.

Bishop, Hodges and Norfleet are corporals of the guard. Private First Class Herrod is chief telephone girl. Trumpeter La Bossiere, besides blowing sour notes, is in charge of the storeroom, and is an ardent supporter of V. F. W. feeds.

Among the newer arrivals are Private First Class Spackman who is in the Mare Island hospital at present, Corporal Bishop, muscle man of the *Tennessee* raceboat crews, and Private First Class Stromstad, also walking off galley muscles on No. 2 post. Dean, late of the service Company, San Diego Base, is fast learning the liberty boat schedule.

Life runs smoothly here. In spite of frequent watches no one complains for lack of liberty. Movies 5 nights a week, hand ball, swimming pool, tennis courts are available, but always run second in popularity to liberty and our cafeteria style mess hall. Troop every morning followed by school; weekly inspections of quarters and equipment, and frequent firing squad details at the Presidio cemetery round out our routine. The rifle range will follow soon. It is a marvel of ingenuity but is a hard one for good scoring.

Drop over and see us the next time you are in Frisco, or if you cannot find pier 14, go to the Pirates Cave or Nut Club and Gaddy, Hodges, Smith, Lamb or Anderson will be sure to be there to tell you about one of the best posts in the Marine Corps.

## AT MOFFET FIELD

By Manchester

The present writing finds the air literally blue, for it appears that our clowns, critics, lawyers and scientists are either asleep or keeping out of hearing distance of the substitute publicity hound, although here are a couple of shorts until I find something good.

What! A messman that can't shoot a pistol—of all things—how can he kill a chicken if he can't shoot a pistol? The word is that an extra session has been especially designed for messmen in the art of shooting the pistol and what a break that will be for everyone, yet I did hear the messman say that the pistol shot every place except where it was supposed to.

Here is a new one; a very unfortunate Marine decided to patrol his post from the air and everything proved successful except for a few mishaps and objections. The officer of the day objected on the ground that they refused to furnish him with a plane to visit the sentry. This is just a discovery that the Marines will not get any credit for but there is a great probability that in a few years' time they will officially post sentries in the air, in the ground, on the ground and above and below the water.

Transfers and discharges for this month have taken from us Sgt. Wesley D. McNutt, Cpl. James P. Donovan, Cpl. Herman H. Higgins, Pfc. Addison E. Kinas, and Pfc. Charles Gray, all of whom we find it hard to part with. For replacements we welcome Sgt. H. A. Jacoby, Pfc. I. M. Anderson, J. Field, J. Simon, L. H. Small; Pts. A. P. Deen, L. LeR. Phillips, A. Rothe, H. L. Walker, E. G. Kayes, A. E. Vaughan, J. A. Warren, and C. A. Wilson.

## RECEIVING SHIP SAN FRANCISCO

By Hoppe and McKinney

The U. S. Receiving Ship, *San Francisco*, will soon be changed from a secluded station on Yerba Buena Island (Goat Island) to a very important spot for thousands of people who in a year or so will be greatly concerned that we hold the fort or rather, in this case, hold the bridge. Escape now seems hopeless for the bridge is rapidly bearing down on us from both San Francisco and Oakland. Seeing those huge pieces of steel weighing several tons hoisted over 300 feet in the air and made secure inclines some of us to believe that the engineer and the magician have some things in common.

Our Detachment is now some forty plus. We are proud that our former Captain Beecher is now Major Beecher, and we hope that his promotion will continue.

The signal tower has been doing some heavy scoring lately. About a month ago

Corporal Weiland was requested to attend mast and receive commendations from Captain Poteet for enabling Admiral Senn to reach San Francisco without losing a minute, even though the Barge had weakened about half way there. Hawk-eye Weiland noticed that the Barge was growing weaker and weaker and ordered the Gig to the rescue. When the Barge gave up, Admiral Senn, with the greatest of ease, and greatly pleased, stepped into the Gig and continued his journey.

On December 15, 1934, Private Kelly was commended by his Commanding Officer for alertness and attention to duty in observing and promptly reporting a burning U. S. Army plane over Yerba Buena Island on December 14, 1934, and thereby being instrumental in the rescue of the personnel of this plane.

This scribe has had the pleasure in time past of doing duty with both Corporal (Teddy Bear) Bishop and Private First Class (Swede) Stromstad on the rebel ship *USS Tennessee*. I can testify that both Teddy Bear and Swede were seldom caught corking off. The boys are newcomers here and we extend to them the hospitality of "Paradise Island." Try and find it. Hey, Swede, how's to lend an old shipmate five bucks?

We are sorry that Private First Class Spackman is sick and hope that he will have a speedy recovery. Perhaps, the trip to Mare Island will not be hard to take. Greetings from the gang, Spackman.

## THE FOG HORN

By D. Q. Frisco

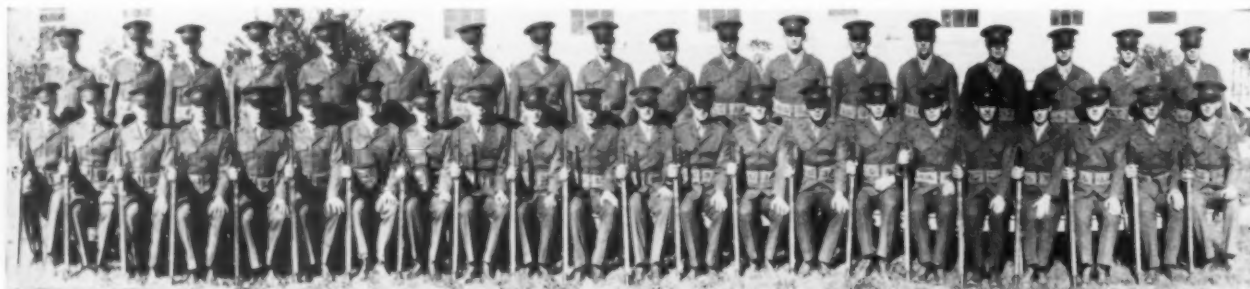
Was browsing through DQSF files the other day, when I ran across a document that again brings to mind the retirement of QM-Sgt. William Bassen. More so for the fact that much of the earlier historical data embraced by the missive (so I learn) was contributed through the graphically accurate recollections of Bill.

Of course, this dope perhaps shan't prove of particular interest to the Marine Corps in general. However, as this point is of an historical character, it might be well worth chalking up.

It seems that the San Francisco Depot was first established on December 16, 1903, in a small office on Mission Street between 3rd and 4th. A small stock of clothing, rifles, ammunition, etc., was carried. This nucleus pursued its modest course under the capable guidance of the late Capt. W. G. Gunn, USMC, who, at that time, was quartermaster sergeant in charge, doing the mental as well as the quite necessary physical labor.

This unit was destroyed by the earthquake and fire of April 18, 1906, to be re-opened (sharing temporary quarters with the AA&I) at 2001 Haste Street,

(Continued on page 46)



29th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sergeant Hackman and Corporal Berueffy



## WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By Cliff

The morning came, but not a sign of daylight appeared. One could not see more than a few feet in the dimness of the fog-obscured waterfront. This spiteful phenomenon persisted for four dreary days, shrouding every object in miserable wet darkness. The huge grey ship lay idly by the pier with her crew waiting a turn of events. Some hoping that the fog would lift, and others that it would not.

This may start out like an Edgar Wallace novel, my friends, but in reality it is merely my first attempt at illustrative narration. It is in fact what happened on the Delaware instead of the Thames, that delayed our departure from Philadelphia. The extra liberty we had at Philly was costly, but it was worth it, as our stay in Norfolk was four days shorter. The voyage to Norfolk was bewailed by the few of us that had to stand lifebuoy watches out on the windy Atlantic.

Most of our time at Norfolk was spent on working parties, as it was not worth the trouble of cleaning up to go on liberty. More than five hundred Marines of the F.M.F. settled down trying to get used to the ship.

On January 21st we got underway for Culebra, Porto Rico, where we are at this time. It seems that we left just in time to miss the blizzard that swept the coast, and while the temperature up there is plenty low, we are enjoying southern sunshine and sandy beaches. Gun drill comprises the best part of our daily schedule as we are going to fire our five-inch guns at the island on Feb. 13th. Here's hoping that 13 means a lot of good luck.

The Battalion has been making daily landings and it has been noticed that their return was not as lively as their departure. Comparatively few casualties have occurred so far, but the first day looked like a very bad start.

Now for the outstanding men of the month. Second Lieutenant Best of the detachment has been trying to catch a few sharks (aquatic) that have visited the vicinity of the gangways each evening. He has met with a little success, and furthermore, it is rumored that he doesn't like the suggestion of using his dog for bait. That pup may yet become a meal for a shark if he doesn't stop giving people the occasion to scrub the deck. Private Reville has thought about applying for special duty as "Mawster of the 'ounds." Pfc. Loren H. Kinney (the Captain's Orderly—as he tells civilians his position is) trying to master a Shakespearean vocabulary, but finds his talents very unpractical in directing operations in the Admiral's Cabin. Private Kinkaid commented on the excessiveness of the relative humidity one day, and was promptly accused of trying to pull a "Kinney." His timely comeback was that he was using his knowledge of the English language in quite

a proper manner. Private Scanlon has taken the place of the one and only Joe Pender on the fresh-water watch. I'll bet that Joe is corking off somewhere about New London, Conn., unless someone got wise to him. Sergeant Wulk has shipped over for the Wyoming after being on here three and a half years already;—what a man! The Creoles—Privates Levy and Burley, have at last been relieved of mess cooking (to our satisfaction) by the "Frogs," Privates Proveaux and Rousseau. A few of the fel-



LT. C. E. BEST AND "MIDWATCH"  
Both names are quite appropriate

lows have been renewing old acquaintances found among the guard of the Trenton. Yours Truly was surprised to find a number of old boot-camp buddies and a few embarrassing memories of my training "daze."

### WE HAVE BEEN WONDERING:

Where this ship is going next.

Where we will be enjoying a nice sandy beach again.

Where all those old pals are who promised to write.

Whether or not our Private First Class Barlow is a thirty-year man.

What the dope for the next Middy cruise is gonna be.

When we will get some liberty.

When we will see our dearly-beloved New Orleans again.

Why Corporal Brandly has ceased playing Ping Pong.

How long will Corporal Conary's ears hold up.

## LEXINGTON MINUTEMEN

By D. J. Green

Since our arrival in Bremerton the ship has been just bustling with activity, and as might be expected grows increased proportionately. One of the most odious tasks was that of chipping paint with air hammers. If any of you dear readers have never been employed at this you have not missed anything, except the peace and tranquillity that one experiences when he has stopped.

Snow and cold may come, and snow and cold may go, but liberty hounds go on forever. Nothing daunted they must go ashore and have the wild tales swapped the morning after the night before.

Our new skipper, Captain Atkinson, has inaugurated a new custom in having an hour a day drill period on the flight deck, weather permitting, for which many are thankful, especially those who are going to the beach in the near future, as sea-going sure does cramp your style at drilling unless you have the opportunity that presents itself to us.

Much to our regret Gunnery Sergeant Gayer was transferred and a cordial welcome is extended our new "Gunny," Sergeant Dexter.

"Burrhead" Leonard has just been made Public Enemy No. 1 or in other words replaced "Pop" Kyler as Police Sergeant.

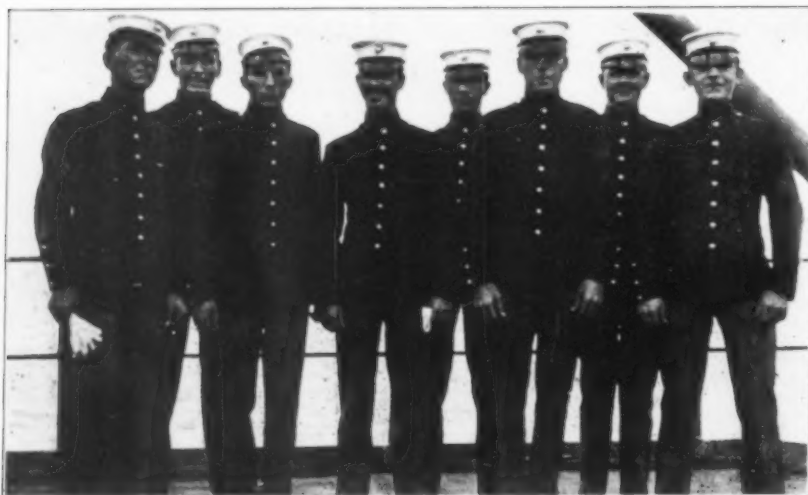
"Red" Anderson decided he couldn't take the cold in Bremerton and so he drew some long handled "skivvies." Nate Krueger refuses to be disillusioned and still believes he has found his true love.

"McWilliams" asked "Why do all the women go for me?" The answer is still a mystery. Smyth has decided to stay aboard for some time to come to save money. It was bad enough with Garipey going around singing "Margie" but now Moss has joined the ranks. We hope their affections are not centered on the same Margie. Regus the "Mad Maestro" and Langhlin the "Palliating Pianist" are going to grow long hair and collaborate. "Foxtail" Foreman is going to develop slant as he expects to be going to China soon. What could be the cause of Foxtail wanting to leave the Lex so soon? Sergeant Pearlstein hasn't been eating much of late due to frequent rations of port being served.

## WITH THE 'AT 'EM MARINES

Advancements come slowly and only after intelligent application to assigned work. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we announce achievement for the following men: to sergeant, George Bishop; to corporal, Lester P. Murphy and Marcus J. Lemley; to private first class, Albert L. Betts, Gerald C. Clark, Oscar A. Driver, E. I. Miller and Frank Smith.

The winners of the cutter race, held in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, are proudly sporting their new trophy sweaters. They look mighty fine and the boys, with the taste of victory still fresh, are set to give a lot of people a lot of competition.



Non-Commissioned Officers of the U. S. S. Colorado in 1909

Thanks to 'Ol Hawk Eye, Sgt. Lamar Hathorn to you, the Marine compartment is as clean as the proverbial wolf's tooth. And are we all moaning.

New faces transplant "Salty Old Ones." Transfers of recent date took from us Theron Connett and Hugh Palmer. They will be decidedly missed when the roll call brings together stalwart rowing men. A long distance call to Sunnyvale, California, will get them. Up to Nevada's cañon plains, specifically Hawthorne, went Pvt. Daniel Owen. Private First Class Spackman wisecracked until he got The Receiving Ship, S. F.; and our Plank Holder, Sgt. Harry Pearson, with the cry of heartbroken western gale still poignant in his ears, moved on to Norfolk Navy Yard.

The staccato bursts that split the air told the tale of grimy machine gunners in their nests on the foretop. Sergeant Ingersoll saw to it that his men were manning the guns and the powers that be, saw to it, that lots of opportunity existed for agile manning of same. In fact, Ingersoll was heard to remark, with the right amount of enthusiasm, that if the Arizona had a bayonet course between the Broadside Loading machine on the foretop and the machine guns on the foretop, he could get in his bayonet qualification for the next ten years running back and forth. Nevertheless, those 50 caliber machine guns are the stuff and the boys are all set for a high score on record day.

The Marine Guard, always well represented in Ships' Athletics, have a most promising picture this year. The Whaleboat men are out for a win and they mean it. Wrestling has a coming champ in George. The past competitive year saw him marching to the top in his own inimitable stride only to be knocked out of the picture by a broken set of ribs. He's a money man for this year. Parker is another smooth operator in the art of "grunts and groans," the polish of experience will leave him a hard man to beat. Baseball has R. S. Williams and Speed Taylor. We expect results from both those boys. Turner is in the running on the basket-ball squad, while Mountes is our only entry in boxing for the present. The rifle and pistol teams have many aspirants keenly contesting for honors. Out of the elimination process should come some splendid team shots.

## IDAHO SPUDS

G. C. H.

The good ship Idaho left Norfolk for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, on January 3, for its gunnery drills and we have just finished firing our Short Range Battle Practice with a perfect score of four "E" guns out of four, the Marine battery. A perfect record for the Marine battery and one that we are proud to say was accomplished through the never ceasing incentive of the officers and members of the gun crews to create the acme of battle practice, perfection with no casualties. Capt. John W. Beckett, commanding Marine detachment, was the battery supervisor and was close by during all phases of our drills and the lion's share of credit we all give to him. First Lt. D. K. Claude was the leading battery officer and 2nd Lt. M. A. Fawcett the battery control officer, both of whom are responsible for a large share of the merits. The untiring efforts of 1st Sgt. Patrick Corbett, the starboard battery officer, were instrumental in bringing about the results obtained and we all extend to him a vote of thanks. Sergeant Hallberg, our acting-gunnie and port battery officer, sure knows his guns and the success of our loading crews can be laid directly to him. Congratulations, sergeant, we hope you will be with us for some time to come. The members of our successful gun crews are already contemplating their earnings and what with all those sleeves that are soon to bear "E's" the paymaster and tailor are in for a lot of work.

And now for a detailed description of the Marine battery in action on that great day when Idaho history was in the making.

The starboard battery, with 1st Sgt. Patrick Corbett as battery officer, consists of Gun No. 7 and Gun No. 9 and were the first to fire. Both crews are tense, the word to fire is flashed and both guns belch flame simultaneously. In a few moments all is still and Gun Captains Wester and McNulty are quoted as saying that their shots looked good without the slightest bit of indecision. The scene shifts quickly over to the Port battery, where Sergeant Hallberg, the Battery Officer, has finished all the preliminary preparations and Gun No. 8, with Ike Breakfield as captain, and Gun No. 10, with Mike Lawless as captain, are ready for action. The buzzers go and four deafening reports are heard, a hurried

change of pointers and four more ear-splitting reports are heard and then silence. The fate of the Marines' battery now rests on the targets that are being towed in. The targets were veritable sieves after the Marines had finished with them and the checking officer gave the entire battery a commendable total of hits. Gun No. 7, of the starboard battery, was the high score gun on the ship by a wide margin. The Long Range Battle Practice is next and we hope to equal our former performance, nevertheless, we will all be in there fighting to do so.

The promotions for the current month were Corporal Lawless to Sergeant, Private First Class Waggoner to Corporal, and Privates Heise and Snellgrove to Privates First Class.

## MARYLAND MURMURS

By F & F

Again the "Big Mary's" Marines come into the limelight by winning the battle force whaleboat race by more than four boat lengths over the nearest competitor, if competitor the other crews could be called. Although the Maryland Marines have an excellent whaleboat crew again this year, and hope to again win the all-fleet championship, much credit must be given to their capable coxswain, Gunnery Sergeant Jefferson.

Perhaps the Leathernecks who read this article will think that the Marines on the "Big Mary" do nothing but participate in sports, but that's not the case. They man six of the twelve 5-inch 51 caliber broadside guns and very efficiently as their score in short range battle practice will show. Besides holding down half of the secondary battery, the Marines are learning the anti-aircraft ropes by controlling the after battery of .50 caliber machine guns. With long range and night battle practices coming up, the detachment will be quite busy, but you may be sure that the gun crews will always have the right dope while Capt. Geer and his capable assistants, First Lieutenant Wilbur and Second Lieutenant Wallace, are overseeing the director crew's work.

Allow the Marines of the Maryland to present their latest edition to the uniform, a swagger stick. This is a piece of hard wood, about twenty-four inches in length, highly polished and bearing a .30 caliber cartridge on the tip. The tip of the projectile is blunt, for like most Marines, the boys become playful at times and a sharp pointed swagger stick really makes an effective fencing foil. Naturally the fellows are proud of these sticks and hope that the entire fleet detachments will soon be carrying them.

First Sergeant Larsen, who joined the detachment at Bremerton, is working hard to keep the guard up to the standards reached under their old "top-kick" Ervin, and he is getting the best of cooperation from all hands and has shown his ability in more ways than one. We don't know if any of you have ever heard of C. P. (cream puff) Hoag or not, nevertheless, he is a fine little corporal, and a great admirer of Fighting Bob Evans, in whose footsteps he endeavors to follow. Best of all is the story (his yarn, of course) of the time he rode out to the ship in an officers' boat while about 30 gobs lined the dock in awe, for they were left without transportation to their home, the Big Mary. Boy! you should see the expressions on the new men's faces when they hear this fairy tale, and many others like it, for Hoag can tell them big.

## THE LEATHERNECK



All hands are well acquainted with the melodious voice of Police Sergeant John Whittington, for every morning, just as regular as clockwork, at 0745 his cheerful voice sings out, "all hands in number seven casemate for police call!" And now let us listen to Swede (lady-killer) Rowell tell us of how he won the whaleboat race single handed, with his 190 pounds of iron muscles, also of how easy it is to have a sweetheart in every port when you are a big, strong, silent, six footer with blond curly hair and hazel blue eyes. Boy! does he snow 'em!

The detachment extends their hearty congratulations to Hunt and Kjørlien who have recently been awarded corporal chevrons. In wishing the newly made corporals a pleasant cruise as non-coms, the guard also wishes to compliment Carlton, Pick, Sorey and last, but not least, that "drug-store cowboy" Duke Ellington, on their recent promotion to private first class.

The overhaul completed and the holiday season over, all hands are now ready to soldier and plenty of it, for the new improvements, that were placed on the ship while in the Bremerton Navy Yard, will have to be used to their best advantage.

## NEVADA SAGEBRUSH

By "Skid" Goodrich

### Business

Organization.—Just what does it mean? Well, to the Marines of the USS *Nevada*, it has begun to mean united efforts, systematized. Since our last periodical, journalistic, appearance, we have become proselytes of a company made up of an organized company headquarters, and two platoons of four squads each. An already efficient machine of Uncle Sam's defense has been converted into one striving to be even more efficient. It has been so reconstructed that any defective component is easily discovered and rectified. No dry, rusty connections are screaming for attention. The smallest cog has a very responsible duty, and, being proud of the assignment it performs accordingly. Each part abhors the idea of being less capable than another. The ignition plays as large a role as does the drive-shaft. Incompatibility is beyond endurance. Reliability is rewarded. True sportsmanlike competition has resulted.

According to Hollywood's own, Pfc. Nelson "G" Oliver, officially proclaimed

Chief of Staff to The Second due to his versatility, the first platoon is now slightly in the rear. "American Avenue" Ziems, in assuming the role of a connoisseur of platoons, asserts the first platoon was leading by an ear for awhile but is now burning mid-night oil endeavoring to emulate the sparkling portholes and their appurtenances of The Second. "Shylock" Carlow, a staunch loyalist of first platoon traditions, consorts with "Cinderella" Nyswonger, another hard working first platoon, in declaring their bright-work will out-shine not only the second platoon's but will, in comparison, dull anything on the ship. "Bulldog" Davis, a second platoon, boasted of having been personally commended by the Executive Officer for displaying one of the two neatest mess tables on the ship. "Tiger" Mulcahy, of the first platoon, arose to announce the other table was the result of his concentrated efforts. So, the beneficial rivalry goes on. All cleaning stations of the Marines have been officially judged as the best taken care of on the ship. And that isn't all.

(Continued on page 46)



## SLANTS ON SHANGHAI

The coming of winter has ushered in many changes in the lives of the Fourth Marines, collectively and individually. Probably the best news the Fourth Marines have had for some time was the reorganization of the enlisted men's club here. Prior to this date these clubs had been run and owned by a Chinese compradore in Shanghai. The one exception to this was the establishment of the Second Battalion club which was owned and operated by the men who patronized it, that is, members of the battalion. The N. C. O. club was reorganized under the supervision of Maj. John Doxey and the private's club and second battalion club were united as the Fourth Marines Enlisted Men's Club under supervision of 1st Lt. L. R. Tyler, with two branches located for the convenience of separate outfits. This shakeup meant to the Marines that profits earned by their clubs would be used for the furtherance of athletics and recreation in the regiment. The clubs now work for the men who use them, and the first month indicated that both of them would be a great success.

On the same day the clubs were brought into being Sgt. Maj. Allan B. Ramsay retired with thirty years plus of service in the U. S. Marine Corps. Winding up a long and honorable career in the service, Sergeant Major Ramsay has spent his time as regimental photographer here, and has done his share to keep the Marines informed pictorially on events in Shanghai.

Comdr. (Che) M. M. Witherspoon, USN, relieved Lt. Comdr. (Che) Brooks, USN, of the duties of regimental chaplain on

the eighth. The next day Chaplain Witherspoon was formally installed as the Chaplain of the Fourth Marines at their church by Col. John C. Beaumont, the commanding officer, with appropriate ceremonies. Chaplain Brooks finished thirty odd months of duty with the Fourth and left many friends behind him in the regiment. The newcomer, Chaplain Witherspoon, is well known to Marines, here and elsewhere, as



he has seen service with them on both coasts as well as aboard ship.

A parade on Thursday the sixth was the occasion for the distribution of many athletic awards to men of the Fourth. The biggest event commemorated was the Marines-Civilian football game played on Turkey Day in Shanghai. This annual institution turned out happily for the

Marines when it became obvious they were too much for the Civilians to handle. Reverses of the year before were wiped out when the Marines came in on the long end of a thirteen-zero score. Bowling and basket-ball cups were presented to winning Marine teams at the same time by Colonel Beaumont.

The *Chaumont* poked her nose into the Whangpoo long enough to drop off two officers and a small detachment of men for the Fourth on the seventh and then made a fast round trip to North China, and returned within the week to take home a large crowd of officers and men from the outfit. A full battalion left on the good ship resulting in the reorganization of the Fourth into two line battalions, vice three. The third battalion was disbanded, and in the first and second the rifle companies were reduced from three to two, but this was offset by increasing the men in the existing companies. It didn't take long for the unsettled condition to quiet down, and the motto now is business as usual. A new company was created by the separation of the motor transport unit from service company. It now bears the title of Motor Transport Company. All's well that ends well, and the boys are pulling together on both the drill and athletic fields in the good old way.

Lt. Col. John B. Sebree reported for duty with the Fourth on the eighteenth, and took over command of the second battalion from Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox shortly afterwards, prior to the latter's detachment for duty at home.

A real Christmas was celebrated in Shanghai by not only the boys in the

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# Miscellany

## COMMISSIONS FOR SELECTED NON-COMS

The Major General Commandant announced on February 4, 1935, that a limited number of non-commissioned officers would be eligible for appointment as second lieutenants. The candidates must be between the ages of 21 and 27, and be unmarried. It is specified that candidates must have completed at least two years of enlisted service in the military or naval force by July 1, 1935, one year of which must have been in the regular Marine Corps. Not more than one year of time spent on active duty with pay as an enlisted man in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps Reserve will be credited in computing the length of service. The age limit mentioned requires that candidates be more than 21 and less than 27 when commissioned—about June 1, 1935. In addition to the above qualifications he must be in the Marine Corps at the time the recommendation is submitted.

The preliminary and final mental examinations include the following subjects and no exemptions will be granted: United States history, English grammar and composition, General history, Geography, Algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond); Geometry, plane and solid; Trigonometry, plane and spherical; and Physics, elementary. Also, two subjects to be chosen by the candidate from: Calculus, differential and integral; Electricity and English and American literature.

A board of officers at Headquarters will recommend the candidates to be examined after a complete review of their military records and will prepare questions for the preliminary examination to be held about March 6, 1935, at the various stations. The men selected by the Major General Commandant after the preliminary examinations will be transferred to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for the final examinations to be held in May, 1935.

It is announced that there will be no class of candidates for commission organized in Washington this year.

## GENERAL MYERS RETIRES

Maj. Gen. John Twigg Myers, USMC retired from active service February 1, 1935, after a distinguished career in the naval service lasting nearly half a century.

During General Myers' service he has traveled nearly all over the world, and he has been Fleet Marine Officer of the European, Asiatic, Atlantic and Pacific Fleets. Probably his most conspicuous service was in the Boxer Rebellion in China, during the siege of Peking. For this he was breveted for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle.

Born in Germany, Jan. 29, 1871, General Myers was appointed to the Naval Academy from Georgia. Graduating in 1892, he served two years as a passed midshipman and then entered the Old Engineer Corps of the Navy. He was transferred to the Marines in 1895, and served through the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection, becoming a captain in 1899.

During the World War, General Myers served on the USS *Wyoming* as Fleet Marine Officer of the Atlantic Fleet, and attained the temporary rank of brigadier general during the war. He was given the per-

manent rank in 1929 and two years later promoted to major general. From 1925 to 1928 he was in Haiti and served as commander of the First Brigade of Marines there.

Coincidental with his retirement General Myers relinquishes command of the Department of the Pacific, with Headquarters at San Francisco, California. Prior to this service he was Assistant to the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

## LT-COL. FRANCIS T. EVANS, U. S. MARINE CORPS, BIDS FAREWELL TO AVIATION

On Monday, January 28th, 1935, Lt-Col. Francis T. Evans, U. S. Marine Corps, proceeded to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., to assume command, bringing to an end his second tour of duty with the aeronautic organization of the Marine Corps. Colonel Evans is well known throughout Marine Aviation and respected and esteemed by all who know him.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we bid him farewell. We wish him every success at his new station of duty.

Colonel Evans' aviation record is long



Lt. Col. Francis T. Evans

and colorful. In 1913, then a second lieutenant, he applied for aviation duty and was informed that the Marine Corps couldn't spare officers of that rank in such hazardous duty. In 1914 he again made application with no success.

In June, 1915, upon arrival at San Francisco aboard an Army Transport, he was ordered to report to a Medical Officer for examination. After a short delay he was ordered to Pensacola, Florida, for flight training. With about forty hours solo and dual flying he completed his tests and was made a flight instructor, which duty he performed until 11 April, 1917. During this time he flew over four hundred hours in the old pusher type planes.

While building up his flying hours over this period of time he evolved a theory,

in direct contradiction to the accepted theory, that a tractor seaplane with a fuselage or full length hull could perform all the known maneuvers that could be done in a landplane. In the fall of 1916 several new tractor seaplanes were delivered. After considerable experience in flying them, Colonel Evans, then a captain, took one up several thousand feet out over the middle of the bay and, after several preliminary maneuvers, looped it several times. This was the first time a seaplane was known to have been looped.

From October 12th to December 7th, 1917, Colonel Evans put the Naval Air Station, Cape May, New Jersey, in commission and operated a coastal patrol and trained student aviators.

From January to July, 1918, he was in command of the Air Station, Naval Base, Azores. He then applied for duty in France and was ordered to Miami, Florida, then the only training field for Marine Corps aviation personnel. Spurred by hopes of duty in France, he increased his flight time considerably during the three weeks preceding the Armistice.

Later, in the interests of a better understanding between aviation and the rest of the Marine Corps, he initiated the transfer of aviation to Parris Island and Quantico. Until March, 1921, he was in command of the Quantico Field, during which time it was built up to the plan which remained virtually unchanged for the next ten years.

Following this he spent two years in Haiti. Upon completing that detail he was ordered to the Field Officers' School, Quantico, Va., for one year, followed by one year in the artillery in Quantico and one year in command of an infantry battalion in San Diego, California. The infantry battalion performed very creditable duty in Santa Barbara during the earthquake in 1925.

In February, 1926, Colonel Evans was re-detailed to aviation duty and in April, 1927, took two squadrons to China. In August, 1927, he and Col. Thomas C. Turner changed details, Colonel Evans returning to the United States where he attended school at Langley Field, Va.

From there he went to Haiti for another two years, back to San Diego for two years, and in 1932 returned to Quantico where he performed duty as Executive Officer, Aircraft One, most of the time up to his detachment.

## POP KRAEMER GETS JITTERS AT WEDDING

Veteran Member of Marine Corps, Nearing Retirement, Becomes Groom

Countless times under fire during his twenty-nine years of service in the United States Marine Corps, Cpl. Frank Kraemer, better known as "Pop," developed a distinct case of the "jitters" as he was joined in holy wedlock today to Mrs. Minnie Bright Ward, of 870 West Forty-Second Street. The ceremony, at the invitation of Detective Leon Nowitzky, a friend, was performed in the library at police headquarters shortly before noon. The Rev. G. R. Fitzpatrick, pastor of the Unitarian Church, tied the knot.

Corporal Kraemer, who is attached to duty at the Marine Barracks at the Naval Operating Base here, is very popular with hundreds of civilians in Norfolk as well as with the enlisted personnel. He experienced considerable difficulty in standing in the same place more than a minute at a time as he and his bride-elect awaited the arrival of the minister. "This is going to

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# SPORTS

## SAN DIEGO MARINE BASE BASKETBALL TEAM AIMING FOR SERVICE CHAMPIONSHIP

By E. W. P.

**T**HE Marine Corps Base has won the Naval Operating Base league basketball crown for seven consecutive seasons, and this year's aggregation is making a strong bid to uphold the brilliant record of its predecessors. Starting the season with but two veteran players the outlook was not exactly encouraging to the Marine rooters who have been accustomed to seeing Marine court machines mow down all competition, but as the teams are coming down the home stretch the Marine Base is tied with the Marine Aviators for first place in Section B, necessitating a series of three games between the two teams to decide which team will play off the league championship with the USS *Marblehead*, winner of the Section A circuit.

General Bradman, Colonel Drum, and Captain Lott, three real boosters for Marine Corps athletics, have all shown hearty enthusiasm for this team of comparative newcomers who have shown improvement and increasing teamwork in every game. They have cooperated to the utmost towards the success of the quintet. Lieutenant Bison is serving as team manager and Jean Neil acting as team captain and coach.

Neil, finishing up a great season on the gridiron, has performed on the basketball court in an equally sensational manner and his inspiring and effective play has branded him as one of the leading guards in this section of the country. Don Beeson, the other veteran player, after a slow start due to injuries, is now hitting his true stride and proving himself one of the league's most effective players. Of the new players Joe Wetherbee, all Brigade player from Haiti, has worked in nicely at forward, his shooting at times being sensational. John Boles, not the actor, is a rangy recruit center from down in Texas, and has shown plenty of promises for the future, although he lacks experience. Whytock, star lineman from last fall's football team plays a consistent and aggressive game at guard. "Duke" Peasley, former Marine football player, but more recently from Haiti and Flash Devins, diminutive forward have seen plenty of service in the forward line. The team has been recently augmented by Roy and Kenton, former Shanghai hoop stars, who are working in very nicely with the team. Reynolds, one of the most effective players to ever grace a Base team, has recently joined the squad and will, without a doubt, help the team to wind up the league season in a brilliant manner. Marchant, Keyton,

Monahan, Zemo and Huth are other players on the squad to watch.

### MARINES SINK DESTROYERS

The Marines Base team defeated the classy hoop outfit of the 11th Destroyer Division, a leading contender in the Destroyer Base league, 27 to 25, in a fast game at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. court. Jean Neil, scintillating Marine guard, was a power on defense and also set the scoring pace for both teams. Don Beeson, Wetherbee and Whytock showed potential power by their team play and gave Marine rooters an optimistic outlook for the coming NOB league season.

### MARINES ANNEX GAME FROM COLLEGIANS

Traveling out to Pacific Beach the Marines defeated the fast traveling Army and Navy Academy Junior College basketball team 32 to 28. Neil, Beeson and Wetherbee led the Marine attack. The Leathernecks were especially effective from the foul line making eight out of eight foul shots.

Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Wetherbee	4	2	10
RF	Beeson	1	3	5
RF	Reynolds	2	0	4
C	Gimber	1	0	2
LG	Whytock	0	2	2
RG	Neil	4	1	9
TOTALS		12	8	32

Army and Navy Collegians		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Aldrette	0	0	0
RF	Wallam	0	0	0
C	Latshaw	4	0	8
LG	Miller	4	0	8
RG	Barney	5	2	12
TOTALS		13	2	28

### MARINES START LEAGUE SEASON WITH A VICTORY

The opening game of the NOB League found the Marine Base, league champions for 7 consecutive years, easily defeating the Naval Reserves 36 to 24. Tucker, elongated center of the Reserves, was the only opponent able to penetrate the Marine defense. Jean Neil, Marine captain and veteran of many a Marine victory on the court, started off in high gear chalking up 15 points. He was ably seconded by another tried veteran, Don Beeson, and a newcomer, Joe Wetherbee, who last season scintillated in the isle of "Black Magic."

Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Wetherbee	1	0	2
LF	Reynolds	2	1	5
RF	Beeson	1	2	4
C	Gimber	1	0	2
LG	Whytock	3	2	8
LG	Peasley	0	0	0
RG	Neil	6	3	15
TOTALS		14	8	36

Naval Reserve		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Williamson	1	2	4
RF	Mahlmeister	1	1	3
C	Tucker	5	2	12
LG	Savage	0	2	2
LG	Frieburg	1	1	3
RG	Godwin	0	0	0
TOTALS		8	8	24

### MARINES DEFEAT ARMY TEAM IN LEAGUE CONTEST

The San Diego Marine Base chalked up another victory in the NOB League by taking over the fliers from Rockwell Field 40-22 in a game featured by the effective play of the Marine quintet. With Neil, Wetherbee and Reynolds swishing the net with consistency the Marines almost doubled the score of the aviators. Thompson played a fine game for Rockwell Field.

Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Wetherbee	4	1	9
LF	Keyton	0	0	0
RF	Beeson	0	1	1
RF	Reynolds	4	2	10
C	Nelson	0	1	1
C	Boles	0	0	0
LG	Whytock	1	1	3
LG	Peasley	0	0	0
RG	Neil	7	2	16
TOTALS		16	8	40

Rockwell Field		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	McDonald	0	0	0
LF	Young	1	0	2
RF	Thompson	5	1	11
C	Derr	2	1	5
LG	McMillin	1	0	2
RG	Stalder	1	0	2
TOTALS		10	2	22

### MARINE BASE DEFEATS AVIATION TEAM 42 to 35

In the first meeting of the season between the two Marine quintets the Marine Base hoopers won a well deserved victory from the Marine Aviators in a NOB League game. Joe Wetherbee and Jean Neil garnered 33 points between them to practically equal the aviators' score. Neil, Beeson and Whytock were all over the court on the defense while Boles, starting his first game at the pivot position, turned in a great game. Schildberg had a deadly eye for the basket for the Aviators.



Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Beeson	1	1	3
RF	Wetherbee	7	3	17
C	Boles	3	0	6
LG	Whytock	0	0	0
RG	Neil	8	0	16

TOTALS 19 4 42

Aviation		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Schildberg	10	0	20
RF	Wozniak	1	2	4
C	Giddens	2	1	5
LG	Adamsyk	0	0	0
RG	P. Schroder	1	0	2
RG	R. Schroder	2	0	4

TOTALS 16 3 35

#### MARINES DEFEAT HOSPITAL

##### QUINTET 51 to 24

The Naval Hospital offered little in the line of opposition to the fast traveling Marine Base basket tossers and the Marines piled up a score of 51 to 24. Neil set the scoring pace for the Leathernecks.

Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Devines	3	0	6
LF	Peasley	4	2	10
RF	Wetherbee	0	1	1
RF	Keyton	0	0	0
C	Boles	5	0	10
C	Marchant	2	0	4
LG	Beeson	1	2	4
LG	Nelson	0	0	0
RG	Neil	5	2	12
RG	Zemo	0	0	0
RG	Huth	2	0	4

TOTALS 22 7 51

Naval Hospital		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Woodruff	1	2	4
RF	Griffin	2	2	6
C	Tozer	4	2	10
LG	Gilmore	1	1	3
LG	Kennedy	0	1	1
RG	Putnam	0	0	0

TOTAL 8 8 24

#### MARINE BASE DEFEATED BY AVIATORS IN OVERTIME SESSION

In the most exciting and most spectacular game ever played at the Army-Navy Y. M. C. A., the Marine Aviators from North Island handed the Marine Base team its first defeat in the league after an overtime period in which 20 points were scored. The game was fast and furious from the opening whistle, first one team and then the other having a slight margin. With one minute to play the Aviators were leading 38 to 34, but two baskets from midfloor by Beeson and Whytock tied the score. The overtime period found both teams playing a crashing game driven on by the packed house of rabid fans. But Schildberg, bottled up the Base guards the greater part of the evening, sank three beautiful shots from past midfloor, and the game ended with the Aviators ahead 49 to 47. Wozniak, diminutive forward of the Aviators, went on an unexpected scoring spree, his shooting really providing the margin of victory. Don Beeson, playing his best game of the season starred for the

Marines. Neil, Kenton and Wetherbee set the scoring pace.

Marines		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Kenton	5	1	11
RF	Wetherbee	4	1	9
C	Boles	1	0	2
C	Roy	2	1	5
LG	Beeson	3	1	7
LG	Whytock	1	0	2
RG	Neil	4	3	11

TOTALS 20 7 47

Aviation		G	FG	T
P	Players			
LF	Schildberg	4	1	9
RF	Wozniak	8	2	18
C	Giddens	6	1	13
LG	P. Schroder	0	0	0
LG	Adamsyk	0	0	0
RG	R. Schroder	4	1	9

TOTALS 22 5 49

#### NAVAL HOSPITAL NO MATCH FOR MARINE BASE BASKETEERS

Scoring at ease, with the whole squad tasting action, the Marine Base quintet easily defeated the Naval Hospital hoops-tees. All the corpsmen in the hospital couldn't patch up the holes in the defense and there was no question as to the Marine superiority. Neil, erstwhile star guard, moved up to the pivot position, and Reynolds, playing his first game of the season, started off at guard and demonstrated that he still has plenty of class. Joe Wetherbee and Kenton set the scoring pace and the game wound up 48 to 21 in favor of the Marines.

#### SAN DIEGO BOWLING

By J. F.

A keen interest has been taken in bowling this season as well as all the other popular sports. The four bowling alleys in the Post Exchange building are kept open until 9 P. M. in order to afford more recreation for those who like to bowl. The intra-post bowling league is going strong, this league composed of eight teams has many tip top bowlers in its midst. There is fierce competition among the teams, the dope so far is as follows:

	Points
Base Headquarters Co. leading with	16
Co. "H" 1st Bn. 6th Marines	15
Co. "C" 1st Bn. 6th Marines	12
VO Squadron 8M (Naval Air Sta.)	11
2nd Signal Co.	8
Aircraft Two (Naval Air Station)	8
Recruit Depot	6
1st Separate Battery	3
High Team 3-game series—Base Hdq. Co.	—2737.
High Team game—Base Hdq. Co.—996.	
High individual game—1st Sgt. I. M. Ward—244.	
High individual 3 game series—1st Sgt. I. M. Ward—597.	

It looks as if Base Headquarters Company is really doing some bowling; note that First Sergeant Ward is from this company. Can't one of the opposing teams find a match for him somewhere in this Base or vicinity?

#### BASKETBALL AT NEWPORT By "Kid Scoop"

Our basketball team, captained by Corporal Emmons and coached by Private First Class Sawdy, is going strong, having (at present writing) won all four of the League games played by them, trimming the U. S. Army 33-23, the Naval Hospital 35-33 and the Naval Training Station 52-17 and 49-32. The team is composed solely of Marines but plays under the name of "Naval Torpedo Station," which is a mixed team usually, but due to a shortage of Naval talent along these lines this year has been adopted by our detachment, and we are now playing as the Station team. Sawdy, Emmons, Lawson, Cearley, Weiss, Quimby, O'Connor, Lemons, Johns, Adamski, Hepler and Fraher are the members of one of the best teams put out by this station in a good many years, and if they continue this steady string of brilliant wins (as we have reason to believe they will) the Newport Service League Cup will rest in our trophy case this year.

#### M. C. I. PROFESSORS HAVE FAST COURT TEAM

By Frank Hunter

The basketball club representing the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., is, as your correspondent sees it, incomprehensibly like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead: "When they're good, they're very, very good; but when they're bad . . . etc." They've got the material, they've got the punch, and they lack no spirit. When they're wrong they couldn't score on the Vassar Freshmen; but when they're right—stand from under.

The December schedule consisted of seven games, and the local quintet registered six wins, piling up 313 points against their opponents' 218; this despite a 45 to 31 setback handed out by an inconsiderate outfit representing Fort Washington.

Then came too much New Years, for they lost the first three tilts, the worst beating coming from the Philly Marines, 60 to 41, which demonstrates lack of hospitality on the part of the hosts.

By January 16, the Professors seemed to hit their stride once more when they larruped the Army War College 42 to 26. The flying soldiers from Bolling Field erased this blot on the Army's record, however, beating the Marines 47 to 29. Three days later the George Washington U., Freshmen, scored a closely contested victory, 29 to 24.

The following game, a return match with the Army War College was a slow, dragged-out affair, in which the Professors indulged in some splendid tactical problems and permitted the visitors to nose them out 32 to 30.

The thrill-a-minute contest of February 6, against the Fort Meyer aggregation provided some interesting sidelights. It proved our contention that the Professors play exactly the same kind of ball as their opponents do. Give them first class opposition, and that's the kind of game





### ROYAL MARINES PLAY FOR THE U. S. MARINE CORPS TROPHY

The 1934 final game for the United States Marine Corps Association Football Trophy was played at Chatham, England, on 12 December, 1934, by teams representing the Royal Marine Division, Plymouth, and the Royal Marine Depot, Chatham. Won by Plymouth, score 2-1. This photograph shows the Trophy; the Adjutant General, Royal Marines (who corresponds to the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps), Lieutenant General R. F. C. Foster, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., R.M.; Brigadier J. W. Hudleston, A.D.C., R.M., Colonel Commandant, Royal Marines, Plymouth Division; Brigadier W. H. L. Tripp, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., R.M.; Colonel Commandant, Royal Marine Depot, Chatham; the American Naval Attache, Captain Walter S. Anderson, U.S.N., and the opposing teams. Seated, reading from left to right: Ch/20971 Sergeant J. Tilsley, Ch/24362 Sergeant C. W. Papper, Brigadier J. W. Hudleston, A.D.C., Colonel Commandant, Royal Marines, Plymouth Division; Captain Walter S. Anderson, U.S.N., American Naval Attache; Lieut. General R. F. C. Foster, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant General, Royal Marines; Brigadier W. H. L. Tripp, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Colonel Commandant, Royal Marine Depot, Chatham; Ply/22134 Marine V. T. Powell, and Ply/X.106 Corporal R. J. Heap.

they play. Fort Meyer has ever been putting the best sort of team in the field. You see they have cavalry and artillery out there, so apparently they use the gunners to register and the cavalry to patrol the back court. And, after some nine years of trying, the local Marines finally smothered the soldiers 32 to 26.

All the men look good. VanGinkle, long, rangy center, is one of the most dangerous men under his own basket we've ever seen. Dorsey, forward and alternate center, is the reason the gallery is always yelling: "Give it to Dorsey for two!" And Dingwall—well, listen to this: In the Fort Meade game the leathernecks were trailing 33 to 28, with about three minutes to play. Dingwall sank five counters, one right after the other, and when the whistle blew, the Marines had won 38 to 33.

The old stand-bys of the last year's squad who are still sinking 'em are Deckard, Thompson, Goldsmith. Some of the newcomers who have set up shop on the court, and of whom we hope to have more reports later, are, Wiggins, Cook, Hall, Godsey, Taylor, Hollingsworth and Bryan, who have all participated in two games or more.

### M.C.I. PROFESSORS DEFEAT PHILLY, 38 TO 37

Man and boy, we've played and watched basket-ball games for more than a score of years. We've seen some of the finest quintets turned out in the Middle West, but we've never come closer to apoplexy than on the night of February 9 when the Philadelphia Marines visited the barracks at Washington, D. C.

The Washington boys had previously journeyed to Philly where they were slapped down hard by the local Marines. In the return match the professors were determined

to even the count, which they did in a breath-taking fashion.

McMichael, the Quaker City star, experienced some difficulty in getting underway during the first half. In that period he scored only two field goals and actually missed five free throws; but in the second stanza he went wild and scored fifteen points. Here we are somewhat inclined to mistrust the official score, for one of the visitors, Rowan by name, is credited with only three field goals during the game. From where we sat in the gallery it looked as if he tossed one in every time we took a breath.

Of the local team, Deckard, Meighan, and Van Ginkle shared high points, each garnering four field goals. Dorsey and Dingwall pressed them closely with three field counts and a free goal each, which constituted the entire scoring. The other men were too busy on the defense to do much basket shooting.

Thompson, who in the last quarter suffered a severe cut over his eye when he collided with Meighan, was forced out of the game after a splendid exhibition of defensive playing. Taylor, Hall and Hollingsworth also got into the fray.

The visitors' substitutions were infrequent but effective. Strain, apparently a crafty old-timer at the racket, dropped in a couple of those never-touch-the-rim shots that worried the fans no little. Travis, Reider, Keefe and Holland made up the rest of the squad.

With never a comfortable margin, the Professors fought a tough battle. And don't ever let anyone tell you this McMichael isn't a mean baby to handle.

SEND SPORTS NEWS  
TO  
THE LEATHERNECK

### MARINE BASE INTER-COMPANY BASKETBALL LEAGUE

By Barter

The Marine Base inter-company basket-ball games have created a big interest here in the Base and have been a series of hard fought games which have given fans in this Base numerous thrills. This series has been marked by some very close games, and also unexpected last minute victories.

For most of the players it is all over, but for Company "C" and Company "H" the fun is just beginning as these two companies have tied for first place. The playoff game is coming up soon and we are all looking for a real hot game. Company "C" won over Company "H" by a score of 15 to 14 in their last game, so you can see why we expect anything, then too, we are not sure enough about the outcome to get together on betting odds.

As for the rest of the company teams entered, Base Headquarters company and "A" company seem to be the ranking contenders. Base Headquarters company was in a three-way tie with Co. "C" and Co. "H," that was before they played "A" Co., however.

The 1st Separate Battery also entered a team, although this team had a lot of what it takes to win, they just couldn't seem to get going. Company "D" was handicapped by having no practice, as they were at the range for the most part of the schedule and upon their return to the Base began to play the postponed games without practice. This team looked good as individuals but were unable to get the old team work going enough to chalk up victories. Company "B" also failed to get up in the league, the team tried hard but were up against competition that was a little bit too much for them.

About this playoff game, the writer does not want to make any sure statements, but my money is on Company "C." First, because they were good from the very beginning and have been getting better every game; second, because the team doesn't know how to stop fighting, and last because they've got a bunch of rooters on the sideline who keep that team pepped up from start to finish.

In the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK we will be able to present the winning team, so until then, Cherio.

## RESERVE BASKETBALL TEAM HAS FINE RECORD

**Company "D," 3rd Bn. Team (Formerly 462nd Co.) Has Won 28 of 38 Games Played; Will Become Battalion Team**

February 4th, 1935—With still two full months of weekly competition ahead of it, in the longest schedule attempted by a Marine Corps Reserve quintet, the former Navy Yard Guard, 462nd Company team (now Company "D," 3rd Battalion FMCR) has set an enviable record. Since the beginning of the present season the team to date has won fifteen out of its nineteen games, and established a record within one year of winning twenty-eight out of thirty-eight games played by the Leatherneck tossers.

Since the last report to THE LEATHERNECK on the team's activities, they have piled up eight more victories, against three defeats, and played a "double-header" yesterday (Feb. 3rd) against two of the fastest teams in the city, winning both games before a capacity crowd. The complete record of the team thus far this season is as follows:

### Record of 462nd Co. (Company "D") Basketball Team, 1934-1935

Marines	Opponents
39	52nd Field Artillery 22
14	Bloomingtons 8
33	Sucrest Crowns 22
26	"B" Marines 19
21	C. Artillery 32
17	Normads 15
32	N. J. Champions 23
25	Bloomingtons 15
12	Liberty A. C. 39
34	Bedford B. B. C. 16
19	Central Big 5 15
16	Sucrest Crowns 10
40	V. F. W. Long Is. 30
41	Silent Five 13
16	USMC (Regular) 20
21	N. J. Champions 24
34	Colton Club 20
19	Roman A. C. 11
18	Flatbush A. C. 16

With the formation of the Third Battalion, in which the 462nd Company now is Company "D," and commanded by 1st Lt. M. V. O'Connell, the company's athletic officer and basket-ball coach, it is planned to make the present team a battalion outfit, with men from Companies "A," "B" and "C" on the squad. This should develop a crack outfit which ought to reflect considerable credit upon the new battalion organization. With the return to duty of 2nd Lt. Cecil Jamison, All-American fullback on Georgia Tech '27, and a star basketball and baseball man, a comprehensive program of athletics will get

under way. Reports from the other units of the battalion indicate some fine all-round athletic material which will be put into action. Already a member of Company "B" has played with the basket-ball team and covered himself with credit for his fine work.

On Saturday, March 23rd, the team will face the regular barracks detachment team at the Yard, in the second game of the "Regular Reserve Series," the regulars squeezing out a four-point victory over the reserve team on January 20th in the first game, with the Reserves minus several of their best players. A dance will follow the game on March 23rd, and the Reserves are fairly confident that a third and play off game will have to be arranged. Two former stars of the Regulars' team, Cross and Carpenter, have enlisted with the Reserve battalion, and will be available for duty on the squad for the return game in March.

In addition to their snappy blue, scarlet and gold uniforms, the team this season has scarlet and gold jackets which lend



color to the squad. Big crowds attend each of the games, and it has been found that this activity is attracting a high type of applicant for enlistment in the Reserve organization. It also has strengthened the already firm friendship between the men of the Regular detachment and the Reserve units, and many of the Regulars are ardent rooters for the Reserve team at each game, despite the athletic rivalry between the two teams.

## D. Q. S. F. SPORTS By M. A. S.

The basketball team representing the Department of the Pacific at San Francisco opened the season on Wednesday evening January 30, 1935, in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Gym by playing the Firemans Insurance Fund of San Francisco. When the game was finally over the score was 28 to 32 with the Marines on the small end. However they made a very creditable showing. At the end of the half the score was 14 to 9 in favor of the Marines, and all hands seemed to think that the game was in the proverbial bag, but such was not to be. At the end of the 2nd half the score stood 20 to 20, so an additional 5 minute period was played, at the end of which the score was still tied 26 to 26, and at the end of the second 5-minute period the score was 28 to

32. Corbin of the Firemans Insurance Fund was high point man of the game with 13 points, Corporal Conyers of the Marines was next with 12 points.

Box score:

P	Players	G	FG	T
F—Davis	.....	1	1	3
F—Queleh	.....	0	0	0
F—Clark	.....	0	0	0
F—Hulet	.....	0	0	0
C—Bishop	.....	4	0	8
C—Rebok	.....	0	0	0
G—Conyers	.....	5	1	11
G—Graves	.....	3	0	6
<b>TOTALS</b>	.....	<b>13</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>28</b>

P	Players	G	FG	T
F—Parry	.....	1	0	2
F—Her	.....	1	1	3
F—Hagen	.....	1	0	2
F—Korinthus	.....	3	2	8
C—Corbin	.....	6	1	13
G—Barron	.....	2	0	4
G—McMillan	.....	0	0	0
<b>TOTALS</b>	.....	<b>14</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>32</b>

The second game was played Friday evening, February 1, 1935, with the D&N Walters of San Francisco. The final score of the game being 29 to 23 with the Marines coming out on top this time. It was a very fast game, and was full of thrills from start to finish. Sergeant Bishop and Corporal Conyers of the Marines were the high point men of the game with 10 points each to their credit. The next game to be played is with the Naval Air Station at Sunnyvale, and all hands with their families are going to turn out to see our fellows take the navy into camp.

Box score:

P	Players	G	FG	T
F—Davis	.....	2	3	7
F—Clark	.....	0	0	0
F—Hulet	.....	0	0	0
C—Bishop	.....	5	0	10
G—Conyers	.....	5	0	10
G—Graves	.....	1	0	2
G—Kelly	.....	0	0	0
<b>TOTALS</b>	.....	<b>13</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>29</b>

P	Players	G	FG	T
F—Newman	.....	2	2	6
F—Fencer	.....	1	0	2
F—Kosa	.....	1	2	4
F—Gasman	.....	0	0	0
C—Pearlman	.....	1	1	3
C—Casey	.....	0	2	2
G—Ayooob	.....	1	0	2
G—Stein	.....	0	0	0
G—Brazel	.....	0	0	0
G—Bridgeman	.....	2	0	4
<b>TOTALS</b>	.....	<b>8</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>23</b>

## NEVADA SAGEBRUSH SPORTS By "Skid" Goodrich

Gy-Sgt. "California" Vanice, that renowned master of Acy-Duey, is still pondering over the six and trey he rolled during the first part of the month. If he kicks his opponent's man with the trey, one of his own men will be left unprotected with the six. The consensus is we will be able to inform you in next month's issue, which move he made.

Although the Nevada Marines only placed in the whaleboat race, they won. They won the admiration and respect of the ship's entire complement. A crew more determined to finish never manned a

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# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## NEW THIRD BATTALION, FMCR, ORGANIZED; COMMANDED BY CAPT. B. S. BARRON

### Companies "B" and "C" of Old 19th Regiment Joined With Former 462nd Company; New Unit to be Company "A"

February 1st saw the official organization of the new Third Battalion of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, commanded by Capt. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR, formerly commanding officer of the Navy Yard Guard Detachment, 462nd Company, and with headquarters in the latter organization's building in the New York Navy Yard.

The units comprising the new battalion are as follows:

Company "A"—in process of formation and commanded by Capt. John Dolan, FMCR; Company "B"—formerly that unit of the 19th Regiment, and commanded by 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw, FMCR; Company "C"—also from the 19th Regiment, and commanded by Capt. Howard W. Houck; and Company "D"—the former 462nd Company, Navy Yard Guard, and commanded by 1st Lt. Milton V. O'Connell, FMCR. A headquarters unit, in which part of the old Service Company of the 19th Regiment will be included, completes the organization.

The creation of this organization is in line with the recently adopted policy of Marine Corps headquarters toward the abolishing of regimental organizations, and the formation of Fleet Reserve battalions, and followed, in the case of the Third Battalion, a recommendation of Col. Gerard M. Kincaide, USMC, in command of the Marine Barracks at the New York Navy Yard.

Companies "B" and "C" of the Third Battalion have been quartered in the Navy Yard for more than a year, in a building across the square from the 462nd Company, which occupied Building No. 9, now the home of the entire battalion, for drill and administrations purposes. The two former units will retain their present quarters for their equipment and individual offices, and battalion headquarters will be set up in Building No. 9, which also will house the Battalion Quartermaster.

The strength of the new battalion will be thirteen officers and 270 men. Sixty men will comprise a rifle company, with a first and gunnery sergeant, and two line sergeants, the latter being a reduction of 50 per cent in the previous allotment of four line sergeants to each company. The entire battalion personnel now are concentrating on the recruiting of Company "A" just authorized, to its full strength, and men who were on the waiting list established over a year ago by the present Company "D," are being placed at the disposal of Captain Dolan of "A" company. Sergeants William Willis, Jr.,

and Walter J. Baade, formerly of the 462nd Company, were transferred to Company "A" as the result of the order calling for reduction of the sergeant personnel in Company "D."

Immediately following the official authorization of the new battalion, Captain Barron called a meeting of the new battalion officers at which the general policies and plans of the battalion were announced and discussed, and such special assignments, transfers, etc., as were required, attended to. All battalion officers pledged their support to the new Commanding Officer, and expressed a unanimous determination to make the Third Battalion the most efficient in the entire Reserve. Maj. Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC, has been assigned as Inspector-Instructor of the new organization.

For the present at least, no change will be made in the respective drill nights of existing organizations, as the majority of the personnel have made definite arrangements with their places of business, schools, and their own personal schedule to drill on those specified nights. The limited space of the building will necessitate a rotating system of drill and instruction work, with probably two companies drilling on a particular night, and one using the drill floor while the other attends classroom instruction, then alternating at mid-drill period.

In addition to the regular training work, an extensive program of extra activities, including athletics, rifle competition, as well as social functions for the men of the command, is being worked out by the battalion officers. The crack basketball team of "D" Company, which has won 28 out of 38 games played thus far, will be developed as a battalion team, and already a member of one of the other companies has joined the team and played with it in competition. (See the sports section for details.)

For the present, however, the large amount of detailed organization and administration work necessitated by the creation of the new command will occupy the attention of the entire personnel for several weeks. A policy of extra field maneuvers, such as were successfully carried out by the old Navy Yard Guard unit, will be carried out in the new organization in the Spring and Fall.

Capt. William P. Carey, FMCR, has been designated Battalion Adjutant. Capt. John V. D. Young, FMCR, will be Battalion Quartermaster, and 1st Lt. Richard G. Ahern is attached to Battalion Headquarters with the temporary assignment of Battalion Mess Officer.

The commissioned personnel of the Third Battalion consists of:

Capt. Bernard S. Barron, FMCR, commanding.

Capt. William P. Carey, FMCR, Battalion Adjutant.

Capt. John V. D. Young, FMCR, Battalion Quartermaster.

1st Lt. Richard Ahern, FMCR, Battalion Mess Officer.

Capt. John Dolan, FMCR, Commanding Company "A."

1st Lt. Ferd. Lindlaw, FMCR, Commanding Company "B."

2nd Lt. Edgar J. Persky, FMCR, Company Officer, Company "B."

Capt. Howard W. Houck, FMCR, Commanding Company "C."

1st Lt. Milton V. O'Connell, FMCR, Commanding Company "D."

2nd Lt. Cecil Jamison, FMCR, Company Officer, Company "D."

Lt. Comdr. Abraham Jablons (MC), USNR.

Lt. (jg) Ferdinand A. Tuoti (DC), USNR.

Vacancies in company officers in companies "A" and "C" will be filled at a later date, upon the completion of the important preliminary organization work now under way. Several senior non-commissioned officers in the various units of the new battalion are now studying in preparation for a possible examination for commissioned rank.

Several informal "get-together" meetings for the enlisted personnel of the battalion are being scheduled so that all the members of the organization may become familiar with the others, and jointly plan to carry out the expressed wishes of the officers that the Third become the outstanding unit of the Marine Corps Reserve.

## COLORS PRESENTED FIFTH BATTALION AT BALL

Amidst a gathering of Marine Corps and Reserve dignitaries the Fifth Marine Reserve Battalion, Washington, D. C., was signally honored on February 5th when Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams, USMC, presented to Maj. Harvey L. Miller, USMC, the official Marine Corps Reserve Colors for the Fifth Battalion. The occasion was the Color Presentation Ball held in the Willard Room of the Willard Hotel. At the same time color guidons were presented to the companies of the battalion organization.

Commenting, after the occasion, Major Miller said: "The Fifth Marine Reserve Battalion is duly appreciative of the honor bestowed upon it, that of being the first to receive such colors. The presentation, the Ball, the entire evening was a success from every angle. Every man in the battalion is proud to be a member and share this honor. We feel sure that a precedent has been established and that the future will see many such affairs as a result of the combined and individual efforts of each man. To Lieutenant Rodgers and his committee every compliment is due for the excellent manner in which they arranged the course of events and for the success that the occasion was. They in turn are grateful for the wholehearted cooperation of each man."

The color company was Company "D," commanded by 2nd Lt. O. L. Rodgers. His guidon bearer was Pvt. William Cooper. Other guidon bearers included Pvt.

Marshall A. Sykes, "B" Co., Pvt., Dan Kane of "G" Co., which is the Military Police company of the battalion and is located in Roanoke. Capt. C. B. Nerren is the commanding officer. Guidons were also presented to Hdqtrs. Co., commanded by 2nd Lt. J. A. Hennessey; Company "A," commanded by 2nd Lt. P. J. Haltigan; Company "C," commanded by 2nd Lt. J. M. Chambers; Company "E," of Alexandria, Va., commanded by 1st Lt. M. D. DeLaney, Jr.; Company "F," of Rockville, Md., commanded by 1st Lt. R. M. King. The Battalion is commanded by Major Miller.

Notable among the guests in attendance were General and Mrs. Richard P. Williams; Rear Admiral and Mrs. H. G. Hamlett; Colonel and Mrs. James J. Meade; Col. Joseph C. Fegan; Col. H. C. Reisinger; Col. W. D. Upshaw; Major and Mrs. John T. Walker; Maj. Mel C. Maas, Congressman from Minnesota; Capt. Harold E. Rosecrans, Aide at The White House; Fred Brobeck, National Legislative Chairman of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; and Miss Aida Lopez, secretary at the Guatemalan Embassy. Approximately 300 couples attended.

The first inspection of the battalion since reorganization was held on January 16th and notwithstanding the fact that a snowstorm did its best to mar the formation, Major Miller expressed himself as being pleased. Many were unable to attend due to the weather, but those in attendance afforded an excellent inspection. Shortly afterwards Major Miller was informed that a request for individual colors for each company in the Fifth Battalion had been approved by the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps.

#### COMPANY D, 1ST BATTALION, 25TH RESERVE MARINES, Inglewood, California

The last meeting in January was featured by the receiving of our second pay checks, which all members were glad to get. Each member again donated 10 per cent of his check to the Company Fund.

Company D has lost two members in the persons of Privates Rider and Kudla. Rider has recently been married and transferred from the company. Kudla joined up with the C.C.C. forces just as he was about to get his promotion to private first class.

Company D has also gained another new member, Pvt. Wilburt Myatt who was introduced to the company by "Salty" Case. We all extend a cordial welcome to Myatt and hope he will enjoy being a member of our outfit.

Pfc. Sam Soper, our own ex-Marine, has received his rating of corporal and is now sporting his stripes.

The Battalion has acquired a capable instructor from the regulars, Sergeant Burns, who hails from the USS. *West Virginia*. Sergeant Burns is a fine instructor and sets an example of a real Marine.

Company D has started the qualification shooting on the .22 range and the first report shows that we already have ten experts.

Other news of the month in brief includes the receiving of the blue blouses which will be issued shortly. Our "Top Kick," Hays, has returned to the company. Cpl. Ellis Carter says he is going to shine his shoes before going to camp. Private First Class Harrison and Sergeant Miller are still trying to beat the "Skipper" on the .22 range. Private Kole, our life guard member, is now tending bar. Private

Cowdray says that during the next year he is really going to get down and study so that he can be an admiral, or sumpin.

The big news of the month happened when Private First Class Harrison ("What-a-man" Harrison) took the matrimonial leap. Congratulations and lots of happiness.

#### CO. A, 2ND BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

By O. J. Person

First: Since last month's writing we have had many things happen in our company. First, our company's name has been changed from Co. A, 1st Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, to Co. A, 2nd Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

Second: We had another lecture by Chief Gunner Calvin A. Lloyd, who spoke to the Company and the Reserve Officers' Class. He spoke on many interesting subjects.



Donald L. Dickson  
First Sergeant

D. L. Dickson, the accomplished artist who draws the covers for THE LEATHERNECK and who has been doing work for the magazine for the past seven years, has been promoted to First Sergeant of Company A. "Les" came to this Company eight years ago as a private and after his first year at camp he made corporal. A few years later he was made a line sergeant, and last month he received his rating as our "Top." He has worked hard for the outfit and he certainly deserved the promotion. He is well qualified for the position and many of his friends were overjoyed to hear of the "raise." (Editor's Note: The same goes for the LEATHERNECK crew, Don.)

Fourth: Over half the Company have qualified on the rifle range and are now just waiting until we get to camp so's we can hold 'em and squeeze 'em off again. We have welcomed four new faces to our company. They are: Privates E. White, H. Roderick, W. J. Hogan and J. Mulley.

If any reader of this magazine in greater Boston would like to join this company, please drop over to the Navy Yard and see either Lt. Ira J. Irwin or Captain McCluskey of Co. A, 2nd Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Marines, as we have a few vacancies to be filled.

#### CO. D, 4TH BATTALION, 19TH RESERVE MARINES

By The Voice

It seems strange to head the Company article as above, and not as Co. "H," 2nd Battalion as formerly. There have been quite some changes hereabouts. First, we acquired a new company commander, Lt. Thomas P. Barton, who served as Adjutant at Camp last year.

Effective February 1st, the New Jersey outfit is separated from the 2nd Battalion in New York and formed into the 4th Battalion. "H" Company, besides having its designation changed to "D" Company, was changed from a machine gun company of 40 men to a rifle company of 60 men.

Capt. Otto Lessing has been given a well-deserved promotion to Commanding Officer of the newly formed Battalion. Major Krulwiteh is now "Assistant Instructor and Coordinator" of the three Battalions, and this company can expect the same assis-

tance and cooperation that has always been extended to it in the past by these two capable and efficient officers.

Recruiting to bring the company up to its newly allotted strength has begun in earnest, and some very likely men have enlisted, among whom we might mention: Merton M. Leach, Patrick F. Collins, John F. O'Donnell, Robert J. De Lade, James I. Murray, and Frederick Fischer, all of Newark, N. J.; also John M. Cook of Bloomfield, John H. Hedman of Caldwell, and Frank E. Ohlsen of East Orange. These are the men who are showing exceptional ability.

With the expansion of the company has come consequent opportunities for promotion, and it is a great sight to see all the aspiring "Gyrenes" boning up on the Manual, and the earnestness with which they perform their close and extended order drill. The attendance has improved remarkably. The only fly in the ointment is the order limiting the companies to only two sergeants each. This will mean the reduction of several very good men.

The Company, under our new commander, Lieutenant Barton, is showing renewed life and energy. Efficiency is the order of the day. Sergeant Forrester has been appointed supply sergeant, and he has instituted a system that would do credit to a C. P. A. It is said that he can instantly account for every button in his care. The other duties have been assigned to the various non-coms, and the company is now functioning as though on ball bearings.

Sergeant Masi is assisting First Sergeant Bove and Gunnery Sergeant Van Natta in drilling and instructing the company, and a swell job they are making of it. The Major Krulwiteh Cup for efficiency, the goal of the company for the past three years seems more certain this year than it ever did.

It is with deep sorrow that we learn of the passing of Sergeant Masi's sister, and the company extends to Sergeant Masi its sympathy at his bereavement.

Sergeant Felber is lost to the company for a while. He has been assigned as instructor of the recruits from both Company "C" and "D," and is to be found in a corner of the Armory teaching the boots their fancy steps and the intricacies of "squads east and west."

In closing, may I express for the Company our sincere regret at the loss of Captain Mason as our company commander. Captain Mason has gone on to his duties on the Colonel's staff, but he will be long remembered for his loyalty to and efforts for the company as a whole, and for his counsel and assistance to the members individually. And a bright spot in our memories is reserved for the many happy times we had at the annual get-togethers at his house. He leaves with the best wishes of the whole company.

#### SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR

On Monday evening, January 21st, Maj. Samuel L. Rothafel, USMC, better known as "Roxy," inspected the Sixth Battalion. Upon completion of the inspection, the major made a short address in which he stated that he found the Battalion to be in excellent condition. He also stated that the appearance of the men aroused within him old memories of the Corps of which we are all so proud. We hope that Major "Roxy" will never cease to sustain his interest in the Marine Corps and the Reserves. We, also, take this opportunity to wish him all the good luck in the world in connection with his venture in good old "Philly."

(Continued on page 43)



## EASTERN SEABOARD DIVISION STAFF MEETING

The first meeting of this staff of the Eastern Seaboard Division was called to order preceding the regular meeting of Hudson-Mohawk Detachment at Troy on Saturday, January 12. Commandant King presided. All division officers were present and Commandant King tendered his resignation. After considerable discussion he was prevailed upon to continue and was promised the hearty cooperation of the detachments in his jurisdiction.

Plans were outlined for activities for the balance of the year. The staff decided that each State Commandant should give a monthly report to the Divisional Commandant on his activities. The Divisional Commandant in turn will then be able to keep the National Commandant informed as to his division. Plans were also made to have quarterly meetings of the staff, the next one to be in April.

The staff attended the regular meeting and social time of the Hudson-Mohawk Detachment and Commandant King gave a very brief but interesting talk. The other officers also took a bow. After the meeting and social hour the guests were taken to see the sights of Troy. A good time was enjoyed and the boys rolled in in the early hours.

C. J. CUNNINGHAM,  
*Chief of Staff, Eastern Seaboard.*

### CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

As a pinch hitter the remark was made at our last meeting that that statement be changed to a home run hitter. Am still of the belief that our National Commandant knows whom he is picking. Cape Cod Detachment has held two meetings under the new deal or, as was stated in my last letter, we are holding our meetings at members' homes, the first one sponsored by our Vice Commandant Eric W. Hedin, a short business session was followed by card games and eats. All present claimed that they would not think of going back to the old regime. The best attendance of all time is an attest to the popularity of this form of meeting. Members brought along friend wife and it is practically assured that none of them will stand for being left behind in the future, after seeing what they could accomplish, and we Marines appreciate having food served after strenuous business.

The second meeting was surely a tribute to our paymaster's gameness. After seeing all hands cut loose he volunteered to house and feed us at the next meeting. On the 15th all journeyed down to Ray Rowlee's home in Quincy, and allow me to say we will be just standing by for future announcements from the above mentioned leaguers. All you Capecodders that missed

**D**ACKED with pain from a torn ligament in his right side and tortured by a device that is supposed to relieve said pain but only succeeds in partly shutting off his breath, your editor sits before his Underwood and vainly tries to collect his thoughts. Ideas for copy become elusive and float away in a mystic haze so, wearily tossing in the sponge, he passes you on to the regular news of the detachments which, after all, is more important.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,  
*Asst. National Chief of Staff.*

those last two dates have not a thing to talk about when you meet those who were present.

JAMES C. THOMAS,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1 New York City

The detachment has completed arrangements for the Eleventh Annual Dinner Dance which will be past history when this edition goes to press. We will give you full particulars in the following issue.

Adjutant Harold L. Walk will launch the Around The Clock Radio Contest at the February meeting. It will run four months and conclude with a dance at the June meeting. The proceeds will supply new Colors for the detachment and increase the treasury.

The wheel of fortune at the January meeting helped to reduce our surplus stock of novelties and groceries left over from the November dance and made us several dollars richer. The tireless efforts of Charles Duber and Manning C. Taylor, our entertainment committee, has turned a discouraging proposition into a money-maker.

Capt. Angelo John Cincotta, past National Judge Advocate, has shifted his law office to a more spacious suite at 16 Court Street. Looks like the return of prosperity.

Milton Solomon, past Commandant and past National Judge Advocate, has been appointed Deputy Comptroller of the City of New York in charge of the new City Tax Bureau. A big man in a big job.

CAPT. PAUL F. HOWARD,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### CINCINNATI DETACHMENT Cincinnati, Ohio

This detachment is losing no time in putting into practice the suggestion that a member of the outfit be called upon to make a few remarks or relate some experiences that may be interesting to some

of the rest who may have been nearer some other latitude or longitude at that time. In this way the organization can dig up some fine entertainment. The first of these was at the last meeting when Marine Harry C. Christensen told some of his happy recollections of going around with "Fighting Bob" Evans some twenty-seven years ago. Next month a member is to tell about "Shipwreck and All Its Thrills."

Adjutant L. C. Fullen reports some of the members on the sick list. A couple of these are feeling the recoil seventeen years late. Maurice Kelsch, once one of Major "Mother" Sibley's boys got up at the count of nine. George Brautigan, the much decorated and once of the old 49th Co. says he is good for a few more meetings, even if his last report card reads like a post-mortem.

This bunch of go-getters is laying plans, dark and mysterious, for taking much of the enemy territory during the next twelve months. E. T. represents all of the pill-boxes, joints, hangouts, houses and homes now housing those Marines (Not Ex-Marines, see Frank X. Lambert in the February issue of THE LEATHERNECK), who have not as yet joined up with the League. We've got the whole thing worked out (on paper) and it looks good. We're doing spotting right now and as soon as we get the range and deflection the buzzer is going to sound. In place of T.N.T. we are going to use P.P.P. (publicity, propaganda and pressure). We're now "coming on the range," boys, and you will be hearing the first reports real soon.

CHARLES A. MCCARTHY,  
*Chief of Staff.*

### THE TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

Another month has gone by, and still no invitations sent in for next National Assembly. Why not send in word whether your detachment wants it (or don't want it), and if no city cares for it, then it will be up to the National Staff to designate some city to be host, and do our best to put it over. There is no reason for waiting until next August to set the date and site. Unless some detachment sends in an invitation prior to March 31st, the National Staff will be requested to make their choice.

We want a larger representation this year than we ever had, and unless we allow members an opportunity to arrange their vacations so as to take it in, the outlook is for our usual handful. The quality has always been good, but the quantity has been too small. Let's go, Marines.

We requested a vote on the question as to whether proxy votes would be allowed, and to date only one detachment has sent in their vote, and that was YES. Is it possible that any detachment is waiting to see where the convention will be held before voting? We feel it would be more equitable if votes were sent in while none of us knows where the convention will be held. If it should go to the West Coast, we wonder if the Eastern detachment would



vote against proxies? The same question goes to the West Coast, if the East should land the convention. Let us have your votes now, and candidly, we don't care how you vote, only let your conscience be your guide.

There will be a bulletin sent out around April 1st, with financial figures, and we fear it will be an unsatisfactorily one unless dues and taxes come in better than they have been. Several detachments are keeping up to their average, but several who shouted loudest against dropping connections with THE LEATHERNECK appear to be lax in helping to meet this heavy obligation. You Marines wanted it, and National Headquarters made it possible for you to get it, and now we trust you will help us to keep it.

We sent out a request for names and addresses of all members in goodstanding so that we could check our files against the detachment paymasters, but it appears as if the detachments are giving National the treatment they condemned in the past administration. We know for a fact that many members who have paid their dues are not receiving their LEATHERNECK, due to wrong addresses, and several have written us stating they paid their dues, and there is no card showing this payment at National. In an endeavor to correct these unjust conditions, we solicited these rosters of membership. May we anticipate the co-operation of paymasters?

It has been found inadvisable at this time to get out an emblem for letterheads with the emblem of the league on it, so we must continue using the emblem of the U.S.M.C. The price for our own would run over \$1.00, in large lots, so we will let it ride as is.

The newly adopted shoulder insignia is ready and we have quite a number on hand, which may be obtained at 50 cents each. There was much enthusiasm for these insignia before they were available, but after we tied our own money up in them, this enthusiasm has been lost. We wonder why? Badges with the League's own and newly adopted ribbon are now available at \$1.00 each, and as per vote of the last National Assembly the old ribbon is not regulation, so why not get the new ribbon. We have a few yards of it on hand, and sufficient for one badge will be sent for 15 cents. Officers rank bars for the badge will be available shortly, so send along your orders.

The new codes adopted throughout the country have raised the price on supplies, so to get a decent price for our caps, it was necessary to assure a stipulated number would be purchased, and we are way below par at this writing. To create a demand and to keep our promises to the manufacturers of these caps, National will make a set price of \$2.50 each, irrespective of lettering. Of course, only name of detachment will be placed on caps, at this price. Send your size, and detachment name and \$2.50 and caps will be in your hands within ten days.

Our space limitation has been reached, so until next month, and expecting cooperation as we extend it, we are,

The Two Johns—  
MANNING AND HINCKLEY.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

Although beano games have been the main source of social activity for our detachment during these extremely frigid

winter months, the coming spring brings with it much promise of bigger and better events. The previous statement is not meant to belittle the happy evenings that were had by members and friends of the outfit and its auxiliary, but to point out that theatre parties and stag parties (not the 1933 variety) are still a very popular pastime.

Without a doubt, certain members will be suggesting opera parties when the Metropolitan hits town. John (where do you work) Bonaglia would be very happy, I'm sure, to explain the plots of "I Pagliacci" or "Carmen" and some comrade who was a member of the Army of Occupation can give us a few pointers on the Wagnerian dramas. Be that as it may, with the likes of Killion, Lackie, Bonaglia, Barber, McKenzie, Craig, Rose, Carmody, Cresser and Norrish, the last two our Senior and Junior Vices respectively, and some of the old timers always present to give the necessary strength, we are due for big things.

LOUIS S. BERGSTROM,  
Chief of Staff.

### JAMES E. OWENS DETACHMENT

Denver, Colorado

Gyrenes:—This is Station D-E-N-V-E-R broadcasting with a frequency of 48 motorcycles by authority of the MCL National Headquarters. The detachment has made very good headway during the past few meetings, although we have lost some Fifteen members due to lapsed dues. Any detachment noticing the above statement, and has had the same loss of membership from the same cause and have found a way to cure the ailment, please send the Denver Detachment some of your ideas and cures. Don't get me wrong, this detachment is neither dead nor dying, in fact we are getting the old pep back that we had previous to the convention. Our meetings are rather short and snappy, then we have after meeting get together which has made comradeship reign supreme.

On January 14 we had a regular meeting and as a side attraction the ladies were invited. After the meeting we proceeded to take possession of the situation. Everyone ate and drank until he could hold no more, then proceeded to dance until one o'clock, when the gang started to break up. A peach of a time was had by all. Mr. and Mrs. Owens and daughter were present at this meeting, thus giving us an opportunity to present Mr. Owens with the League button. Mr. Owens was at a loss for words to express his feeling of gratitude. Mr. and Mrs. Owens have their hearts set on making the Denver Detachment the best ever.

A regular meeting was held on the 28th. Much of the old business was straightened out and completed. A resolution was passed in favor of the full payment of the Veterans Bonus, with copies of the same sent to our Congressman. Another resolution was passed in favor of offering this detachment's services in case of emergency with the Denver Police Department. It was voted that our next meeting will be held at Mr. and Mrs. Owens' home, in acceptance to an invitation from them.

How is the weather in your neck of the woods? We have had only two days of cold weather so far. Summer weather seems to be the style here. Station D-E-N-V-E-R now signing off until next month.

By the way, the new Column for League

News Briefs is hot stuff, all credit given to the inventor of this Column, lets hope we can continue it.

AL ENDRIZZI,  
Chief of Staff.

### PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT

Passaic, N. J.

After a rest of one month, during which the C of S of this detachment did not get the time or the opportunity to get in a story to THE LEATHERNECK for the month of February, my great following of readers (?) can bet their best cootie-catcher that neither I nor this detachment shall remain silent any longer. A word to the wise should be sufficient and anyone reading any further than this need not bother writing to the Passaic County Detachment that they can't sleep because you have been duly warned, so be it.

This detachment has been quite active since the good old Yuletide season has passed, although the activities have been confined to a local area such as visiting various Leathernecks' homes and sampling what Santa Claus left. When these dutiful visits had been paid this detachment got down to some real hard work and got their Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps started and we have a rehearsal once every week. (Come up and hear us sometime.) We also ran a card party and that meant more work for the boys, that is, a few of them. Nevertheless now that it is over and was both a social and a financial success I suppose everyone will get an equal share of the dollar and, I mean the one hundred and ten dollars that we made.

The boys are earnestly planning to have a real good time with a double reason for having it. They hope to get a good percentage of the Marines of the other detachments to come up and see us and incidentally the larger the crowd the better for our Drum Corps.

In closing let me inform all of my admiring readers that this is really not a joke nor is it a light-hearted article. All you really have to do is read between the lines to get the drift.

E. D. VENNARD,  
Chief of Staff.

### CHAS. RUDDICK DETACHMENT

Elmira, N. Y.

Well, after a sleep of several months we have come back with more pep than ever, November, December and January being the months that we rest up in. Perhaps you fellows think a rest was not required but that is true just the same. It looked for a while as if we were running a race with the Ithaca Detachment to see who could put on the bigger and better parties. It ended in a tie, the writer thinks, with the last party held in Ithaca and winding up in a place on the lake where the National Aide-de-Camp got wet pants. Ask him about it, you guys, it's a good story.

This detachment has been worried of late for the State and local Commandant, all one big man, disappeared. We did know that he left town bag and baggage but, when how and where was something else. Needless to say he turned up at the last meeting all smiles, with a new job and a large hotel address. Here's wishing you all the luck in the world, George.

Marines have done all kinds of emergency work all over the world but your scribe has found a new one. He was very peacefully sleeping, having turned in early

for a change, when the phone rang giving the following message from the caretaker of the American Legion Home:

"Hey, you! There is the wife of a damn Leatherneck here who was to have been met by her husband but he did not show up. What are you going to do about it?"

The scribe, after much grunting and growling, piled on considerable clothing and butted out into the zero weather, broke out the old hack and took friend wife about 22 miles home. The scribe wondered why the old dogs and ankles were so cold and found upon returning that socks had been quite forgotten and he had on one shoe and one bedroom slipper. O. K. Mac, but give me a little more time next trip.

Our Annual Banquet will be held on the 23rd of February. I have tried to reach by mail as many men as possible for this is quite THE affair, so we will be seeing you all sometime soon, I hope.

FREDERICK A. DECKER,  
Chief of Staff.

### HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

Greetings from New York's "live wire detachment." Brother, last month's meeting was a wow! We were honored with a visit from Al King, Eastern Seaboard Division Commandant and Phil Manning, his able adjutant, and as usual showed them a rip-roaring good time, as many of our readers know we do and do well.

We also had a delegation of representatives from the various veteran organizations in the Capital District who pledged us their support in our coming fight for State recognition. Plans are under way for our Annual Easter Dance. Committees have been appointed and we will have full particulars in the next edition of THE LEATHERNECK.

After the meeting we proceeded to do away with a half of Fitz's good old lager together with a generous supply of rye, sandwiches and unlimited quantities of Little Neck clams furnished by our Troy Fishmonger, Chet Bates. Many thanks, Chet. Songs were heard from Maurice Foley, Commander of Watervliet Post, American Legion and our own Eddie Schwind, who we understand will soon make his debut on the air from Station WOKO. Good luck, Eddie and listen in boys and as the saying goes, give the little boy a big hand or better still, big fan mail.

The last I heard of Al and Phil they were planning what they called a bear hunt (Note-Buffalo hunt to you, Music), piloted by Maurice Illeh and Jerry Woods, destination unknown. At any rate, if you don't think they had a good time, ask them.

LEON E. (MUSIC) WALKER,  
Chief of Staff.

### AKRON DETACHMENT

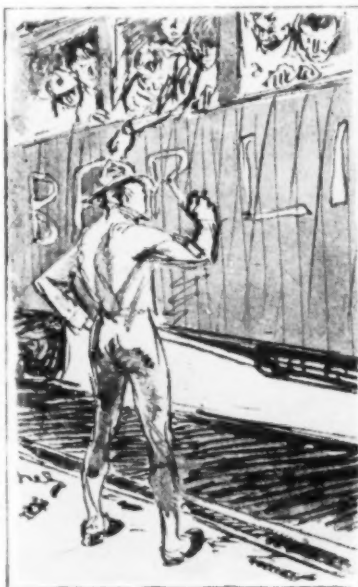
Akron, Ohio

Well, Leathernecks, here is The Rubber City springing right back at YOU! Although, from time to time, we may be missing from these columns, we are trying to do our best, if only in spirit, for we are doing our "damndest" to make the League, and especially Akron Detachment, a group to be reckoned with among the veteran organizations of the country. Here in Akron we have a gathering of the hardest-working Leathernecks in the section (at least, we believe that they are so).

On Saturday, January 19th we opened our new clubrooms at 291½ S. Main St., and, as we are the veterans' organization that is now purveying beer and entertainment in the business district of this city, we can't see how we can miss out. And the members are of the opinion that we should charge the government for the number of recruits who we are steering on to the Recruiting Station at Pittsburgh.

Now that we are well on our way to what we hope is posterity, we hope that any Leatherneck in the organization who knows of a Leatherneck in Akron or vicinity will correspond with the writer at this address and give his name and address so that we may get in touch with him and bring him into the fold.

The opening party was a great success and we have thrown several in the meantime, inasmuch as our quarters did not hold the full crowd as well as we had hoped for and so as to accommodate all members at some time or other. The committee largely



responsible for this success is Grinch, Grigg, Brewster and Mitchen. The second and last named members of this committee should be well known to you Marines as Grigg was on the Marine football team and Mitchen was at the Receiving Barracks at P. I. for so long that if you say "Wheelbarrow" out loud he will jump as if struck by lightning. And then, too, there is Hill who did duty so long at Yemassee (is that spelled correctly, Mr. Editor? (Editor: "Right, my friend, right.") We are so busy planning a Fish-fry for Saturday evening that we can think of nothing but Fish and—what goes with it.

DON RENNIE,  
Adjutant.

### CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

On the 27th of April this detachment will hold their Fourteenth Annual Charity Ball at the Riviera Hotel, Clinton Avenue and High Street, Newark, N. J. Our guest of honor will be the National Commandant, John F. Manning, and we extend a cordial invitation to all detachments to be with us on this evening.

Chairman of entertainment Clarence F. Roy, promises all who attend a very pleasant evening, so all you Marines pack your seabags and make this affair a rendezvous to renew old acquaintances.

Charlie Mayeux, the detachment adjutant, missed the last meeting due to an unfortunate accident. While riding with Jimmie and Mrs. Bouvier, they were side-swiped by a hit and run driver. The car received a bent fender and running board, and Charlie was badly cut about the face from flying glass. In trying to avoid the other car they plowed into a snowbank and by the time they got out of the car, the other fellow had disappeared. They shipped Charlie to the Hospital and in a few days he was up and about again. Can't keep a good Marine down. Mr. and Mrs. Bouvier emerged from the accident unscathed.

We are now holding our meetings in the Council Chambers of the Newark City Hall, on the first and third Fridays, of each month, at 9:00 P. M., any of you Marines who are in town on these nights stop in and pay us a visit.

The boys are wondering what happened to the Commandant at the last meeting, the first one he has missed since his installation, I suppose I shall have to confess at the next meeting that I got my Friday's mixed.

We have submitted a bid for the National Convention to the National Commandant, and we hope the detachments will give our offer serious consideration, as we believe that a convention in Newark would bring the largest attendance ever had at such a convention.

OLIVER KELLY,  
Commandant.

### TOMPKINS COUNTY DETACHMENT

Ithaca, N. Y.

After being absent from these columns the past month we think it is about time we should let you Gyrenes know what is going on in this detachment. Quite a bit of news of things this time. Our good comrade Will Price has been laid up with a pair of bum "dogs" and was confined to his bed. The members remembered him at Xmas with a nice basket of fruit. Our Adjutant "Bill" Swazey has removed himself and family to the regions of Wampsville where he has taken charge of a gas station and we all wish him success in his new undertaking. Oh, yes, this detachment staged a very successful smoker under the committee consisting of George Compton, Harry Sheehan, "Mort" Gaseon and Asbury Roskelly who proved to be very efficient.

At our December meeting it was learned that two of our members rated medals and had never received them, these medals were secured through the cooperation of National Commandant J. F. Manning, and presented to them at the January meeting. The Marines receiving the medals were George Compton, who received the Purple Heart for wounds received in France. The Service Medal for the occupation of Vera Cruz was presented to Lester Johnson.

Tuesday, January 22nd, several of our detachment journeyed to Courtland to assist our good Comrade Holly in organizing a detachment in that locality. This Marine Holly is sure a worker as in a little over a month he had talked with seventeen Marines trying to interest them in the League. He then called a meeting and although not enough of them showed up to form a detachment that evening, he succeeded in obtaining several members who

were enthusiastic about forming a detachment there and with the cooperation of these we think that very soon it will be accomplished. Here's luck to the Courtland bunch although we will probably lose our good Comrade Holly from this detachment.

Well, guess this is all of the news from this detachment for this time so will knock off and make room for some of the other detachments, for instance Elmira, sort of missed them last month.

S. R. HAGERMAN,  
Chief of Staff.

## UNION COUNTY DETACHMENT

Elizabeth, N. J.

We missed being with you last month, for the first time, due to unavoidable circumstances, but here's hoping it doesn't happen again. When this reaches print, our second card party on St. Valentine's Day will be history, and we hope that it goes over as big as our first one did. It should with Ralph Vaccarro as chairman, assisted by our good comrades, Bill Schaeffer, Charlie Thorne, Joseph Kolinsnik and Joe Kantrowitz on the committee. Since our last writing we have added two more Gyrenes to our roll and with the start of this month we have launched a membership campaign with Commandant Martone at the head and his two "leftenents" assisting, namely Adjutant Stan Wilusz and Paymaster Ed Taylor. Just watch us bring those bashful ones in, and we don't mean maybe.

And also keep an eye on our athletic attempts. Vaccarro, Phil Beketich and Chaplain Fred Schetlin have been named on that committee and as there is plenty of competition in this county among the various military organizations, we no doubt will find our hands full. Joe Leavy our triple threat has promised to go into strict training and assures us that we can bank on his support (and that means something). The bowling team turned out and what a team. Not one man hit under 200 (in two games). Our genial and handsome State Vice Commandant, Oliver Kelly, who also commands that Essex County bunch must be given lots of credit for his interest in the organization. He certainly turns up plenty for the Union County meetings, always with good suggestions and many offers of assistance in various forms. That's what we 'uns call an organization man.

And while on the topics of organizations, let us here add, lest you folks don't know, Union County Detachment of Marines has certainly earned quite a name and reputation among the different military outfits in this county. We may be small in number, but in no other way.

We meet in the County Court house located in Elizabeth, at 8:00 P. M. every 2nd and 4th Monday. And don't forget that after meeting refreshments are served. Our ever smiling Commandant, Ralph foots the bill.

Joe Kantrowitz, our historian, has quite a collection, due to the fact that the county press has been very generous in the numerous and lengthy articles of publicity afforded us. It's funny what organization can do and mean to some people. Fred Schetlin, since being made Chaplain can always be seen with the Bible under his arm, and Bill Schaeffer, our Judge Advocate spends most of his evenings at the public library, delving into books.

GEORGE SHERMAN,  
Chief of Staff.



"I LOVE A PARADE"

## HOMER A. HARKNESS DETACHMENT

Jersey City, N. J.

Once again the Marines showed these other boot organizations how to put on the dog and make the main stem heel and toe artists sit up and take notice . . . Thursday, February 7, the detachment packed over 3,000 people in the Dickinson High School in Jersey City to witness the minstrel show of the New York's Times Entertainment Committee. This was an invitational affair given as a tribute to those patrons and friends who supported the detachment in the past. Guests of honor included Senator A. Harry Moore, Governor Harold G. Hoffmann, Mayor Frank Hague and the City Commissioners and leaders of veteran and civic organizations. The show was great and everyone voted it a big night. Credit for the arrangements go to the hardworking Tom "Mazon" Botti and his committee assisted by the genial John J. O'Connell, the hermit from out in the sticks, Charles Patrick Angelo, commandant, was on deck all evening receiving the plaudits of the crowd.

A member of the detachment was recently appointed Dean of the John Marshall College of Law. He is Alexander F. Ormsby who is also Deputy Attorney General of the State of New Jersey legal adviser to Governor Hoffmann. The boys are going places down here in this neck of the woods and are rarin' to show the boys on the West Coast why we are the best outfit in this man's league. On Friday evening February 15, through the courtesy of Commissioner Arthur Potterton, we secured the Potterton Choristers Hour on Radio Station WHOM and a memorial service was held for our late comrade Homer A. Harkness, who answered the Final Roll Call February 18, 1934. The Choristers is composed of children under sixteen from the various schools of Jersey City. Joseph Halligan rendered Homer's favorite song, "Beautiful Island of Somewhere," and many were the tears of love and remembrance for our great loss. Commandant Angelo reminisced and said a few well chosen words and thanked those responsible for the arrangements, supervised by Jack Brennan.

For the first time in any history we are

going to have a Stork Party for Jimmy Milford, our Mess Sergeant. Jim expects a new Marine this year and whereas in the past the wife has received the praise and so forth we are going to give the honors and clothes to Jimmy . . . so you boys that care to may send your gift to Charlie Angelo, 141 Brunswick Street, Jersey City, N. J., and we will pray for your success.

If I don't get out of this habit of windjamming, Frank Lambert will lobby-gob me . . . I guess that's what comes of having been a Music at P. I. in 1918.

JACK BRENNAN,  
Act'g Chief of Staff.

## LEAGUE NEWS BRIEFS

Frank Allen Beavers Detachment of Lawrence, Mass., is conducting a series of whist and beano parties and adding a few new members. They are also making elaborate plans to entertain the State Department of Massachusetts Convention next June.

Junior National Vice Commandant and also State Commandant of California A. E. Gilbertson is visiting all over California and Washington and while no new detachments are under way he is plugging, so give the big boy a big hand.

New York Detachment No. 1, will celebrate its twelfth birthday with a dance in June. The detachment is the same age as the League to a day.

The Carl W. Baude Detachment of Louisville, Ky., is showing signs of returned interest and conducting various affairs including a big Military Ball in the offing.

The Simpson-Hogatt Detachment of Kansas City, Mo., elected or appointed R. L. Morris as adjutant in place of W. V. Mallon. Don't know whether he resigned or not. The boys will have their little secrets.

During the past two months, National Commandant John F. Manning has procured Vera Cruz Medals for seven Marines, Good Conduct Medals for three, copy of discharge for one, information of relatives for another and also information regarding an estate for this same Marine, gained addresses of Navy men necessary to complete claim for Marine of Spanish-American War. What do you do with your spare time, John?



Also while the N. C. was still loading he contacted the producers of "Devil Dogs of The Air" in an attempt to put across a scheme whereby detachments and National would make some money and perhaps a few unemployed members land some work dressing up the front of theatres showing this feature picture.

Cincinnati Detachment is working hard with plans for a Military Ball.

William S. Konold, Ohio Department Commander of the American Legion, is another Marine who is showing the Legion departments the way around this year. Bill, who just came out of dry-dock minus his appendix, has promised to join the Cincinnati Detachment.

Henry Roskofsky and Florence E. O'Leary, our National Uniform Committee, report progress on the new League "dress uniform" and promise to have something for the next National Convention. They request Oliver Kelly of Newark Detachment to get in touch with them.

F. X. L.

### SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

San Francisco, Calif.

The First Flash to THE LEATHERNECK from the Gyrenes by the Golden Gate. We point with no little pride to our Activities from April 2nd, 1934, to January 1st, 1935: **Our Program** included: First Meeting, April 2; nomination of officers, June 4; election of officers, June 18; hosts to State Convention, July 29th; Dance of Devil Dogs, October 27th; Presentation of Colors, November 19th; Christmas Tree Party, December 17th.

All of you Leathernecks in other detachments may think that our past activities are just a "flash in the pan;" it might be, BUT, paste this in your red chapeau. "When January 1st, 1936 rolls around, the San Francisco Detachment will be the Largest Detachment in the Marine Corps League."

The success of the above mentioned affairs has been due largely to the earnest efforts put forth by our entire membership. To say that any single one is responsible would indeed be exaggerated, every member worked 100 per cent. Under the able leadership of Commandant Paul Henniger we are looking forward to a large increase in membership and expect to round out a much more complete itinerary of social activities. Through this column we also wish to thank Marines Gilbertson, Ruskofsky, Parsons, and Rogerson for their untiring efforts in the organizing of the San Francisco Detachment.

JOSEPH C. GRANVILLE,

Adjutant.

### RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 38)

Another guest on this occasion was Mr. J. Howard "Nig" Berry, former star athlete of the University of Pennsylvania. It was our pleasure to witness Mr. Berry's reception of his commission as a captain in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Major Rothafel presented the commission. Welcome to the Marine Corps, Sir.

We were particularly pleased to, again, have as our guests our good friend, Col. Edward B. Manwaring, USMC, Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks and his adjutant, Major Percy P. Cornell, USMC. We trust that they will visit us often.

After the inspection Colonel Manwaring entertained our other guests at his quarters. At the end of the regular drill period

Mr. Berloff, boxing instructor at Temple University, gave a brief lesson in the rudiments of self defense. This was followed by four exhibition bouts; two between Temple University students and two between members of this Command. Twelve officers and one hundred and fifty-eight men of this Battalion were present on this evening. In addition, about thirty friends and possible recruits enjoyed the proceedings.

On the evening of January 31st, a dance was held in Building 29, Philadelphia Navy Yard, to celebrate the birth of the Sixth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Two hundred and thirty-five members of the Battalion and their friends assembled to enjoy themselves and dance to the music of our orchestra. Cpl. William Crap and his musicians rendered their selections in a very pleasing and popular manner. The dancers were highly complimentary in their praise of the numbers. Ice cream, cake and punch were provided from the Battalion Fund.

At the stroke of midnight, Private First Class Schimpf sounded "Taps" for the Third Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines, and immediately afterward, "Reveille" for the Sixth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, the title of the organization which became effective on February 1st.

It is with sincere regret that we bid "adios" to Lieutenant Litzenburg. The Lieutenant has shoved off for Guam. Here in Philadelphia we have occasion to meet many "regular" Marine Officers but we can say that we have never met a finer officer or gentleman than Lieutenant Litzenburg. His stay here has been both pleasant and profitable for us. Lieutenant, we are proud to have served under you and we wish you a pleasant cruise at your new station. So long, Sir.

### CO. "A" 1ST BATTALION, 19TH RESERVE MARINES, BOSTON, MASS.

By O. J. Person

As we have not been in print for a long time, let us introduce ourselves. Company A, 1st Battalion, 19th Reserve Marines are stationed at the Boston Navy Yard, Building 36. Every Friday night you will find a company of Marine Reserves going through drill, under the command of Capt. William J. McCluskey, Drillmaster of the Boston Public Schools, and Lt. Ira J. Irwin. This Company is slowly getting whipped into shape and shows great possibility of becoming one of the best around. Gy-Sgt. Chet. Goodwin should be given a generous share of the credit for helping to make us one of the best outfits in greater Boston. Lieutenant Irwin has charge of the Company, which is now having target practice. He deserves notable mention for the help he is giving the "Boot" Squad on the range. Captain McCluskey not only has just the Company to worry about, but he has started a Marine Reserve Officers' Class which is being held for eight weeks at the Navy Yard.

Recently, we have had the pleasure of listening to Col. Frederick A. Barker, Commanding Officer of the Navy Yard, and to Major James M. Bain, Second in Command of the Yard. Another speaker was Major Harry A. Grafton. There are about twenty Reserve Officers taking the Free Instruction Course, so here's hoping that some of those officers will have a company of their own some day. Until next month, adios.



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### SPORTS

(Continued from page 36)

whaleboat to race. Each of them gave his utmost. Due to inevitable circumstances they had trained in the boat for only three days before they raced. None of them was in condition. Suffering under that handicap they waited on line for the starting gun, undaunted. They started. Not one of them quit. It was a fight from beginning to end. Most of them did not know whether or not they would be able to finish the next stroke. But they did finish it and another one and still another one until the course had been covered. There, not one of them had more than enough strength to toss and boat his oar. After training properly it is believed they could beat anything in the Navy with the grit they displayed in that race. They deserve as much praise as might be extended to them.

"Babe Ruth" Dorobek has not been a bad baseball representative from the Marine Guard in stacking up a few laurels with the ship's team. Back in Ohio he

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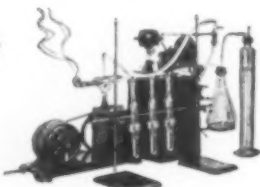


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habitually waited outside the park until a high one came over the fence, snagged it, and ran home. Consequently he is a fast fielder and a home-run king.

"Lefty Groves" Johnson will be in there representing the Guard the remainder of the season. He developed his arm hunting jack-rabbits in the rocky hills of Missouri.

### SHANGHAI SPORTS

The outstanding event of the past month in the Fourth Marines sport world was the exhibition baseball game between Babe Ruth's visiting big league stars and the picked team of Shanghai which included thirteen Marine players. Although the game was played in freezing weather a goodly crowd braved the bitter cold to watch the teams clash. The Bambino failed to do his stuff in the matter of home runs, but Lou Gehrig clouted the longest hit of the game. "Lefty" Morris, star hurler of the Marine horsehide exponents, started the game for the homesters and pitched a whale of a game. In the first inning "Lefty" fanned three men including Gehringer and repeated the process in the second after two errors had placed men on bases. But the professionals put on the steam in the fourth and fifth and scored enough runs to put the game on ice.

In the meantime Cascarella, one of the Philadelphia Athletics' young chuckers was holding down the cream of Shanghai baseballers and did not allow a run until the last inning. "Horse" Boyd, gigantic first sacker for the Marines, cracked out the first real hit of the game, a slashing single to center and Cascarella paid him the compliment of bearing down in the Horse's next few times at bat. In the ninth, Zatkoff, Marine shortstop and all-around star, cracked out a double to the temporary stands in left field and scored when Maruhashi, one of the two local Japanese stars playing, singled to center. Every one of the visitors was busy signing all sorts of cards, balls, and even the score book as mementoes of the time Shanghai witnessed the greatest aggregation of baseball talent ever gathered together.

Immediately after the baseball gear was stowed away, the Regimental basketball team commenced firing at will. As per usual we were entered in the Foreign Y. M. C. A. Invitation League, which is the first competition of the local season and immediately began to pile up scores on the opposing teams. Only one veteran of the team which won the city championship remained due to the transfers which have turned the Regiment topsy-turvy, and Coach Fromhold faced the problem of developing an entire new team. After a shaky start in the first league game, they began to click and rolled up huge scores against some of the leading teams in the city. Chih Tse, Nansing, Fordire, St. John's, Yes, Tsing Kwang, and Tung Chi all fell before the onslaught of baskets as Bereez, the one veteran and this year's captain, stepped into a long lead in the individual scoring race with an avalanche of field goals.

Team captain Bereez was given plenty of assistance from Johnson, elongated center of "H" Company, who was converted into a running guard, Griffin, "K" Company's star center, and "Red" Murphy, a battling Irishman from the Major Cates League champions, "F" Company. Yeager and Glowinski divided time in the other guard position. The team began to point for the annual battle with the Foreign "Y" Buccaneers, who held the league

title for the past eight years. As luck would have it, the team was forced to play two of their hardest games in the same week with the title game, and just barely nosed out Kiangwan by 47 to 45 in the first of these three crucial contests. The following night they were given a scare by Chinan but won that game by a field goal margin at 45 to 43. With only two days' rest they played the champions and gave them the hardest game in the competition. After the Buccaneers had taken a short lead at the start, the Marines rallied and Johnson went on a scoring spree with the help of Griffin to place the Marines in the lead at halftime by 16 to 13. After the resumption of play, the champions showed their calibre by staging a rally that pulled them in front and they stayed there to win by 34 to 25. Johnson and Bereez were forced to leave the game by the personal foul route and the weakened Marine team fought hard to overcome the lead, but fell short.

Undaunted by this setback, they have settled down to a week of hard practice prior to the opening of the China National Amateur Athletic Federation League which represents the cream of the basket-ball competition in Shanghai. The title of city champions goes to the team which comes out on top of this league. The Fourth Marines will be defending their laurels, won last year, and the prospects of retaining their title are excellent. The coach, 1st Lt. W. H. Fromhold, has been detached to the States and 1st Lt. N. K. Brown has taken over the team.

Aubra Lock, well known throughout basket-ball circles in the Marine Corps, has returned to duty which enables him to play and his return strengthens the team greatly. He has already participated in two games and made his debut against the northern champions of Nanking, scoring 33 points by himself and aiding the Marines to win by 68 to 57.

The rugby team felt the pinch of transfers more than any other athletic unit in the Regiment. The coach, Lieutenant Moe, and twenty-four of the rugby squad were transferred to the States in December and the task of developing an entirely new team fell to the coach's successor, Cpl. H. A. Smith, better known as "Rugby" Smith for his proclivities along rugged lines for the past seven years. Smith has molded together a fine unit considering everything, and seems to be headed for another Spunt Cup winner this year. To date the team has only played a few games, most of them friendly, with the Shanghai Rugby Club and the Interport team. The reserves have been successful against the minor units in Shanghai and have piled up a nice string of wins.

Meiji University, champions of Japan, visited Shanghai in the middle of December and proceeded to show the local players why they won the championship. The Marines dropped two games to them by overwhelming scores and the Interport team fell twice after a close tussle. Soon after the disastrous games with the Japanese, the Marines engaged the Interport team in a friendly tussle and amazed the fans by winning by 10 to 6. Two weeks later the teams met again in the first annual series for the city championship and this time the Shanghai Interport were victorious by a score of 20 to 3 as the Marines showed a complete reversal of form. However, the score was the result of some beautiful individual playing on the part of one of the outstanding stars in the city and two more chances remain for the Regiment to

gain revenge before the squad is divided in two teams for the Spunt Cup play. Hongkong is sending their interport team to Shanghai this year and the Marines are scheduled to play them.

The annual Arethusa rifle match, symbolic of rifle supremacy, found sixteen members of the Regimental rifle team finishing within the first twenty and Sgt. W. F. LeFrancois won the trophy with a near record score under conditions that were distinctly against good shooting. Sergeant LeFrancois has only been shooting in competitions for about a year and his records in the monthly shoots since the return of the rifle team from Peiping indicate that he is making a fine effort to gain recognition as the successor of Jones, Betke, Fowel, and other shots who established such fine names for themselves in Shanghai rifle circles.

With the heavy schedules in the future and the Marines making a determined effort to keep their heads up in athletics, it looks as though there will be plenty to report in the next monthly account of athletic events.

### POP KRAEMER GETS JITTERS

(Continued from page 32)

be a shoe-string marriage," Pop confided to a reporter present. "After paying for the marriage license, I'm broke. But everything will be all right, because Mrs. Ward has a nice house, all furnished, that we can live in.

"I was the sheik of the tropics while I was down there; did you know that?" asked Pop. "He may have been the sheik of the tropics," interrupted his bride-to-be, "but any sheiking he does from now on, he'll do at home." Mrs. Ward, who is forty-five years old, had survived two marital campaigns before launching on her third today. "One of the reasons Mrs. Ward attracted me in a matrimonial way," said Corporal Kraemer, "was because I'm a veteran fighter myself and I figured that she, having had two husbands already, would also be a veteran fighter and so we would have much in common." Corporal Kraemer, who has only one more year to serve before he will be retired, and who now is fifty-two years old, was at one time a sergeant in the Marine Corps, but was "shoved down" as he expressed it. "How did it happen that you were demoted?" a reporter asked Pop. "Too much tom-tom in Haiti," the tropical tanned Leatherneck whispered. Corporal Kraemer is approximately one-half the size of his bride. After the ceremony, Pop invited all present, principally policemen and newspapermen, to "come out to the house sometime and get some of the best pancakes you've ever had." The bridegroom challenged anyone to show him a wife who can make pancakes as good as Mrs. Minnie Bright Ward Kraemer. Bride and groom, smiling and happy, were showered generously with rice.—Reprinted from *The Norfolk Ledger Dispatch*, January 7, 1935.

NOTICE—To you old timers of the Haitian Occupation. How many of you remember Miss Emily K. Smith? Yes, she's the one who use to do welfare work down there. Well, here's the "dope"—Miss Smith is interested in hearing from any of her "boys" who care to write. The address is Gwynedd Valley, Pennsylvania.

### SHANGHAI SLANTS

(Continued from page 31)

Corps, but by the lucky families who received the bounty put out by them. Every company in the outfit took up a collection and sent around baskets to poor American families in Shanghai with enough food and good things to insure a happy holiday season to those who life has treated a little rough. Some three hundred poor children came in their own way when they were treated to a free movie at the Carlton Theatre followed by a Xmas chow at the abandoned third battalion billet. The Marines themselves had a busy day. One feature was the usual Xmas chow with menus, decorations, and most important of all, plenty of roast turkey with fixings. The other part of their Merry Christmas was the holding of "Open House" by their clubs. This Christmas was a good one to remember for the boys of the Fourth and their friends.

The first of the year brought mixed blessings to this outfit. A happy social season ahead was promised, but you could not overlook the fact that all hands and the roomboy were bound to get a cut in the payroll because of the drop in exchange relief. There is only one answer

### NEWS FOR APRIL ISSUE SHOULD REACH THE LEATHERNECK BY MARCH 8

to this kind of bad news and that is, "take up the slack."

The Fourth Marines church moved from the Cathay to the Grand Theatre on the sixth, and this put it in the finest theatre in Shanghai. At the same time the regular practice of having Catholic services at the recreation hut of the regimental hospital were inaugurated. The signal platoon of headquarters Fourth celebrated 1935 by coping some anxiously awaited promotions which put them in a good mood to face whatever the new year had in store. A Friday night get-together was instituted at the recreation hut of the hospital with well known and capable speakers giving interesting talks each week. The Grand theatre volunteered its services with free showings for Marines only on alternate Saturdays. The first show was a great success, and this promises to be a popular diversion for the lads here. Along with these activities the practice of having battalion dances is to be given a try. The first one, held on the eighteenth, promised plenty of fun for the boys who like to step around.

The twenty-second saw the departure of an old friend from the Fourth when Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox boarded the S. S. *President McKinley* homeward bound via Japan. Colonel Wilcox is heading for the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. One day later five other Marine and two Naval officers hopped aboard the *President Grant* for Manila where they are to catch the U. S. Army Transport *Grant* to carry them home on the completion of their tours on the Asiatic station. That is all that has happened in Shanghai for the past month or so, but it looks like we are going to have plenty doing here during the winter season, and we'll keep our pals in other ports up to date on the dope.

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Any man whose gums start bleeding ought to use Ipana Tooth Paste. And even if his gums are as firm as an armored turret, he ought to use Ipana to keep them that way. Ipana, massaged into the gums, is a splendid agent in keeping the gums in shape.

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Use Ipana twice a day, Buddy, and you're likely to keep your teeth in chewing condition for years longer. Buy Ipana, in the red and yellow tube, the next time you put in at any drug or service store.

# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE

### SEA-GOING

(Continued from page 31)

Sergeant "Auto Dealer" Tidyman commands the first platoon to "Fall In" and receives the reports of his squad leaders. Each squad has been so arranged that positions are filled with picked and qualified men. Should a Landing Force suddenly become "the thing of the hour," our company would be there without hesitation. The No. 2 man of the front rank would know his grenades, as he has been thoroughly schooled in the art. He would be confident through his knowledge of having comrades equally suitable for their jobs. Without their support he would be useless. With it—he smiles, knowingly.

Sergeant "Papa" Hereford is simultaneously putting the second platoon through the same ceremonies. He looks them over in the manner that any other hard working, well pleased, trainer admires an equally earnest protege who has become a champ. He knows, should they be unexpectedly called to the beach, their packs and other equipment are in readiness. A change from the dress blue uniform to the immaculate khaki would be consummated in a "jiffy." His platoon having the duty, with a number of men on watch, accounts for its not being as completely represented as is the first platoon.

First Sergeant "Do or Die" Skirwalski apprehends the reports of his platoon sergeants, posts them, and in turn makes his report to the company commander, who orders his platoon leaders, First Lieutenant McPherson and Second Lieutenant Kengla, to take charge of their platoons and inspect them. Both platoons open ranks at the commands of their leaders. Lieutenant McPherson finds nothing wrong with the first platoon. Lieutenant Kengla discovered in the second platoon—well-er, one man failed to clean all the dust from under the sight leaf of his rifle. That was bad. As a whole, however, everything has been declared a success. The neatness and uniformity of the troops and their quarters has been highly complimented by the ship's Captain and his Executive Officer. Other officials too numerous to mention have voiced like opinions.

### Social News

"Diamond Dick" Noble has of late been making frequent visits to Loma Linda. He's not exactly gasping for water but he is on the ropes. It looks like an open and shut case. A minister will be counting him out before the end of another round. That's too bad. The outfit will be losing a valuable man who, before being licked by Dan Cupid, had intentions of "Sticking."

Then there is "Maiden's Prayer" Borring who revived a school-days' romance while on leave in his hometown, Chicago. The final outcome has not yet been computed but dependable sleuths are on the job and further information is expected soon.

Cpl. "Fire Plug" Peters is (giving?) a dinner at his Long Beach residence and cordially invites all chumps who will bring along excessive rations. It is to be a Benefit Dinner. Peters announces in his grandeur of generosity his noble intentions of relenting over his dead body the left over foods to starving children after they have crashed the barred doors of his home. The pet hobby of this praiseworthy notable is

PATRONIZE  
OUR ADVERTISERS

transporting dried fish in the rear of his enclosed, two seated, ash can. It has been rumored the man is omnivorous.

Corporal "Adair" Johnson was seen in gay regalia stamping gracefully around on the floor of a local ball-room; The Beau of the Hour. He refused to be photographed, but submitted to a short interview. From his speech he apparently owes his success to an exceptionally good taste for swallow-tail coats.

### Legal Matters

A General Kangaroo Court convened in Casement No. 7. Sgt. Ruben Carl Ward, alias "Sling Shot Jeevy," sat in the defendant's chair. His bloodshot eyes glared at the tense audience. Lynching was rumored, and measures to prevent it were taken. The plea of "Not Guilty" was later changed to "Guilty" by reasons of insanity. The Presiding Physician examined the accused with a cross-cut saw, some wire-pliers and monkey-wrenches and pronounced him very sane. Ward was convicted of: First—After deliberately refusing to seat a shell at loading drill, permitting the fifty-one pound projectile to fall from the machine and bounce playfully around on the feet of the loading crew. Second—Being inefficient as a rammerman. Third—Being terrible as a gun captain. Fourth—Being worse as a brother non-commissioned officer or Marine. He was sentenced to the cleaning of the loading machine over a period of two weeks. No good time was granted.

### Personals

I will not be responsible for dates incurred by any other person than myself. —"Saw Horse" Murrell.

### Male Help

Wanted: — An expert "Sub-Tommy" man to annihilate The Three Stooges.—Corporal "Iron Hearted" Stewart.

### WEST COAST NEWS THE FOG HORN

(Continued from page 28)

Berkeley, California, with Lt. Col. H. C. Haines, AA&I-AAQM, in charge.

On December 12, 1907, the Depot of Supplies was re-located in San Francisco—this time at 330 Jackson Street—where it remained until October 31, 1909.

Lt. Col. Rufus H. Lane was AA&I-AAQM from May until October, 1908. In October, 1908, his additional duties in respect to quartermaster activities were taken over by Maj. Henry L. Roosevelt, who was the first to occupy the chair of Depot Quartermaster and in which capacity he presided until August, 1910.

Our next move was to 182 Second Street, where we held forth until August 31, 1912, when Department Headquarters and all the Staff Offices were installed at 36 Annie Street. Col. F. L. Denny, who succeeded Major Roosevelt on August 13, 1910, held the reins of the Depot at the time of this move and continued to preside until December 31, 1913. It sounds rather odd, but Colonel Denny was actually "The Quartermaster" during his tour of duty at DQSF. Imagine The Quartermaster referring matters to the AQM in Washington!

The Depot had occupied the Annie Street quarters 18 months when Colonel Denny was ordered East for retirement. When the new calendar for 1914 was hung on the wall, Maj. Hugh Matthews became Depot Quartermaster. The present

THE LEATHERNECK

Quartermaster General made a second tour of one year's duty at the Depot beginning November 23, 1920—this time, though, with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

All the old timers here have well defined recollections of the old home at 36 Annie Street. I understand that the old Marine Corps Building, along with the Call and Sharon buildings, was built by the Sharon Estate simply as background for the Palace Hotel—a swankier hostelry. The old place is a square and squat three story structure of the post-earthquake period, with storage space of approximately 50,000 square feet. The place was purchased several years ago by Hearst Publications. Since the Marine Corps broke camp there on June 30, 1925, it has been used by the San Francisco Examiner.

Several amusing stories survive our sojourn in Annie Street—an outstanding one being the paternal interest the Palace Hotel took in our welfare. Whenever our flag became fouled, the windows needed cleaning, etc., etc., such items were promptly noted and conveyed forthwith by telephone.

If you are ever up about 3rd and Market, look in on Annie Street. Among other things you'll notice that the *Anchor*, *Globe* and *Eagle* still maintains its place of prominence above the main entrance.

After absorbing the foregoing, a colloquy was entered into with one QM-Sgt. Michael Francis Murphy, luminary of the records section, regarding Bill Bassen, who, until lately, ruled the commissary department with an iron hand.

Bill was born on February 17, 1876, at Norwalk, Connecticut. He enlisted in the Marine Corps on May 20, 1897; one year later he took up his trusty musket and hied forth to the troubled scenes of the Philippine Campaign, where he helped pursue the elusive Aguinaldo until July 4, 1902. Six months later he was paid off and didn't ship over for six years.

However, along in October, 1908, when the autumn leaves began to fall, Bill's feet began itching. On the 20th of that month he decided he couldn't stand it any longer, so the very next day he grabbed off a recruiter. He joined DQSF on January 30, 1909—was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant on April 11, 1917.

When Bill retired on the 31st of last month he had marked off 31 years, 10 months and 27 days of service. And don't get the idea that he is an old and broken down athlete, either. He is a full six-footer weighing 182 pounds, and has out-paced many dashing young bloods who have come to the Depot from time to time codling exalted ideas relative to their prowess in prolonged handling of heavy cargo—even though he has worn out two sets of store teeth.

Throughout practically the whole of his service at the Depot he has been "Bull of the Woods" in the commissary storeroom. Before the erection of the Marine Corps Building here at 100 Harrison Street the commissary, along with the rest of the QM, occupied various localities about town—frequently on separate premises to the Depot. At one time it was at No. 1 Drumm Street and during 1918 at 200 Mission Street. Prior to use by Bill and his crew, this latter edifice was a liquor warehouse and reeked with alcoholic fumes of miscellaneous shades of odor.

As I intimated in the beginning, Bill is no lily. As a matter of fact, the past few years have seen him in the "ultra-pink." The only sickness I've ever heard of was a stomach operation which he underwent in the Mare Island Hospital back in 1917.

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Some of the boys thought he was "going west" but doubtlessly they didn't know Bill.

Anyhow, Bill has done his "trick" and now he can sit back and take it easy for a change. A worker second to none and an expert clerk. Who ever succeeds him will have to aim high and shoot awfully straight to come anywhere near hitting his mark.

### RECRUIT DEPOT ADVERTISER

By M. B., Jr.

As is done by all good columnists, the name of this article is hereby changed. The reason is that perhaps someone will read it under a new name.

To give the New Year a belated start, we shall try to give a more or less complete recapitulation of the Recruit Depot Detachment. In other words, meet the detachment:

The Recruit Depot is separate from the Fleet Marine Force establishment and comes under the jurisdiction of the Marine Corps Base. Our commanding officer is Col. B. S. Berry. Maj. A. B. Miller is the Executive Officer of the Recruit Depot, Capt. J. P. Schwerin is the Commanding Officer of the Recruit Depot Detachment. (This is the permanent personnel of the Depot, instructors, etc.) Lt. L. H. Reilly is the officer in charge of drills and instructions. Under the separate heading of the Sea and Field Music School, we have Capt. O. A. Dow who joined the Recruit Depot February 1, 1935, in the capacity of commanding officer, and he also has additional duties as Mess Officer of the Recruit Depot. Capt. F. M. Howard is in command of the storeroom and is the Police Officer.

At present, there are three platoons under instruction in the Recruit Camp: the 29th platoon with Sergeant Hackman in charge and assisted by Corporal Berneff; the 1st Platoon with Sergeant Blunk in charge assisted by Corporal Gray, is at the rifle range under instruction there, while the 2nd Platoon is under instruction at the Base. Sergeant Johnson is in charge of the 2nd Platoon assisted by Corporals Smith and McGrew.

The administration of the Recruit Depot

is as follows: As a recruit joins the Recruit Depot from the various recruiting districts, he is picked up in the receiving barracks and is given his first sight of the Marine Corps. While in the receiving barracks, he is re-examined physically, is given his first haircut, draws his first allowance of clothing and then is transferred to one of the forming platoons. Sergeant Currier is in charge of the receiving barracks and has Private Whytock as his assistant.

After the recruit is assigned to a filling platoon he is started in the Corps. He is taught the meaning of discipline as it is defined in the service, he is instructed in the care of his equipment and is taught the various facings and marchings as per training regulations. After the platoon has received about forty men, it is put on scheduled training. Then comes his training, he is taught to drill and to obey orders. He is indoctrinated with a belief in the necessity of personal cleanliness.

The first three weeks of the recruit's life in the Corps is passed in the Marine Corps Base in San Diego during which time he is not allowed liberty, other than to go to the movies and the Post Exchange here in the Base. At the end of three weeks the entire platoon is transferred to the Rifle Range at La Jolla where the men undergo instruction in the use and firing of small arms, and they also fire Record Target Practice in order to determine their qualifications with the rifle and pistol. At the Rifle Range the recruit receives his first liberty.

After three weeks on the range, the platoon is brought back to the Base, where the training is continued for two more weeks. At the conclusion of his eight weeks, the recruit is transferred from the Recruit Depot to anywhere that he may be needed. At the present time, the majority of recruits are being transferred to the Fleet Marine Force or to the Sea School.

The platoons, while under instruction, are under the direct instruction of the N.C.O.'s of the Recruit Depot. Lieutenant Reilly, assisted by First Sergeant Hooper and Gunnery Sergeant Brown, are in charge of the general instruction of all platoons.

In the administration of the Recruit De-

## CONVENIENCE

FOR thousands of years the cave man's only tools for his various tasks were a cumbersome stone hatchet or a bludgeon cut from the knot of a tree.

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pot Sgt. Maj. Charles Davis is the Recruit Depot Sergeant Major, First Sergeant Buckner is First Sergeant of the Recruit Depot Detachment, and First Sergeant St. Daniels is First Sergeant of the Sea and Field Music School.

Sgt. "Paddy" Devine is police sergeant and Sergeant Conquest is mess sergeant.

Cpl. "Red" Tobin has been transferred from the Recruit Depot to the Casual Company and Cpl. D. R. McGrew ("D" stands for David, not Dangerous Dan) joined the detachment from the Marine Detachment USS, Portland. Sergeant Vinson has recently been transferred to Base Headquarters where he has taken over the job as discharge clerk.

I haven't all the dope available on the recent qualification of platoons, but the 29th Platoon qualified ninety-five per cent with the pistol; so far it has not fired the rifle, but from what Gunnery Sergeant Jones says, we can look for a very high rifle qualification as well.

### QUANTICO NEWS

(Continued from page 24)

#### F.M.F. DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

By Jos. A. Nagy

Between munching peanuts and writing down a sentence at a time when an idea strikes me (that can happen—the idea, not the peanuts), I should be able to get this in before the "dead line." I'll try to take our readers through a number of interesting happenings this time. Are you ready? O. K., here goes:

At the top of the list we have our 1st Lt., J. White, giving us a talk on the traditions of the Marine Corps, and the customs since its founding. The lecture was well received by his audience, the boys who could make a very pretty picture of this Marine Corps—we musics.

Several weeks later we see everyone rushing around getting cleaned up—drawing

blues, etc., and making ready to shove off for home or elsewhere to spend the holidays. Personally, I haven't recuperated from the "ordeal" yet, being many hours in arrears in my sleep. I roped in Cpl. Bennie Ketner and established him as my guest. He proved quite a hit in that capacity, making an exceedingly favorable impression on the old soaks—(excuse it, "folks"). I, being a gentleman (?) from the old school, didn't do so bad either.

After I returned from my holidays the boys proceeded to tell me about Francis J. White, who hung his sock up at the foot of his bunk and awoke to find that Santa had left him a nice, bright, shiny trumpet, some cigarettes (slightly used—there being only the ashes remaining) and a whole new penny. Now isn't that sweet?

May I now add that while this is being written, Quantico is blanketed with about a foot of snow, making a very pretty picture—especially in the vision of the guard details. And another thing of interest is that we have added a new instructor. He is Sergeant Gadinski, the man who never smiles, so they say. Come across once in a while, Sarg.

In January we went through three weeks of hard practice to get the "lip" and get set for our examination. It was held on Friday, January 25, and when we were through the F. M. F. Musics were so far ahead of the Post Band Musics that it wasn't even funny. The examiners were Capt. Taylor Branson of the United States Marine Band and another Captain whose name I did not learn. The Post Band, as far as is known, had only four ratings as drummer, while we of the F. M. F. had seven. Those of our crew who made the grade are: Earl Ryan, Robert J. Walker, Harold D. Hughes, Merrill F. McLane, John L. Self, Yale Hoffman and your correspondent. The names of the successful men in the Post Band I do not know. Anyway, we hear that another exam will be held in about a month and I am confident that all the remaining men of the F. M. F. will be rated. So confident, in fact, that the boys here are willing to wager

dollars to doughnuts that we have more ratings than does the Band outfit.

The "baby" of the organization, Warwick Sumner, just informed me that he spilled his dignity right on the main drag in front of the five and dime store. The ice slipped up on him. Or was it the other way, Warwick?

"Hinky" is still running around loose "shadowing" the Sarge. W. O. Williams, my pal and bunkie, is getting to look "goofier" every minute. Out of three notes he can make more tunes than all the rest of us put together. Douglas Riddles certainly does live up to his name. Riddle! Riddle! Riddle! I can't figure him out.

By the time you read my next column I hope I'll be able to report that all of us are rated. You won't disappoint me, will you, fellow musics? S'long, I'll be seeing you next month. P. S. Pvt. Kenneth T. Sankow has been in the hospital and we'll be one happy family when he comes back to duty.

### BROWN FIELD BULLETINS

(Continued from page 25)

had complete charge of the radio gang, that being himself; Pvt. Clarence M. Dorsey had a sea chest full of records and had the clerical situation well in hand; and Sergeants Granville, Lilly and McHaney, Corporals Hoppis and Storer and Privates First Class Sargent and Witt were aboard as mechanics. They were worried only by the uncertainty of their occupations enroute.

Gunnery practice has been held for some time but VF Squadron Nine-M were the first to leave for the actual firing of practices, which will be held at Parris Island this year. They cleared Quantico on February 6th amid occasional snow flurries and with the thermometer down to nineteen degrees on the surface.

Reports have it that work on the Parris Island field is progressing rapidly. Gy-Sgt. Zadik Collier is on detached duty in charge of the landing field and is looking out for the comfort of the squadrons as they come down for gunnery.

But, the best piece of news for the season is that at last our new heating plant is in operation. The boilers were hooked up one evening after the plumbing gang had worked steadily until after seven o'clock. Using only one of the new boilers the whole upper end of camp is kept comfortably warm where the two old ones going full blast were not equal to the task of even forcing a little heat as far as the Sick Bay. Pharmacist's Mate Morrison says it has been so cold in the medicine cabinet that the alcohol partially solidified.

No longer is Harry O'Hey ashamed to come into the Mess Hall. He caught all the blame even though the fault was not his. Harry really has a heart of gold, but we understand he is going to pawn it and buy a new model automobile. Zat so?

Pvt. Lee D. Day returned from reenlistment furlough the other day and showed us a ticket for a voyage through the sea of matrimony. Congratulations, Lee.

Our best short timer is Cpl. Burton F. Osborne, clerk in the CO's office. Ossy has been counting off the days for the past two months and says someone is putting sand on the calendar. Time doesn't slip by half fast enough for a conscientious short timer.

Speaking of clerks, never let it get out that you have had office experience unless you want it to follow you. Corporal



Dan Musselman dodged the snow shovelers detail last week by being drafted into the squadron office. No kidding, we knew Dan when he was quite a power around the QM and we understand that he is developing into a very good airplane mechanic too. Private First Class Hembree is assisting Dan in holding down the office chairs.

Sergeant Alvis has been bothered with a head cold the past week or so, but Sergeant Parsons reports that a quick recovery is expected.

We haven't been able to find a certain young man by the name of "Joe" Bowdoin lately. It brings to mind that little incident which occurred last fall one cool morning when "Joe" went for an airplane ride clad in three pairs of dungarees. Probably this cold weather has caused him to go around disguised as a bale of fur and explains our not recognizing him.

Our latest example of "The Boy Who Made Good" is "Duke" Overstreet, young protege of Cpl. Lester Lansing, one of the local weather demons. The "Duke" has just found out that he can write a note, initial it, and get some action. His initials are C. O.

"Dutch" Von Beukering, hamburger punisher, dachhund fancier, and an authority on lager beer, has turned in his Model "A" for a new V-8. Since "Dutch" tried to ride his motorcycle between the headlights of a truck, he has trusted nothing but four wheeled vehicles. The drawback is that it takes so much time to clean and shine such a large surface that the Dutchman finds very little time to go anywhere.

As you probably noticed in the write-up in last month's LEATHERNECK, we had several participants in the last smoker. While it is not the intention of this columnist to appear as a critic of the literary style of the author of the write-up (we are referring to the article on page 32 of the February issue), it is only fair that what seems to be an erroneous impression be corrected in this month's article. In correcting the impressions in question, this writer is not relying on his own observation, but has taken time to interview at least a score of witnesses and is setting forth the general opinion of all of them.

Pvt. Charles A. McManus, 145, started off his fight with a bang, and went great guns until late in the third. Up to that time it looked like his fight. However, his stamina was not great enough and at that point Pvt. Eric B. Ives took up the lead, getting in some good blows. At the beginning of the fourth round, McManus was so exhausted that he could not answer the bell. The fight was justly given to Pvt. Eric B. Ives. Do not think the above is intended to detract from the credit due Ives for winning the fight. It is not. It is, however, intended to show that had McManus been in better physical condition the fight would have been better, and that the reason he lost at the time he did was due to exhaustion and not to being beaten into a state of unconsciousness. We want to be fair to both men and we believe that another match between them would be well worth watching.

And a little more credit to Pvt. Raymond F. Kennedy, who, although he broke his thumb in the third round, fought gamely on and won his fight.

And with a farewell greeting to MT-Sgt. "Abe" Singer, who was transferred to Class II (d), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on January 31st, we will sign off for this time. The Senior NCO's of the field rallied 'round the campfire and dunked pret-

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zels in foaming steins for a goodly part of that evening and bared hidden secrets from the past life of the much traveled and well versed "Abe." Sergeant Major Lang, the toastmaster, reports that a very excellent time was had by all and that it is hoped someone else will give them an excuse for a get-together soon. Best wishes for a good cruise on the "outside," Abe. We will tell the boys to bring their watches and stamp albums to you for repair. The address is Quantico.

And so, good night and gwine to bed.

### NEWS FROM GUAM

(Continued from page 20)

Within a week he had a schedule with the States and has handled hundreds of messages each month for the personnel of the post in addition to sending approximately five hundred Xmas messages.

Just a line or two to introduce a few of the members of the command. Sergeant "Smokey Joe" Mapleson, the man who came back, telling us about when Guam was good. Sergeant Nick James, one of those strong silent men and Sergeant Lavondovski, strong but not silent. Also we have Corporal Kinel of the Prussian Guard who made the grave mistake in trying to impersonate a Marine. So he had his mustache clipped. Corporal Strom and Private Dorondo are holding up the fine talents of the Marines on the Golf Course, Corporal Hinrichs, a former Pekinite, has the honor of being the Mayor of Sumay. Corporal Scott, of the famous old saying "Wait until I look in the book" who has taken to golf lately. Likes to be very generous with himself by forgetting about a few strokes.

Last but not least is Private First Class Lebsock who has the habit of leading with his chin and has turned out to be a philosopher for a better cause.

The Guamanian Marines and the Asiatic Marines clashed in a baseball game and we are sorry to admit that we were on the losing end of the score 10 to 0, and so affa until the next time.

### GUAM NOTES

In response to an invitation issued by the Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, Major Voeth, approximately 200 Marines disembarked from the *Chaumont* on 7 January, 1935, and enjoyed the day at the Marine Barracks. All were glad of a chance to see old comrades and the officers and men felt well repaid as all noticed the happiness and good spirits of the men who had a chance to come ashore and get the "kinks" out of their legs.

Previous to the arrival of the *Chaumont* a schedule had been planned to take care of about 110 Marines for the entire afternoon and evening. The *Chaumont's* arrival in the morning was unexpected but plans were made to take care of the 40 Marines who came to the barracks at that time. Eight men played two rounds of golf in the morning while others just walked around to "see things." At noon chow was ready for all hands and the visitors turned to and cleaned up everything that was set before them.

In the afternoon games and tournaments were going on everywhere. Corporal Broadus of the *Chaumont*, golf champion of North China, and Mr. Sherman of Agana, played together in an exhibition match against Captain Clifford, MC, USN, of the Naval Hospital and Private Dorondo of the Marine Barracks. Corporal Strom took part in the match, engaging with Captain Clifford in the deciding match of the annual championship tournament. Sixty people from Agana and Sumay, golf enthusiasts, witnessed the exhibition and were well paid for their attendance by the excellent playing of Corporal Broadus and the others. Corporal Broadus and Mr. Sherman won the match, 3 up and 2 to go. Over the eighteen holes Broadus shot the low score, turning in a 74. In the championship tournament Captain Clifford won with 3 up and 2 to go. Both he and Corporal Strom will receive silver cups for their playing.

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team was doing its best in offering stiff resistance to the Marine team from the Chaumont. The Chaumont team consisted of players from the 4th Regiment and they soon began to demonstrate their superiority over anything on the Island. About 80 visitors watched as the Chaumont Marine team won by a score of 10 to 0.

Some were playing tennis in the morning and afternoon. Supplied with equipment from the barracks, 8 men were busy on both courts. In the afternoon Captain Lewis, USN, of the Chaumont, made his usual visit to the officers' court and again demonstrated the fact that home players cannot stop him. Captain Potter, USMC, lost 3 sets, as had Dr. McMillan, Lieutenant Hudson and Corporal Bishop on former occasion. As a result of all the sets played, tennis players at the barracks are going into strenuous training for the July trip of the Chaumont.

After being given trunks, about twenty of the visitors amused themselves in swimming during the afternoon at the beach in Sumay.

All Marines enjoyed the day. At supper about 90 visitors were ready for chow. Fifty had been expected, but Sergeant Walston, the mess sergeant, was ready for the emergency and all went back to the Chaumont well filled. The home Marines regretted to see the visitors leaving so soon. Liberty was up at 1800 and all visitors went back with a pleasant memory, we hope, of Guam.

## PHILLY MARINES

(Continued from page 16)

man of the hour. Lt. Douglas C. McDougal, Jr. You all have heard of the McDougals. This isn't his father of International rifle team fame or his brother who was here last year. This is the other one. When it comes to shooting he follows in his father's footsteps. He puts them right where they are to be put. Told me that his folks gave his brother and he rifle barrels to cut their teeth on.

Looking back at the scoring table we see there 1st Lt. John D. Blanchard, team captain of the present squad. He is looking forward to taking this gang of gunmen down to Quantico this spring to retain the Elliott Trophy. Says that it looks good sitting on the Colonel's desk. It ought to after all he sweated to help win it.

Cpl. Sofus Pederson now going up to perform his dozen and a half. He is "Pete" to everyone anywhere he goes. If any of you ask Corporal Burns who "Pete" is, he can give you the dope better than any one here. "Pete" is Swedish and hails from Minnesota. Is an ardent admirer of Greta Garbo and repeats her words "Aye tank aye bane go home now."

Next number to get the rose and the razz is Pvt. Harold A. Barrett, alias, Sinbad the Sailor. Sinbad has been coming along since last year and is doing his stuff with the high five this year. On one of his trips he went to China and has been homesick for the Bund ever since. I think he has done too much time out there and like all who have walked the Bund—a bit screwy.

Now for ye scribe. They can't put me on the pan when I have to do the write-up myself. Apparently I'm the only one who has a good word for myself. Well, be prepared for a shock. Get the smelling salts, for ye scribe is none other than his nibs, Cpl. Robert E. Schneeman, U. S. M. C., P. O. D. L., G. B. (Uncle Sam's Monkey Chaser, Plank Owner de Luxe, Gold Brick).

Yep, I'm still here and will continue to stay as long as they feed good.

For a starter this year, the team fired a postal match, four positions, against the Nedmadji Rifle and Pistol Club of Superior, Wisconsin. Hitting on all five, the Marines washed out this outfit by twenty points, turning in a score of 1,877 to 1,857. Next on the sheet came the Princeton Rifle Club. It was a twenty shot prone match (no sand-bag) at fifty feet. Out of a possible 1,000 our high five men got desperate and lost five points making a score of 995 to the Tigers 984.

Another one of the seasons warming up matches, we took on the Valley Forge Military Academy to the tune of 1,896 to 1,711. They went back to Wayne, Pa., a sadder but wiser bunch of boys. All of them did their best which for the little experience was good. Lieutenant Colonel Denson, U. S. A., Director of Military Tactics and Training deserves a word of praise for the appearance and deportment of his cadets.

On January 15th we took on the Pennsylvania Military College. They fared worse than the boys from Valley Forge. Another fine bunch of boys under Major Bagby, U. S. A. They went home at 6:00 p.m., on the short end of the score of 1,876 to 1,640.

We have a nice big year ahead with stiff competition just beginning with Frankford Arsenal, veterans in small-bore game, Drexel Institute here in town who gave us a run for our money last year and a trip to Pittsburgh, Pa., to shoot it out with Carnegie Institute of Technology, University of Pittsburgh, University of West Virginia, Penn State and the Devil Dogs of Philly. These four teams are experienced in the game and everyone will be on their toes till it is over.

Going to have a lot more next month folks and you'll be hearing it 'round the Corps what we are doing month to month. So, till the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK, I'll be seeing you.

## DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 23)

youngster and a good fellow. Then, too, we have Cpl. A. M. Seymour of the old 12th Field Artillery, 2nd Division, A. E. F. Next, our eyes naturally come to rest on our seven boys from the Sunny South, Vickory, Burlison and Oxford from North Carolina, Fletcher from South Carolina, Lee, formerly of Haiti, from Florida, Saylor from the land of fine horses and blue grass, Kentucky, and Tilley from Louisiana. Our C. O.'s orderly is "Scotty" McGregor, an old time Marine of the old Santo Domingo days. Then, we have with us our Shanghai "Soap Box" Joe Harris. After seven years in the Asiatics he looks forward to China, again. The "Lure of the Orient," you know, ol' chap. Then there's Tommy Bard and Mullally and our "Brains," John Frisone, formerly of Nicaragua-Ex-Radio. Droz, formerly of F. M. F. at Quantico, and Weil, our Ex-Mess Cook, from the Boston Navy Yard. Caldwell is the ex-pill-roller and our handy First Aid Instructor.

One very important member of the family that is not to be forgotten is "Lindy," a beautiful dog and a good Marine. He attends all hikes, drills, inspections and, in addition, walks post with the sentries, and he has the usual Marine dog's aversion for civilians.

Our last two inspections by the A. A. & I. were excellent and we were highly praised for our work.

We are, indeed, as happy a crowd as will

be found in a small post and we flatter ourselves that we are as much on the job and as efficient Marines as you will find in any other post, small or large.

**FAMOUS LAST WORDS:** Why "Seot-y" McGregor doesn't go on liberty as much as he used to?

## NEWPORT (R. I.) NEWS

By "Kid Scoop"

February 7, 1935.—We have, since our last report, been joined by Capt. Robert E. Mills, who relieved Capt. Alfred Dickerson as Company Commander, and 1st Lt. John B. Hill, who, strange as it may seem, arrived, was promoted to his present rank, and got a year older all on the same day—the 2nd of January. We hope that both the captain and the lieutenant will enjoy their tour of duty at this post, and wish a life of ease to Captain Dickerson, who will soon retire from the Marine Corps after many years of active service as an enlisted man and officer under the colors of both the United States and England.

The dreary winter months have been made bearable by: the escapades of Pfc. Earl Sawdy, who's tall stories and many adventures produce gasps around the camp fire; Corporal Jackson and his argument with a buzz saw (in which he came out second best); the snores of Quartermaster Sergeant Scott as he snaps in on the Recreation Room easy chairs, while waiting for the 3:10 ferry; the skylarkin' (???) of Corporal Davis; Trumpeter Kisselburg and his heavy marching order; Private Hendrickson with the heavy air and pedantic look he has since he started showing *Master Mechanics* how to put up a talkie machine; the salesmanship of Corporal Mc-Alevey, who has been trying to get rid of his car ever since the tree jumped at him on the way to Fall River one night; the hard time Magurn has trying to get in all his time and secure that "Will-o-the-wisp" discharge; trying to copy that soft, easy step of Private Moore's, our local dancing master; Private Quimby singing "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" to a Scotchman and getting Hot Tom and Jerries for his trouble; and last, but not least, that funny feeling one gets when the fire whistle lets go and you wonder if it's a magazine or just another G. I. can.

Among other post and station activities in the past few months were two very successful dances for the sailors and Marines of Newport, sponsored by the Post Exchange and Ship's Service Store, and a Christmas party given by the Exchange for the Marines of this Post alone. Sergeant "Dutch" Seyfert, wearing a Santa outfit, acted as Ol' Nick and distributed worthwhile presents to every member of the post in true Xmas fashion. A large tree in the darkened Recreation Room served as background for an atmosphere created by a well selected choir of Marines, accompanied by a violin, whilst plenty of spirits were provided by the Exchange in the form of lager beer. The gathering lasted well over an hour, and was started with a talk by Lieutenant Colonel Dixon. Major Hatfield's annual message to the command terminated the party, and a good time was had by all.

A recreational feature enjoyed by almost all ships, stations and posts these days and which has heretofore been denied us, is the talkie pictures. However, this has been overcome at last, and the old machines used by the Marines in Haiti have been sent here, and in another month (with "Sparks" supervising the installation) we will be hav-

ing three shows a week. So "Sparks" informs us.

Looks like the guards will run kinda close and regular again as Martin, Brown, Wright, Siemianowski, Adamski, Dombrosky, Healy, Pettigrew, Davis, Trapp and Taylor are all getting short, and most of them claim they are going to stay out. Also Weiss, Pointer, Nessler and Wheary are going to attend the Motor Transport School in Philadelphia. Quite a lot of men for a post as small as this. I wonder what their motive is in getting transferred south right in the middle of our nice winter.

Of late, most of the Fall River "Thumb an' Play" boys have turned that place over to the Q. M. Department and shifted their attentions, hearts and appetites over to New Bedford, the old whaling village. Even your reporter has a deep interest, and an aching urge to get up there before the mince pie coils.

See the sports Sections for a report of our basketball activities, and until next time, we bid you—*au revoir*.

## A MESSAGE TO GARFIELD

(Continued from page 7)

of friendly fire. The thought sent a shiver through him. Hostile bullets were something one was supposed to endure in warfare, they were a part of it; but it is decidedly unpleasant to think that you are liable to get chunks of your ribs torn out by one "Made in America."

The runner chose his passage with discreet judgment and before he was aware of it, the ghoulish, skeleton town stretched in a gray panorama. It seemed misty, like a photograph out of focus; and there was a tranquil, pastoral atmosphere about it.

Wondering at the lack of firing, Ballard stepped boldly along the street. In some places he had to scramble over blocks of masonry that huge shells had flung there. The silence was bewildering and he wondered if the fighting hadn't been pushed to the other end, or even beyond the village. Suddenly someone hailed him:

"Hey! you God-forsaken idiot, get under cover! Where'n hell do you think you are, back home on Main Street?"

Ballard steered toward the voice. It issued from the shattered remains of what had once been a two-storied, stone dwelling. Just as he reached the doorway a hail of lead drummed along the street. "That was close," said the voice. "If I had your luck I'd be a parachute jumper. Get ready, men. I think they're going to hit us again."

It was pitch dark inside but Ballard could distinguish a group of doughboys huddled at the windows. They were strange, humpbacked silhouettes, uniform, yet paradoxically individual.

"What do you want?" questioned the voice.

"I got a message for Captain Garfield of B Company."

"Well, why in hell didn't you deliver it then instead of bringing it up here?"

For a moment Ballard was speechless. "Well, I thought," he managed to stammer at last, "I mean somebody told me he was in this town."

"Yes, he's in the town all right," the voice replied. "He's in a house about a hundred yards back down the road. You must have walked right past it. Here, come back here, you chump, you can't go out there now. A rat couldn't live to get across the street in that fire."

"I think they're advancin', Lieuten-

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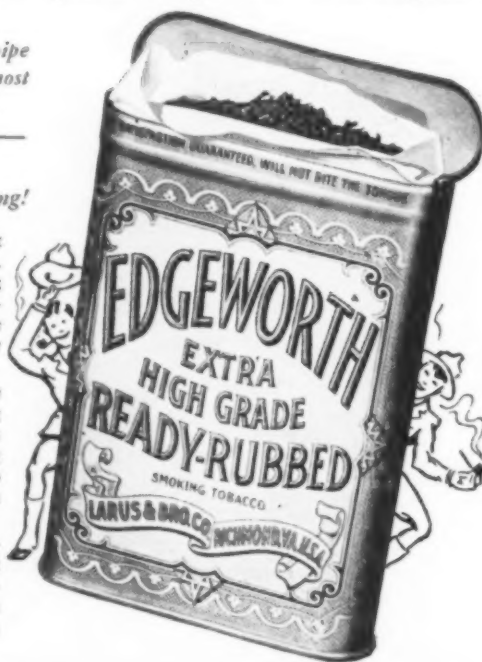
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**"MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN"**

ant," one of the men at the window said. "I just saw a couple of flashes an' they've got that lousy machine gun behind the church wall in action again."

There was a sickening chug and the sound of a body falling at the window. "Who's hit?" cried the lieutenant in a steely voice.

"O'Mally, sir. He's dead!"

Ballard could hear the scraping of feet in the room above and he knew there must be a dozen more men up there. That made a defense of about twenty men, not a powerful garrison, and he wondered how large the attacking force was. A machine gun stuttered from the other end of town.

"That's Garfield's outfit now," the lieutenant told him. "He's salvaged one of their guns."

Presently the men at the window began firing, slowly and deliberately at first, and then more rapidly.

"Be careful of the ammunition," the lieutenant cautioned. "It won't last a lifetime."

"It'll last us ours, I reckon," someone replied.

Ballard went to a window and peeped out. He could see countless flashes spitting at him. A rapier of yellow fire seemed to plunge in and out of a long, black shadow. That, he concluded, must be the machine gun behind the church wall. There was another one, higher up, either in a window or on a roof. The leaden pellets were chipping at the stone flanks of the house. The man at his side went down coughing and cursing.

Ballard snatched the fallen rifle. "Somebody gimme some ammunition," he cried. A man tossed a half-filled bandolier at his feet. The weapon felt hot to his hand as he jerked back the bolt and rammed in a clip.

Round after round he fired at the tongue of yellow flame in the shadow of the church. He lost all sense of the passing of time. The message nestling in the pocket of his slicker was forgotten, his weariness, hunger, everything but the savage desire to extinguish those yellow, biting flashes.

**D**AWN came, cold and greasy. Gray shattered buildings slowly evolved out of the twisted mass of shapeless shadows. The rain had ceased. Ballard's eyes ached from straining them in the darkness, his shoulder throbbed and pained from the battering recoil of the rifle, and his blistered fingers seemed moulded about the hot barrel.

A bleary-eyed corporal at his side grinned at him. "What are you?" he asked, "a one-man relief expedition?"

"No, I'm just a Brigade Headquarters runner up here for rest and recreation."

The lieutenant approached Ballard. All the marks of rank were torn from the uniform, but the runner could tell by the texture and cut that the man was an officer.

"Things are quieting up a little, runner. If you've got a message for Captain Garfield you'd better hop to it while you have the chance."

Ballard could never remember clearly what happened after that. A blast of machine gun and rifle fire ripped into a continuous clatter, and a one-pounder suddenly opened up trying to dislodge Garfield's machine gun. "They're goin' to rush us!" someone cried.

Out from the sheltering buildings tumbled scores of Germans. Others climbed over the church wall and joined their fellows. Screaming and shooting they

rushed toward the tiny Yank garrison. Garfield's machine gun seared wide paths in the close formation and the rifles in the other house mowed them down in squads. On they came like a gray-green tide. They nearly reached the house before the rifles broke them. They reformed and once more flung themselves against the Yanks, and once more they were broken by them. Their dead lined the streets in countless, ghastly heaps.

"One more push like that and we're gone," said the lieutenant grimly.

Two of the defenders had been killed and a third, badly wounded, lay moaning in a sheltered corner. Blood seeped down through the ceiling and dripped in a little pool on the floor. It mutely bespoke casualties suffered by those upstairs.

Then the Germans struck again. In the mightiest assault of all they surged forward. They reached the center of the street, fifty yards from the Yanks. Closer and closer they came; forty yards, thirty. A heavy blast of fire slashed into them and the column shivered under the blow. For a moment they faltered; then they recovered and swept ahead. They reached the walls of the house and began thudding on the door. Hand grenades from the upper window bit into them. Garfield's machine gun cut wide, bloody gashes in their ranks; but they were grimly determined not to retreat this time. One gained to a window and began clambering in. Ballard saw the red face with its deep, splinter eyes as it appeared at the opening. He swung his weapon up and fired quickly, almost without aim. The features changed to a scarlet splotch and the face disappeared.

Rotted chunks of wood were flying from the door and it sagged dangerously on its rusty hinges. Certainly it could last but a moment longer.

"Fix your bayonets, men," ordered the lieutenant in a thin, crisp voice. There was a ripple of metallic clicks and the bayonet rings were engaged. Suddenly the small barricade the defenders had erected against the door was swept aside and the door burst open with a rending crash. Two soldiers came tumbling in, unable to regain their balance. They tried vainly to scramble to their feet. The others clogged the doorway in their eagerness to force an entrance. Yankee bayonets flashed in and out; but slowly they were pushed backward into the room.

"Get to the stairs, fellows!" the lieutenant cried.

A huge German wormed through and leaped in under Ballard's guard. The runner felt strong, sinewy fingers grip his throat. He lashed out with his knotted fist. The fingers twitched open momentarily and then clutched again. This time they fastened in the collar of the slicker. Ballard twisted and squirmed. The rotten garment ripped from him and he leaped backward free. With a gasp he bounded up the stairs.

Those who had been defending from above and the five survivors from below united at the upper landing. They had the advantage of position, for they fired from comparative safety, while only a few Germans at a time could mount the narrow stairs. Again and again they attempted to surge upward. And as many times were they beaten back. Their dead and dying blocked the way. The stairs were red and slippery. They made a last, half-hearted attack and then withdrew to the security of the lower room. The Yanks could hear them talking in high, excited voices.

"I wonder what they're up to?" the lieutenant said half to himself.

"I can understand them, sir," replied a sad-faced soldier who was adjusting a blood-soaked bandage around his shoulder. "They're refusing to try it again. They've had enough. They claim they can starve us out just as well and it won't cost 'em as many men."

"I'm afraid they're right, at that," admitted the officer.

"Lieutenant," said one of the men who had been defending the upper floor, "there's a window back there that opens up on a flat roof. The next house is only about ten feet away. If we got over there once maybe we'd find some way of gettin' down without them seein' us."

"It's worth trying," conceded the lieutenant after thinking a moment. "There must be a trap door of some kind leading down into the house. Possibly we can go through that way and out a side window or something and join Captain Garfield's force. Come on! we'll try it, there's nothing to gain staying here."

ONE by one the little garrison passed through the window and leaped across to the other roof. As the lieutenant had surmised there was a trap. They dropped through and found themselves in a house not unlike the one they had just left. With infinite caution the lieutenant led them down a creaking stairway. The sole occupant of the dwelling was a dead German who stared in wide-eyed indignation at the intrusion. In a room on the far side of the building they found a jagged hole that had once been a window. The officer thrust his head through and looked out. He saw no signs of hostile troops.

"Look here, men," he said, "we'll crawl through one at a time. Keep this building between you and the Germans as much as possible. Cross the yard and when you get to the corner of the next house wait there. If you go any farther you are certain to be spotted. When we're all assembled we'll make a rush for Captain Garfield's. But if you hear me yell it will mean that we have been discovered. Then those of you who are waiting there bust out and run like hell. Does everyone understand? Good! Johnson, you go first."

Ballard watched the soldier scramble through the opening and sprint across the yard. He reached the wall of the other house and crouched down beside it. Another man followed, and a third.

"This is working out better than I expected," gloated the lieutenant. "Our Teutonic friends in the other house will be disagreeably surprised."

It reminded Ballard of taking passengers off a sinking ship one at a time in a breeches buoy. At last only he and the lieutenant remained.

"Runner, I'd almost forgotten you. Maybe you'll have a chance to deliver our message to Captain Garfield yet. Scoot through now and I'll follow."

Ballard was surprised to find how unsteady his legs were. They were dead weights trembling beneath him as he ran toward the small cluster of doughboys. The lieutenant had almost overtaken him by the time he reached the rendezvous.

"Now, are you all ready to make a break for it? They can't help but see us the minute we hit the street. They'll open up with everything they've got, but keep on going. Don't stop to pick up any wounded; we'll try to get them later. Don't do anything but hightail for Garfield's outfit. Ready! Here we go!"

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As one man they leaped forward into the street and the Germans saw them before they had gone ten feet. A machine gun cracked harshly and a volley of rifles cracked out. Bullets screamed over the heads of the fleeing men and little fountains of mud spurted up about their feet. One man died without knowing what hit him. Another slumped to his knees and pitched forward on his face in the slime. Two of his comrades halted and knelt by his side in the leaden rain. They made a chair for him with their hands and moved forward slowly, bearing the bleeding burden between them.

"That's the trouble with this damn outfit," grumbled the lieutenant, not unproudly; "no discipline. They never do what they're told."

It wasn't quite a hundred yards, but to Ballard it appeared as many miles. His legs were tottering and his breath came in broken, painful sobs. The others had out-distanced him and he lagged far behind. It seemed as if he had been running through that machine gun barrage for hours. At last, gasping for breath, he staggered into the house that sheltered Captain Garfield. Friendly hands grasped him at the doorway and pulled him inside. Choking for breath he leaned against the wall.

"Any hope for relief, Captain?" he heard the lieutenant ask.

"Some, Winfield. I sent a man back to report our situation. If he got through they should send support. If he didn't get through—well, all our wives will be widows, that's all. Incidentally, how many men did you bring with you?"

"Nine counting myself," replied the lieutenant. "And, by the way, a runner. I think he's got a message for you."

Ballard heard a deep voice call "Runner!"

He wiped the red haze from his eyes and answered mechanically. Looking up he saw a short, thickset man standing before him. He was clad as any other doughboy except, if possible, he was more ragged and muddy than the rest. Beneath his helmet straggled locks of iron-gray hair. The eyes were like steel and set deep in his head. He spoke decisively:

"I'm Captain Garfield, commanding B Company. Have you a message for me?"

"Yes, sir; it's from Division and I was told to give it to you and nobody else. I've had a hell of a time find you, sir."

"You look it," smiled the captain. "You did damn fine work, my lad, and I'll see that you're not forgotten."

Ballard reached for the message. His face paled and his heart choked up in his throat. Weakly he slumped back against the wall.

"What's the matter?" questioned the captain.

"I . . . er . . . The message."

"Yes?"

"I lost it, sir."

"Lost it!"

"Yes, sir. I had it in my slicker pocket and a big Hun grabbed me by the throat and tore the slicker off me. It's in that house where we were."

Captain Garfield had been too long in service not to realize that the runner could hardly be blamed. There are rare times

when failure is excusable, and to Garfield with his sense of justice, this seemed one of those times. Ballard looked so dejected as he swayed there limply, muddy and tattered, with his face bleeding and deep, red finger marks on his throat, that a wave of pity swept over the captain.

"Never mind, my boy," he said kindly. "You did the best you could and that's all we can ask from anyone."

Ballard's teeth clamped over his lips in the effort to stifle a sob. If the captain had cursed him, struck him, had done anything he could have stood it stoically; but the unlooked for sympathy unnerved him completely. His military career had been spotted with but few instances of this kind. A wave of shame swept over him and he sensed the tense atmosphere of scorn. Negligence had no place in the scheme of things at the front. Battles had been lost through less important errors than failure to deliver dispatches to the proper person. What if it contained vital information, valuable to the enemy? Ballard keenly felt his disgrace and he was ready to do anything to make restitution. An idea suddenly struck him. The house was no doubt abandoned by now, it was of no strategic value to the Germans. They may have overlooked the envelope in the torn slicker. Perhaps he could sprint over there and retrieve it. Only a hundred yards separated the two houses. A hundred yards! What difference did it make if it were a hundred miles? He had to do something. Almost before he knew it he was out of the house and in the street. He heard someone cry, "Stop that fool!" but it was too late.



WITH head bent low he was running as fast as his weary legs could carry him. Ten yards, fifteen, twenty. His stomach revolted from the lack of food and he sucked his breath painfully between his clenched teeth. Then suddenly a rifle cracked. Ballard could hear the bullet zip close to his ear. A fusillade of rifles ripped out and a machine gun opened up. He drew his head down between his shoulders and continued running.

He was growing weaker and weaker at every step. Each one was an agonizing effort, but his goal was only thirty yards away now. A bullet splashed through his sleeve, searing his arm. Another tugged at the skirt of his blouse.

He won to the doorway and the Germans cut lose with everything they had. The air was alive with snarling slugs. There was no time to reconnoiter. The place might be alive with Germans but he could not stand outside and wonder. Jerking his forty-five from its holster he leaped into the room.

There were three gray-clad men in there, busily engaged in registering the names of their comrades who had fallen in the assault. They spun about when Ballard plunged in on them. One reached for a rifle and the Yank shot him before his fingers closed on the stock. Brandishing trench knives the others leaped forward. Three times Ballard's finger pressed the trigger and the Germans toppled to the floor. He glanced wildly about him. He was alone, alone with the dead.

The runner's blood-shot eyes rested on the remnants of his slicker lying in a corner. Rushing to it he snatched the message from the pocket and hurriedly thrust it in his blouse. Then he paused, undecided. The firing outside had increased to a positive drone. It was coming from both ends of town. Garfield's outfit was evidently covering his movement as best they could.

"I'll have to go the way we went before," he said to himself. "If there's any more Krauts in this house they'd of showed up when I fired this smoke wagon."

Avoiding the bodies he mounted the stairs, went to the back room and crawled out the window. The ten-foot leap to the adjoining house looked terribly wide this time. He just managed to make it. He dropped heavily through the trap door and descended the stairs. He dragged himself through the jagged hole and crossed the yard. In the shelter of the wall he paused to catch his breath. He hoped the Germans would be watching the other door and he might avoid their detection entirely.

"Lord," he mumbled to himself, "Garfield's outfit is sure burning up ammunition."

He slipped into the street and began running again. The Americans had left the house and were coming forward to meet him. He hadn't realized there were so many. They seemed strung out in a formidable skirmish line and were advancing grim and business-like. Then the truth came to him in a flash. This was the hoped-for support. The siege was raised and the beleaguered doughboys saved. He looked toward his goal. There stood Captain Garfield beckoning him from the doorway. He staggered on.

The captain himself help support his half-conscious body to a keg. He wilted down on it and leaned against the wall.

"Boy, I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for you life," the captain said.

"Runners don't rate a dime a dozen anyhow," Ballard answered weakly, "an' when they can't carry a message without losing it they ain't worth that. But here it is," and he triumphantly fished the soiled envelope from his blouse.

The captain tore it open and quickly scanned the contents. His steel eyes flashed fire and his lips curled back in an angry scowl.

"Why damn their lousy souls," he roared. "The dirty, no-good scum."

"Any answer, sir?" asked Private Ballard professionally.

"You damned well right there's an answer, and I'm going to deliver it myself." The words tumbled passionately from his tight pressed lips. "Son," he continued, "do you know what they made you risk your life to bring—this message?"

Ballard shook his head.

"Well, listen to this:" The captain skipped over the official "From, To, and Subject" heading and began with the body of the message.

"Division Quartermaster requires immediate report on disposition of fourteen surplus condiment cans, government issue, reported by your company on May 13, 1917."

Private Ballard choked, "Well I'll be damned!" was all he could think to say.

## AUGUSTA MARINES

(Continued from page 5)

built, and the capital changed. Incidentally, one finds Melbourne a very cosmopolitan city that is modern and has really wide streets. Most of the Marines were soon well established for the two weeks' stay and were discussing mutual friends by their first names, relating incidents that were daily occurring and having a wonderful time in general. Here it was, we discovered, that one of our group had parted with a diamond ring while in Sydney, but that his love was not lasting. Maybe it was because of the season of year in the southern hemisphere, when a young man's thoughts, as also in the northern hemisphere during the months of spring, lightly turn to thoughts of monkey business. For lo and behold he had succumbed again in Melbourne!

Melbourne is a city of a million, and the life of the place centers in the homes. These homes became ours and we were welcomed there when we were practically certain that we had worn out our Australian welcome ticket. I do not know how they received their impression, but the Melbourne host believed that when an American hoisted the cup it was always a case of "bottoms up" at every h'ist. It was slightly embarrassing at times to some of us temperance crusaders.

Several of the boys enjoyed very pleasant times in the theatres. "White Horse Inn," all-Australian musical show (and some good-looking in that chorus, too) was still going strong; "The Wind and the Rain," a stage production that has played in New York, was another feature of the evening entertainment—all open daily with limited number of free passes for the crew of the *Augusta*. "Pancho Villa," "Come on Marines" and several other well-known cinematic productions were also free to the crew for the asking in the Exec's office each day. In the many parks and botanical gardens, at St. Kilda's Beach and amusement center, Yarra Lake, and the many Centenary program shows, the Wirths' Circus, All-Australian Exhibition, Horticultural Exhibition, Wild Australian Stampede and the Stadium for boxing and wrestling programs—any man could find a full afternoon and evening's entertainment. Corporals Thompson and Walker made the Trafalgon trip, a full-day excursion into Gippsland, one of



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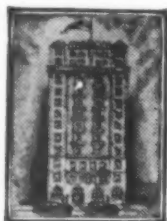
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the dairying localities within a hundred-mile radius of Melbourne, and reported in return that Australian men in that area were certainly bears for punishment as they had witnessed an all-afternoon woodchopping contest that wearied one's biceps just to stand near. The younger men went in for bicycle racing in this rural town and on this day championship contests showed forth some excellent material. We don't wonder at the remarkable bravery and fortitude of the Anzacs in the World War when seeing Australian manhood go in for sports as these fellows did. Sgt. A. J. Eden and Cpl. J. H. Jackson went fishing, so they said, but came back with sunburn. And Pfc. J. B. Cox went on a kangaroo hunt, returning with photographs to prove it. Sgt. M. R. Pilcher took a leave; we will ask him about it at the psychological moment and let you know what happened.

We left Melbourne at 0600, 13th of November, and even at that hour there were a couple of hundred people at the pier to see us off. It was a great visit and one that will be long remembered.

### Perth

THE five-day voyage from Melbourne to Perth was greatly varied, as the first day was very rough; the next three days the ship was performing gyrations and the last day, which was in the Indian Ocean, we sailed through glassy water. Our entrance into the harbor of Fremantle was on a Sunday morning and we were very agreeably surprised to find such an excellent, modern breakwater and dock. We had received rather deprecatory accounts of Fremantle and Perth while in Sydney and Melbourne.

Many people were at the docks to see the ship tie up and that afternoon a couple of thousand visitors came aboard.

Fremantle is the harbor town of the area around Perth and is a thriving district with its life centering around shipping. Inland one finds, ten miles distant, the city of Perth on the banks of the river Swan. Perth is a city attractively laid out with many edifices of modern lines in its downtown business district. The beautiful and spacious park areas were visited by members of the crew of the *Augusta* and Cottesloe beach, the most expensively equipped place of its kind in western Australia, received an added bit of color as the Yankee sailors and Marines strolled over its bounds. We were in Fremantle but two days so the populace had a very small opportunity to meet the Americans.

There are about eighty men of the Australian Artillery stationed at Fremantle and Marines of the *Augusta* were given an invitation to spend as much of their time as they wished at the barracks. It was also whispered that the taps in their canteen were not turned off until 2130 and so several of the *Augusta* Gyrenes left the ship with the declaration that they would visit the artillerymen in

search of hat emblems to supplement the collections accumulated in eastern Australia.

As we left Fremantle we realized that we were leaving Australia and many of us felt as though we had been home to America and were starting out, once again, for foreign shore duty. In Australia we had found "home folks," that is, people with our own language, color, ideas and the ambition that has made America what it is, and we had made many contacts that will last for years.

The first day out of Fremantle we changed from blue uniforms to khaki and it seemed as though it were getting warmer by the minute. During our six days of steaming to Batavia we were favored with one of those seldom seen freaks of nature—a green sunset. You have never seen one? Well, neither had your correspondent, but—"Tell It to the Marines."

### Java

ON the way to Batavia our encyclopedia informed us that Java, an island about 200 miles long, was the most thickly populated place in the world, having an average of 381 people to the square mile. Here over forty million natives live, not counting the Chinese, Arabs, Netherlands and others. We also learned that a great deal of rubber, coffee, tea, sugar cane and tropical fruits were grown here.

The island is very mountainous and is noted for its several remarkable bamboo bridges.

Our arrival in the harbor of Tandjoeng Priok was early Sunday morning, so naturally it was rather a quiet one. Now here is something for Marine oddities—the Marine Guard of the *Augusta* presented arms as the colors were raised at 0830, Sunday, 25 November, 1934. The clock was set ahead at 0800 so eight bells were struck, followed by one bell, and colors were sounded.

The next day, Monday, honors were rendered and official calls made; and all the time it kept getting hotter.

Tandjoeng Priok, the harbor district, has all the facilities for handling any commercial traffic and there seems to be a continuous line of steamers entering and leaving the port. Here is located the Netherlands' Zeemanshuis (Seaman's Institute) which rated A-1 with Augustans. The management kindly exchanged our money for us without cost, stamps were sold for our convenience, and new ash trays were placed on the tables as soon as the old ones were borrowed as souvenirs. Priok boasted of a good swimming pool which was well patronized by the men from the *Augusta*. Kemajoran, or old Batavia, is the place of real interest. Here are the old government buildings, forts, statues, arches and markets. The fish market is government-owned and disposes by auction all fish caught by natives, five per cent of the proceeds being retained for operation costs. The noise of the fish market is paralleled only by the offensive odor.

One of the things of interest in Kemajoran is the old cannon. It is the belief of the natives that when this old twelve-foot bronze cannon unites with a similar cannon at the Eastern end of the island the Dutch will be driven from the island and native rule will again hold sway.

The pawn shops are also government-owned in Java and there are several large ones in Kemajoran which seem to do a thriving business.

Weltevreden, the new city, is composed almost entirely of homes and churches and

THE LEATHERNECK

is the main foreign residential district. In planning the city much care has been given to large lots for homes and plenty of park space.

Batavia is typically tropical and it was hardly new to the men of the *Augusta*. Each area recalled another that is frequently visited, so it was with a great deal of interest that we started for Bali.

#### Bali

WE were surprised to find that Bali was all that tourists' bureaus claimed for it, an island of unspoiled splendor. Peopled by a happy, hard-working race, the island is a veritable garden spot, with its tropical vegetation as well as cultivated areas.

Bali is about eighty miles in length and width, and the greater proportion of its area is covered with peaks. On the sides of the peaks and foothills are seen the terraced rice gardens and vegetable plots. Each small plot has its thatched resting place where the natives spend the warmest hour of the day. The *Augusta* anchored at Labuan Amok, which is about the center of the southern coast. This area is not visited by the large tourist ships and the natives have not yet gained the sophisticated airs that are paraded by their northern brothers. Located as we were, close to the palm-encrusted shores, it was not a very difficult task to encourage the desire to roam and the hills and dales, for kilometers around the dock, gave evidence of the white and khaki-clad figures.

The more adventurous took automobile trips throughout the island, visiting the larger towns, the imperial tombs, the Rajah's Palace and the thousand and one temples that cover the islands. Bali can boast of a unique style of architecture and sculpture. The souvenir shops of the island did a thriving business in native knives, wooden carvings and the native headdress, which greatly resembles a bandana handkerchief.

The thing most noted in Bali was the beauty of the native women. Statuesque in body, and with a carriage which would be the envy of any glorified Ziegfeld beauty, their faces were of such a healthy oval and so golden-tanned that it made their pearly teeth shine when they favored one with a smile.

#### Makassar, Celebes

IT seemed as though we had just stepped next door when we arrived in Makassar, Celebes, Dutch East Indies. The difference was that of leaving a first class hotel and stepping into a 25-cent bunk house. The Celebes are rather a rich group of islands containing quite a bit of undeveloped oil and mineral deposits in the interior. The coast is mostly of coral formation and the navigator's map showed a mass of closely grouped figures.

Makassar is a real clean town having a very large percentage of Netherlanders and Chinese as residents. The city is an old one with very large areas devoted to parks and whatever the natives call plazas. Of course, we found several places where good, cold beer could be procured and the bicycle shops did a rushing business. The ship formed a water polo team for which the Marine detachment furnished two members and invaded the shore area to be disastrously defeated by a team of water babies who never miss a day of the year playing at the game. The way these lads played it seemed it was the national sport down in Makassar. The visit was a delightful one but we were all glad to get to sea again and be headed for Sandakan, British North Borneo.

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The flagship came to anchor in the harbor of Sandakan, under the British flag, on 14 December. The canteen for beer, post-office for stamps, hotel for souvenir suitcase labels and stationery, and the main drug store for postcards were the principal places visited in Borneo. No one saw the wild man but "Jeeber" Cox is said to have seen some specimens of native life that came close to the original. We were here two days, setting course for Zamboanga, island of Mindanao, Philippine Islands, on 16 December.

#### Zamboanga

ZAMBOANGA, where Uncle Sam once maintained quite a force of his regular army, but where now two companies of native doughboys, one Filipino detachment and one Moro, garrison Pettit Barracks, was reached the following day. The uniform of the Philippine Scouts, similar to that of the American regular army soldier, was in evidence on the streets and some of the Marines aboard went ashore and exchanged friendly greetings with these brown-skinned professional soldiers serving under the Stars and Stripes. Again the postcard shops and postoffice caught plenty and not a few of the boys from the ship boarded bikes for Pasonanca and the swimming pool, six kilometers on the highway. Two days later we were again enroute—to Iloilo.

#### Iloilo

ON the morning of 20 December the *Augusta* dropped anchor in the harbor of Iloilo, another one of those southern Philippine cities responsible for one of the many ditties sung by Uncle Sam's men in uniform far away from home. We were warned emphatically before liberty call blew that much in Iloilo was not to be desired and so the boys went ashore with a tight grip on their purses. With Manila only two days away the tight grip was held and thus one of the smallest of sums expended ashore was estimated for this place by detachment authorities who watched and estimated.

We were underway 0630 bright and early the 21st of December on the last leg of the Australian cruise, all feeling fit and ready for Manila. Came the dawn and on the 22nd the *Augusta* welcomed the sight of the Cavite radio towers, then the breakwater, then the Manila hotel and Legaspi landing; and Stateside mail came alongside a few hours later. We were over the thousands of miles of Australian cruise, all Shellbacks and not a few still suffering from the darts of Dan Cupid that hit all 5's in Sydney, Melbourne and Perth; and our seabags and lockers chucked to the brim with souvenirs from the East Indies.

Thus cometh to an end this chronicle of a pleasant cruise.



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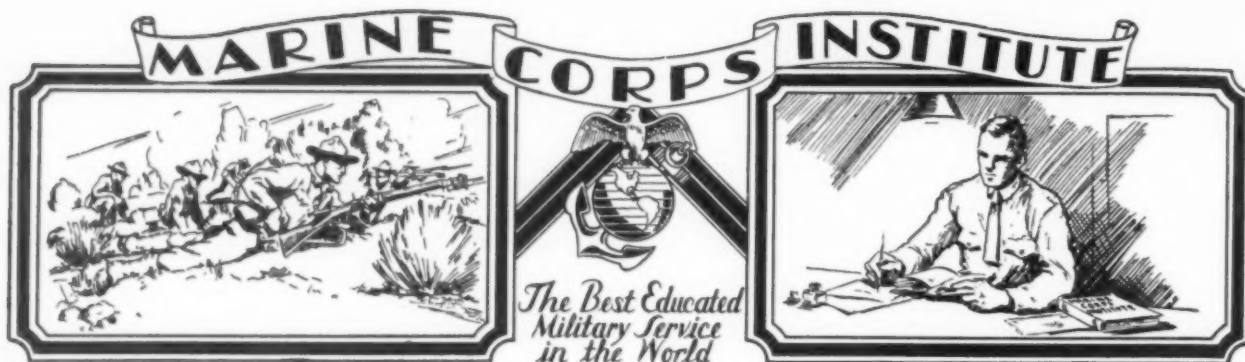
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Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Station \_\_\_\_\_

# THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on December 31	17,157
<b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—December 31</b>	1,173
Separations during January	7
Appointments during January	1,166
Total Strength on January 31	1,167
<b>ENLISTED—Total Strength on December 31</b>	15,984
Separations during January	394
Joinings during January	15,680
Total Strength on January 31	16,034
Total Strength Marine Corps January 31	17,201



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.  
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Harry Lee.  
Brig. Gen. Richard P. Williams.  
Col. Robt. L. Denig.  
Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin.  
Major Benjamin W. Gally.  
Capt. Will H. Lee.

### Officers last to make numbers in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles C. Breckinridge.  
Brig. Gen. Thomas Holcomb.  
Col. Charles F. B. Price.  
Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse.  
Major Lewis B. Reagan.  
Capt. John E. Curry.  
1st Lt. James H. Brower.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JANUARY 11, 1935.

Colonel Holland M. Smith, on 28 January detached MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to Hdqs. Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., with authority to delay in reporting until 1 March. Detailed AA&I, effective 1 March.

Lt. Col. Francis T. Evans, when directed by CG, FMF, detached Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Wash., D. C.

Lt. Col. William C. Wise, Jr., AA&I, Detail as AA&I revoked, effective 15 March. JANUARY 14, 1935.

Major Charles N. Muldrow, orders from 4th Marines to Dept. of the Pacific modified to proceed to Norfolk, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 February, on arrival to proceed Naval Prison, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., for duty.

1st Lt. Albert F. Moe, orders from 4th Marines to Dept. of the Pacific modified to proceed to Norfolk, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 February, on arrival to proceed MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., for duty.

1st Lt. James E. Kerr, orders from 4th Marines to Dept. of the Pacific modified to proceed to Norfolk, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 February, on arrival to proceed MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., for duty.

1st Lt. Merlin F. Schneider, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., about 8 February, to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 February.

1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel, detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., about 7 February, to MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, Calif., on 12 February.

ChfPayCk. William H. May, on discharge treatment Naval Hospital, Wash., D. C., detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. JANUARY 16, 1935.

Major Joseph I. Nettekoven, relieved from duty as Post Property Officer, MCB, NOB,

(Continued on page 60)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JANUARY 2, 1935.

Cpl. Wade H. Gullledge—Pearl Harbor to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. Fitzhugh L. Childress—FMF, Quantico, to P. I.

JANUARY 3, 1935.

Cpl. Winfrey A. Brasher—Quantico to Shanghai.

Sgt. Sgt. Marcus J. Coutts—WC to Quantico.

JANUARY 4, 1935.

Sgt. Estus Blount—Boston to Quantico FMF.

JANUARY 5, 1935.

Sgt. Sgt. Hubert H. Dunlap—Norfolk to Quantico FMF.

Sgt. Wm. E. Connolly—Dover to Norfolk.

Cpl. Harlan Austill—Charleston, S. C., to Coco Solo.

JANUARY 7, 1935.

Sgt. John O'Connor—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Robt. G. Straine—FMF, Quantico, to FMF, San Diego.

Sgt. Ernest E. Fritts—Norfolk to Asiatic.

Cpl. Victor H. Barry—Norfolk to New York.

Cpl. Ernest E. Jones—WC to P. I. JANUARY 8, 1935.

Cpl. Earl D. McConaughy—FMF, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.

Cpl. Albery S. Hammack—FMF, San Diego, to MCB, San Diego.

1st Sgt. Lee Moberly—USS "Portland" to San Diego.

JANUARY 9, 1935.

Cpl. Claude T. Rhodes—Norfolk to Asiatic.

Cpl. Bazyl Byra—MB, Washington, to USNH, Wash.

JANUARY 10, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. John Murawski—FMF to MB, Quantico.

JANUARY 11, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. Geo. C. Brooks—Quantico to USS "Trenton."

JANUARY 14, 1935.

Sgt. Jos. M. Broderick—Quantico to USS "Trenton."

1st Sgt. Thos. F. Dowd—WC to Quantico.

Cpl. Chas. E. Brown—WC to WRD.

Cpl. Alton J. Moore—P. I. to San Diego. JANUARY 15, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. W. Emery—Aircraft Two to Aircraft One, FMF.

Cpl. Wm. C. Jones—Aircraft Two to Aircraft One, FMF.

Cpl. Edward C. Hofer—FMF, Quantico to Aircraft 2, FMF, San Diego.

JANUARY 16, 1935.

Cpl. James V. Snyder—WC to NYd, Wash.

Cpl. Lawrence Neely—Norfolk to USS "Ranger."

Cpl. Frank E. Knight—WC to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Walter R. Army—New York to Mare Island.

Sgt. Alfred Skowronek—MB, Wash., to Coco Solo.

Sgt. Joshua Kelly—New York to Norfolk.

Sgt. Ellis Williams—WC to Quantico. JANUARY 17, 1935.

Sgt. John M. Ely, Jr.—Dover to Portsmouth, N. H.

JANUARY 19, 1935.

Cpl. Vincent J. Odziejewski—FMF, Quantico, to Guantanamo.

(Continued on page 61)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

DUENSING, Laurence A., 2-8-35, at Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

STABLER, James E., 2-10-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Marine Corps.

FELS, Thomas W., 1-17-35, at Sunnyvale for MCB, San Diego.

STOWELL, Samuel O., 2-2-35, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

GILSTRAP, Orval C., 2-7-35, at Quantico for MCS Det., Quantico.

KIUMMEL, Lloyd A., 2-1-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

HOBKIRK, William A., 2-6-35, at Quantico for PSBn., Quantico.

SMITH, William W., 2-5-35, at New York for Rec. Ship, New York.

CANTWELL, Michael J., 2-5-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, Yorktown, Va.

SHERLOCK, Mike, 2-1-35, at Chicago for CRD, Chicago.

BLACKMON, Cliff, 1-31-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

BLESSING, Ralph M., 2-5-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd., Portsmouth, Va.

BOOKHART, Brunson A., 2-5-35, at Boston for MB, Boston.

SCHUCRAFT, Joseph F., 2-5-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.

WILNER, Sam, 2-5-35, at Portsmouth, N. H., for MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

DILLON, John H., 2-5-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Marine Corps.

FOWLER, William D., 2-4-35, at Baltimore for MB, Quantico.

ELY, John M., Jr., 2-2-35, at Dover, N. J., for MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

ENGLAND, Robert H., 2-3-35, at Washington, D. C., for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

LYNCH, Merle M., 1-29-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PERRY, Emerson D., 1-29-35, USS "Arkansas" for USS "Arkansas."

WILBUR, Ralph E. A., 2-4-35, at Norfolk, Va., for MB, Norfolk, Va.

HARRIS, James K., 1-28-35, at Portland for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.

JONES, Daniel F., Jr., 1-29-35, at San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.

KELLAR, James R., 1-29-35, at Mare Island for NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

KELLY, Thomas O., 1-27-35, Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound, Wash.

MATTIE, Joseph C., 1-26-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

RITCHIE, Dayton S., 2-1-35, at Philadelphia for Asiatic Station.

HIMES, Leslie A., 1-30-35, at Chicago for CRD, Chicago.

PERRY, Jesse C., 1-29-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.

KOLINSKY, Joseph G., 1-16-35, at Pearl Harbor for MB, Pearl Harbor.

O'CONNOR, Other, 1-24-35, USS "New York" for USS "New York."

SNIDER, Francis G., 1-25-35, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

SULLIVAN, Frank J., 1-24-35, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

MASSENGALE, James E., 1-30-35, at Charleston, S. C., for MB, Charleston, S. C.

STUTZ, Robert, 1-30-35, at Quantico for Barracks Detachment, Quantico.

DISTIFANO, Mariano J., 1-29-35, at New York for MB, Quantico.

(Continued on page 61)

# U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 59)

San Diego, Calif., and assigned to duty with 2nd Bn., 10th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, effective about 12 February. Detail as Assistant Quartermaster revoked, effective 15 February.

Captain Frank S. Black, on 11 January detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Edgar O. Price, on 25 January detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego.

1st Lt. Earl S. Piper, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools, to report not later than 25 January.

ChfPayCk. Judson T. Armstrong, detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, 12 February. Authorized to proceed overland at own expense.

JANUARY 18, 1935.

1st Lt. Samuel G. Taxis, detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., and ordered to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than 6 February for duty and instruction as student naval aviator.

MarGnr. Ira Brock, on acceptance of appointment as Marine Gunner, assigned to duty with Aircraft One, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

JANUARY 23, 1935.

Colonel Benjamin S. Berry, on 10 March, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered to duty as Officer in Charge, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif. Delay reporting until 1 April.

Lt. Col. Alphonse DeCarre, on 5 February detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox, on arrival Seattle, Wash., from Shanghai, China, 5 February, assigned to duty at MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Major George H. Morse, about 3 February detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Dean Kalbfleisch, on 31 January relieved from duty with 19th Reserve Marines, New York, N. Y., and assigned to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 1st Bn., U.S. MCB, N. Y., New York, N. Y.; 3rd Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J., and 4th Bn., FMCR, Newark, N. J., effective 1 February. Captain Thomas F. Joyce, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Homer L. Litzenberg, Jr., on 31 January relieved from duty with 3rd Bn., 19th Reserve Marines, Philadelphia, Pa., and assigned to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 6th Bn., FMCR, Philadelphia, Pa.

JANUARY 26, 1935.

Major Edward L. Burwell, Jr., Died 25 January, 1935.

1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty, on arrival San Francisco, Calif., from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Robert H. Williams, about 1 March detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Arthur H. Butler, about 15 February detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Diego 18 February.

PayCk. John H. Rath, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, Va., about 1 March.

JANUARY 29, 1935.

Captain Ralph R. Robinson, on 10 February detached Hdqs., Dept. of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to 6th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 15 February.

Captain Francis I. Fenton, about 10 February detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to 6th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 15 February.

Captain Clinton W. McLeod, on 1 February detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Herman H. Hanneken, about 10 February detached MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., to 6th Marines, FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to report not later than 15 February.

Captain Frederick C. Biebusch, orders modified, detached MD, USS "West Virginia" on arrival that ship at Puget Sound, to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Washington.

1st Lt. Saville T. Clark, on arrival San Francisco from MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.,

assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Lee N. Utz, on arrival San Francisco from 4th Marines, Shanghai, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Keith R. Willard, Died 28 January, 1935.

2nd Lt. Claude I. Boles, on arrival San Francisco from USS "Augusta" assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif. JANUARY 30, 1935.

Captain Lemuel A. Haslup, orders 7 Dec. detaching this officer from MB, NYd, Wash., D. C., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., modified, on expiration delay ordered to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., via USS "Chaumont," sailing San Francisco, 12 February, 1935.

FEBRUARY 2, 1935.

Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox, about 8 February detached MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., and ordered home to await retirement.

Major Graves B. Erskine, on reporting to CMC, Asiatic Fleet, assigned to duty with MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, detached MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered home to await retirement.

Captain Sherman L. Zea, orders detaching this officer from 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific, revoked. FEBRUARY 7, 1935.

Lt. Col. Julian P. Wilcox, retired as of 1 June, 1935.

Captain Alfred Dickerson, detached MB,

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NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and ordered home. Retired as of 1 April.

Captain David R. Nimmer, detached from duty Moscow, USSR, and ordered to Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Captain Harold E. Rosecrans, on 2 March detached 5th Bn., FMCR, Wash., D. C., to MD, USS "Portland." Authorized delay in reporting until 1 April.

1st Lt. Thomas B. Jordan, on reporting of relief, about 1 April, detached MD, USS "Portland," to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

1st Lt. John R. Lanigan, about 21 February detached MB, Wash., D. C., to Asiatic Station, via "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 1 March, and SS "President Hayes," sailing San Francisco 12 April.

1st Lt. Joseph C. Burger, on 15 February detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station, via "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 1 March, and SS "President Hayes," sailing San Francisco, 12 April. Authorized delay reporting CO, "Henderson" at Norfolk until 28 February.

1st Lt. Shelton C. Zern, on 21 February detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk 1 March.

1st Lt. John D. Blanchard, on 15 March detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MD, RR, Cape May, N. J. Authorized delay reporting until 15 April.

ChfQmCk. Roscoe Ellis, on or about 21 February detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, 1 March, and SS "President Hayes," sailing San Francisco, 12 April.

ChfQmCk. William R. Affleck, on or about 21 February detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I., via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, 1 March.

ChfMartnr. Frank O. Lundt, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

ChfMartnr. John J. Andrews, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Dept. of the Pacific.

FEBRUARY 8, 1935.

Colonel Walter E. Noa, AQM, detached Hdqs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., and ordered home. Retired on 1 April.

Major John L. Doxey, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.

Captain Edward B. Moore, detached MD, RS, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., and ordered home. Retired on 1 April.

Captain Chaplain G. Hicks, retired on 1 June.

1st Lt. Roy W. Conkey, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., and ordered home. Retired on 1 March.

1st Lt. Tilghman H. Saunders, about 29 February detached MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Asiatic Station, via USS "Vega," sailing from Norfolk on 9 March, and SS "President Hayes," from San Francisco on 12 April. Authorized to delay in reporting to CO, USS "Vega," until 8 March.

1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, about 2 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USS "Vega," sailing from Norfolk on 9 March.

1st Lt. George H. Bellinger, about 2 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USS "Vega," sailing from Norfolk on 9 March.

1st Lt. Homer L. Litzenberg, Jr., detached 6th Bn., FMCR, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NS, Guam, via USAT "Grant," sailing from San Francisco 26 February. Authorized to delay enroute to San Francisco until 25 February.

2nd Lt. Louis C. Plain, when directed by CG, Dept. of the Pacific, about 20 February, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NS, Guam, via USAT "Grant," sailing from San Francisco 26 February.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via first available steamer sailing from Los Angeles.

FEBRUARY 9, 1935.

Maj. William H. Harrison, assigned to additional duty as Inspector-Instructor, 6th Bn., FMCR, Phila., Pa.

Capt. Augustus T. Lewis, on or about 21 Feb., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via USS "Henderson," scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., 1 March.

1st Lt. Frank J. Uhlig, on or about 2 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., via USS "Vega," sailing Norfolk, Va., on 8 March.

1st Lt. Samuel K. Bird, on or about 2 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash., via USS "Vega," sailing Norfolk, Va., on 8 March.

1st Lt. Max W. Schaeffer, on or about 2 March detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via USS "Vega," sailing Norfolk, Va., on 8 March.

FEBRUARY 13, 1935.

Capt. Charles C. Brown, on 21 Feb. detached Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to Office Naval Attache, Peiping, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing from Norfolk, Va., 1 March and SS "President Cleveland," sailing San Francisco, 5 April.

1st Lt. Walker A. Reeves, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., about 1 March and ordered duty MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

1st Lt. George R. Weeks, on 20 March detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MD, USS "Idaho."

1st Lt. David K. Claude, on reporting of relief, about 25 March, detached MD, USS "Idaho" to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Francis B. Loomis, when directed by C in C, Asiatic Fleet, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Lewis R. Tyler, when directed by C in C, Asiatic Fleet, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.

1st Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, when directed by C in C, Asiatic Fleet, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of the Pacific.

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## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 59)

Cpl. Mark W. Carmen—Guantanamo to FMF, Quantico.  
**JANUARY 21, 1935.**  
 Sgt. William T. Taylor—WC to Quantico.  
 Cpl. Jos. F. Patrick—Boston to Coco Solo.  
 1st Sgt. Leon Freda—P. I. to Peiping.  
 Cpl. Dayton S. Ritchie—Philadelphia to Asiatic.  
**JANUARY 22, 1935.**  
 Gy-Sgt. Robt. Stutz—Quantico to FMF.  
 1st Sgt. Claude Wright—San Diego to Samoa.  
**JANUARY 23, 1935.**  
 Sft. Sgt. Donald W. Swanson—Norfolk to APM, San Francisco.  
**JANUARY 24, 1935.**  
 PM. Sgt. Wm. E. Mitchell—Quantico to Shanghai.  
 PM. Sgt. Vernice S. Calvert—Shanghai to EC.  
 Sgt. Frank L. Howell—WC to Quantico.  
 Sgt. Raymond W. Wilkins—WC to New York.  
**JANUARY 25, 1935.**  
 Cpl. James D. Newman—P. I. to New York.  
 Cpl. Wm. C. Moore—Ft. Mifflin to Coco Solo.  
 Sgt. Jess C. Gregg—Norfolk to Boston.  
**JANUARY 26, 1935.**  
 Cpl. Robt. H. England—NYd, Wash., to Asiatic.  
**JANUARY 28, 1935.**  
 Sgt. John T. Lawrence—WC to Peiping.  
 1st Sgt. Wm. Carleton—Quantico to Iona Island.  
**JANUARY 29, 1935.**  
 Cpl. Arthur Vitale—New York to Boston.  
 Cpl. Joe B. Limerick—Quantico to MB, Wash.  
**JANUARY 30, 1935.**  
 Cpl. Dewey C. Moore—FMF to P. I.  
 Sgt. Jos. Mapleson—Guam to EC.  
 Cpl. Osborne P. Connell—Norfolk to Philadelphia MTS.  
**JANUARY 31, 1935.**  
 Cpl. Robert H. Morris—USS, "Trenton" to Charleston.

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 59)

BEATTY, William H., 1-28-35, at Savannah for MB, Washington, D. C.  
 WHITE, Willie A., 1-26-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.  
 WILLINGHAM, Alvan C., 1-26-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, FMF, Quantico.  
 PRICE, Leonard C., 1-25-35, at Savannah for MB, Parris Island.  
 FORMAN, Carlton J., 1-27-34, at Peiping for Hdqs., Peiping, China.  
 HOPP, Gordon, 1-21-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.  
 KENNEDY, Frank E., 1-24-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.  
 MARTIN, Dale W., 1-21-35, at Puget Sound for Pearl Harbor.  
 OWENS, Thomas J., 1-26-35, at New York for MB, NYd, New York.  
 STOOPS, Joseph L., 1-22-35, at Guantanamo for NS, Guantanamo Bay.  
 LEGAULT, Clarence J., 1-25-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 MALTZ, Albert P., 1-25-35, at Quantico for MCS Detach., Quantico.  
 WORMAN, Kingsley E., 1-24-35, at Pensacola for MB, NAS, Pensacola.  
 MOONEYHAM, Gifford V., 1-19-35, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.  
 HAYES, Patrick A., 1-24-35, at New York for MB, NYd, New York.  
 OVERMAN, Stanley H., 1-24-35, at Norfolk for MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.  
 SADLER, Raymond J., 1-18-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.  
 HODGES, Joseph McK., 1-24-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
 VAIL, Earl F., 1-23-35, at New York for Cavite.  
 ALLISON, Edward T., 1-21-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.  
 HOFFMAN, Oris O., 1-21-35, at Savannah for MB, Charleston, S. C.  
 MCCONAHY, James H., 1-23-35, at Quantico for Barracks Detachment, Quantico.  
 PRICE, Arthur C., 1-22-35, at Pittsburgh for MB, NYd, New York.

SAMSON, Max, 1-17-35, at San Diego for NAS, San Diego.  
 BURNS, Thomas J., 1-21-35, at Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.  
 LEVINS, Ralph P., 1-22-35, at Quantico for Barracks Detachment, Quantico.  
 LAROCK, Sherwood H., 1-22-35, at Quantico for MB, Charleston, S. C.  
 HANSON, Olie C., 1-22-35, at Charleston, S. C., for MB, Charleston, S. C.  
 FLYNN, Harold L., 1-22-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 FRITTS, Ernest E., 1-20-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.  
 HAMAS, John, 1-20-35, at Quantico for MCB, San Diego.  
 NEEL, John L., 1-21-35, at Portsmouth, N. H., for NP, Portsmouth, N. H.  
 ROTHESTEIN, Nathan, 1-20-35, at New York for MB, NYd, New York.  
 DENNISON, Arthur E., 1-21-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
 HUTCHINS, William M., 1-19-35, at Pittsburgh for MB, New York.  
 UTTER, Alfred L., 1-18-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.  
 NEWMAN, Sherman G., 1-18-35, at Savannah for MB, Charleston, S. C.  
 RINEHART, Kenneth P., 1-18-35, at New Orleans for MB, NAS, Pensacola.  
 KACZMAREK, 1-14-35, at Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.  
 VALENTE, Vincent G., 1-15-35, at San Francisco for NAS, San Diego.  
 DOLAN, LeBaron A., 1-12-35, at Bremerton for PSNYd, Bremerton, Wash.



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HARMON, George C., 1-18-35, at Baltimore for MB, New York.  
 STAMFORD, Harry F., 1-18-35, at Pittsburgh for MB, Quantico.  
 CREEL, Thomas H., 1-13-35, at Mare Island for MB, Philadelphia.  
 KEMPER, Allison, 1-14-35, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.  
 QUINN, Harold E., 1-18-35, at Washington, D. C., for Hdqs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
 TURNER, Elsvard A., 1-16-35, at Chicago for MB, Quantico.  
 BECKETT, Phillip H., 1-10-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.  
 CRABTREE, Sterling J., 1-17-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 DICKKEY, Verna, 1-16-35, at Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.  
 PEEPLES, Monroe T., 1-17-35, at Quantico for PSNn, Quantico.  
 WATKINS, John H., 1-12-35, at Mare Island for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 ANDERSON, Benjamin F., 1-16-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 CLEMENTS, Broox E., 1-15-35, at Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.  
 BOLDT, Edward W., 1-15-35, at Dover, N. J., for MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.  
 HEMAN, Harry, Jr., 1-14-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 SMITH, Cromer W., 1-15-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 WHITE, James V., 1-11-35, at Mare Island for MB, Mare Island.

CHAMBERS, Paul W., 1-10-35, at Savannah for MB, Washington, D. C.  
 KNIFTON, Thomas O., 1-9-35, at Portland for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
 STONE, Roy R., 1-9-35, at Portland for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
 CONYERS, Samuel J., 1-14-35, at Quantico for Service Detach., Quantico.  
 MILLER, Edgar L., 1-8-35, at Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
 RIGGS, Edgar A., 1-13-35, at Dover, N. J., for NAD, Dover, N. J.  
 WOODS, William H., 1-10-35, at New Orleans for 1st Battalion, 22nd Reserve Marines, New Orleans, La.  
 HOOPER, Clyde, 1-7-35, at Los Angeles for MB, Mare Island.  
 MAYTUM, Ivan N., 1-9-35, at San Francisco for MB, Mare Island.  
 BUCKLEY, Joseph E., 1-12-35, at Quantico for FME, Quantico.  
 DOWNS, Claude A., 1-4-35, at San Diego for MCB, San Diego.  
 McGRATH, John J., 12-10-34, at Peiping for AL, Peiping, China.  
 MANZEROL, Leo O'Neill, 12-10-34, at Peiping for AL, Peiping, China.  
 O'DONNELL, John, 1-10-35, at Parris Island for NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.  
 WYLLIE, Frank F., 1-5-35, at Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
 CAIN, Carl E., 1-11-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 GUTHRIE, Thomas J., 1-11-35, at Boston for MB, Boston.  
 VIRGE, Harvey M., 1-11-35, at New York for Rec. Ship, New York.  
 WILLIAMS, Edwin S., 1-3-35, at San Francisco for Mare Island.  
 CONDO, Charles, 1-10-35, at Iona Island for Asiatic.  
 DEYHLE, Frank E., 12-4-34, at Shanghai for Shanghai, China.  
 JOHNSON, Marvin J., 1-2-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.  
 SARAUULT, Willard J., 1-4-35, at Bremerton for PSNY, Bremerton, Wash.  
 STROUD, Herbert, 1-5-35, at Mare Island for Mare Island.  
 SAMUELS, James A., 1-8-35, at Quantico for MB, Quantico.  
 WRENN, Joe B., 1-4-35, at Savannah for MB, Quantico.  
 ALEXANDER, Dora G., 1-5-35, at New York for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.  
 BELCHER, Benjamin F., 1-7-35, at Quantico for Aircraft One, Quantico.  
 O'CONNOR, John, 1-7-35, at Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth, Va.  
 BERNOLFO, Angelo J., 1-7-35, at Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.  
 SNYDER, Burnie, 1-5-35, at Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

## RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the dates set opposite their names:

QM-Sgt. Laurens Larson, FMCR, February 1, 1935.  
 1st Sgt. Birl F. Adams, FMCR, February 1, 1935.  
 St. Sgt. Edward May, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 Sgt. Maj. Frank Novotny, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 Sgt. Maj. Herman Freedman, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 Sgt. Maj. William E. Ruetsch, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 QM-Sgt. William Bassen, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 St. Sgt. Harry A. King, USMC, February 1, 1935.  
 Sgt. Maj. Frank Verdier, USMC, February 1, 1935.

## ROSTER FOR PROMOTION—SERGEANT MAJOR

The following roster prepared by the Non-commissioned Officers' Promotion Board will be used in making promotions to the rank of sergeant major:

Drum Maj. Hiram H. Florea.  
 1st Sgt. Teresa C. Burton.  
 Gy-Sgt. Lewis Miller.  
 1st Sgt. William Paul.  
 1st Sgt. Arthur E. Abbott.  
 1st Sgt. Louis N. Bertol.  
 1st Sgt. Patrick Corbett.  
 1st Sgt. Harry A. Ervin.  
 1st Sgt. Joseph K. Roberts.  
 1st Sgt. William E. Mitchell.

## MARINE CORPS CREST—TIENTSIN COUNTRY CLUB

Request has recently been received from the President of the Tientsin Country Club, Tientsin, China, inviting officers who served in the Third Brigade in Tientsin, to subscribe for a crest of the Marine Corps to

be hung in the reception hall of the Country Club, along with those of regiments of other nations that have, from time to time, served in Tientsin. The inscription will read "Presented by the officers of the Third Brigade, U. S. Marine Corps."

The cost of the crest will be about \$35.00 Yuan Currency. Maj. W. A. Worton, USMC, has assumed the obligation to pay for the cost involved. However, he thinks other officers who served in the Third Brigade might desire to subscribe. Officers who desire to do so should send subscriptions to the Headquarters Post Exchange Officer, Washington, D. C.

#### NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave San Francisco 14 February; arrive San Pedro 16 February, leave 18 February; arrive San Diego 18 February, leave 20 February; arrive Canal Zone 28 February, leave 2 March; arrive Guantanamo 4 March, leave 4 March; arrive Norfolk (overhaul) 7 March.

HENDERSON—Leave NOB Norfolk, 1 March; arrive Guantanamo 6 March, leave 6 March; arrive Canal Zone 9 March, leave 12 March; arrive San Diego 23 March, leave 25 March; arrive San Pedro 26 March, leave 27 March; arrive San Francisco 29 March, leave 12 April; arrive Honolulu 21 April, leave 24 April; arrive Guam 7 May, leave 8 May; arrive Manila 14 May, leave 15 June; arrive Guam 21 June, leave 22 June; arrive Honolulu 5 July, leave 8 July; arrive San Francisco 16 July.

NITRO—Leave Pearl Harbor 25 January; arrive Guam 7 February, leave 8 February; arrive Cavite 13 February, leave 27 February; arrive Guam 4 March, leave 4 March; arrive Pearl Harbor 15 March, leave 18 March; arrive Puget Sound 26 March.

RAMAPO—Leave Guam 31 January; arrive Manila 7 February, leave 23 February; arrive San Pedro 25 March.

SALINAS—Leave Beaumont 26 January; arrive San Juan 3 February, leave 3 February; arrive Norfolk 10 February.

SIRIUS—Leave NOB Norfolk 13 February; arrive Guantanamo 18 February, leave 18 February; arrive Canal Zone 21 February, leave 25 February; arrive Mare Island 19 March, leave 25 March; arrive Puget Sound 29 March.

VEGA—Leave Boston 6 February; arrive Newport 7 February, leave 9 February; arrive New York 10 February, leave 15 February; arrive Philadelphia 17 February, leave 23 February; arrive NOB Norfolk 24 February, leave 9 March; arrive Guantanamo 14 March, leave 14 March; arrive Canal Zone 18 March, leave 22 March; arrive San Diego 3 April, leave 7 April; arrive San Pedro 7 April, leave 8 April; arrive Mare Island 10 April.

#### EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN

FEBRUARY 1, 1935  
Changes in Courses

The Motorbus Transportation Course has been discontinued. Students now enrolled in this course will be permitted to complete it within a reasonable time.

A new course, Service Station Salesmanship, has recently been added to the curriculum of the Marine Corps Institute. This is a short course of only six lessons dealing with the policies and practices of the modern service station. It should have a particular appeal to a man who is engaged in this line of work at the present time, or who contemplates taking it up in the future.

#### Graduates During the Month of January

1st Lt. Thomas J. McQuade—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2d Lt. John B. Hendry—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Billy W. King—Spanish.

2nd Lt. George R. Shell—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

2nd Lt. Sidney S. Wade—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.

Cpl. Samuel S. Goodspeed—English and Bookkeeping.

Cpl. Isaac W. Shoemaker—Complete Automobile.

Cpl. John C. Spivey—Immigration Patrol Inspector and Civil Service Stenographer-Typist.

Cpl. Raymond R. Townsend—Selected Subjects.

Pfc. Frank N. Christensen—Complete Radio.

Pfc. Joseph W. Holup—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Frank Y. Baker—Salesmanship.

Pvt. Lewis E. Berry—Good English.

Pvt. Lawrence Betts—Spanish.

Pvt. Lamar Brouillette—Livestock.

Pvt. Ray C. Carter—Complete Radio.

Pvt. Frederick W. Cooper, Jr.—Immigration Patrol Inspector.

Pvt. Leon S. Keeton—Pharmacy.

Pvt. Joseph F. Lanyon—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Charles K. Levine—Airplane Maintenance.

Pvt. Ralph J. Lloyd—Civil Service Clerical.

Pvt. Victor W. Meyers—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Edmond P. Minihan—Complete Automobile.

Pvt. George Rosecaln, Jr.—Aviation Engines.

Pvt. Earl R. Sandrus—Airplane Maintenance.

Pvt. Hardy W. Slaughter—Aviation Mechanics.

Pvt. Edward C. Smith—Good English.

Pvt. Austin L. Sparks—Civil Service Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.

Pvt. Edwin C. Standell—Elementary Electrical Engineering.

Pvt. Theodore L. Watterson—Good English.

Pvt. Everett F. Woodard—Aviation Mechanics.

#### U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity

Total number of students enrolled	
January 31, 1935	4,846
Students enrolled during Jan., 1935	518
Students enrolled during Dec., 1934	548
Students disenrolled during Jan., 1935	472
Lesson papers received during Nov., 1934	3,250
Lesson papers received during Dec., 1934	3,600
Lesson papers received during Jan., 1935	4,000
Total lesson papers received since establishment	576,113
Graduates during month of Jan., 1935	32
Graduates since establishment	6,510
I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	6,300
Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	210

#### Classification

Enlisted	3,862
Commissioned	204
Navy Enlisted	80
Navy Commissioned	7
Enlisted FLEET MARINE CORPS	671
RESERVE	
COMMISSIONED FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE	14
Dependents	8
TOTAL	4,846

The Following are Eligible for Enrollment  
Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.

Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.

Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companies.

Officers and enlisted on the retired list. Marine General Court-Martial prisoners. Dependents of Marines upon payment for textbooks used.

#### DEATHS

##### Officers

BOURNE, Louis M., Jr., Major, died January 7, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Emille W. Bourne, wife, Wayside Farm, Stafford, Va.

BURWELL, Edward J., Jr., Major, died January 25, 1935, at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. Rena A. Burwell, wife, Hartly Hall, Fredericksburg, Va.

WILLARD, Keith R., 1st Lieut., died January 28, 1935, on board the USS "Antares," at Culebra, P. R. Next of kin: Mr. Chester E. Willard, father, 1734 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

DEWEY, Frederick S., Pay Clerk, retired, died January 27, 1935, at Seattle, Wash. Next of kin: Mrs. F. S. DeCew, wife, 1419 Menlo Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

##### Enlisted Men

HOMEL, George E., Sgt., died January 6, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Marie Perry, sister, 512 Laurel Street, Palatka, Fla.

PICKREN, Terrell C., Pvt., died January 28, 1935, of crushed pelvis on board the USS "Wyoming," at Culebra, P. R. Next of kin: Mrs. Zoie Pickren, mother, Hickox, Ga.

STEVENS, Ralph E., Pvt., died January 4, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Lillian Stevens, mother, No. 2 Bauer St., Worcester, Mass.

LOONEY, Dennis, Sgt., retired, died January 14, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin:

Mrs. Mary Looney, wife, 144 Mallory Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

McNAMARA, Michael, Sgt., retired, died November 17, 1934, of disease at Louisville, County Mayo, Irish Free State. Next of kin: Mrs. Michael McNamara, wife, Louisville, County Mayo, Irish Free State.

SMITH, Delamar B., Sgt., retired, died January 18, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mrs. Adel Smith, wife, 3683 Park Blvd., San Diego, Calif.

SULLIVAN, Timothy, Sgt., retired, died January 23, 1935, of disease at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Emma McMorrow, cousin, 56 Washington St., Taunton, Mass.

JESTER, William C., Pvt. FMCR, inactive, died January 10, 1935, of disease at Georgetown University Hospital, Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary G. Jester, mother, 820 King St., Alexandria, Va.

SCHNEIDER, Emil A., Cpl., FMCR, inactive, died December 14, 1934, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of injuries received in an automobile accident. Next of kin: William H. Schneider, father, 3340 South Delaware Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

#### PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR, REGULAR WARRANT: Frank Novotny.

TO SERGEANT MAJOR, TECHNICAL WARRANT: Corney E. Larimore.

TO MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT: Frederick A. Landry.

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT: Anstey A. Cranston.

Madison C. Whiteside, Joseph M. Broderick, Bernard T. Kafka, William E. Word.

STAFF SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT: Edward May.

STAFF SERGEANT, TECHNICAL WARRANT: Joseph G. Arsenault.

Vernon A. Tuson, William Becker.

SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT: John A. Tidyman.

William Wallace, Jr., Cecil J. Rogers, Joe W. Backus.

Harry J. Kummerer, Jr., James W. Frick, Thomas J. Neville, Frank G. Meeker.

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT: Lawrence B. Frisch.

Earl B. Ercanbrack, Lester R. Diehl, Clayton L. Caston.

Lawrence E. McHaney, Alexander A. Case, George Bishop.

Michael H. Lawless, Charles T. Horne, Porter W. Stark.

Edwin J. Sinclair, Marcus Meserole, Ezra L. Boswell.

Walter E. Chrisman, Otto H. White, Jesse L. Randle.

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT: John F. Travis.

John H. Peters, Melvin D. Buchanan, Erwin F. Frank.

Charles T. Horne, Louis Bernot, Donald J. Decker.

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL WARRANT: Lawrence L. Keefer.

Wheeler E. Brock, Eugene C. Zimmer, James D. Williamson.

Macon Barbee, Lawrence L. Glover, Paul Larson.

Harold S. Moulson, Jr., Wilson J. Acord, Clarence R. Bjolund.

Dyer Manning, Daniel H. Musselman, Wilbert T. Potter.

Lyle H. Leonard, Malcolm MacP. Kirk, James M. Wray.

Antonio Federico, Jack W. Mossman, Harry F. Long.

John Kilgore.  
Malcolm Graham.  
Herman L. Williams.  
Gerald L. Johns.  
James M. Smith.  
Harold V. Jones.  
Alan E. Opine.  
Steven G. Telekas.  
Anthony F. Grato.  
Therold E. Cody.  
Alvin Rainey.  
Raymond R. McMillen.  
Edson J. Evans.  
Vandiver R. L. Locke.  
Louis Buccini.  
Jim C. Gales.  
Marcus J. Lemley.  
Harold Wagner.  
Robert E. Waggoner.  
Walter S. Pikul.  
Ernest M. Rush.  
William C. Hall.  
Rufus M. Shamel.  
McCauley T. Semenoff.  
Douglas W. Driggers.  
Roy Barrett.  
Raymond C. Freeman.  
Clyde T. Suttle, Jr.  
Thomas H. Davis.  
George W. Torbert.  
Kenyon S. Jacobs.  
Marvin A. Powers.  
Roy B. Miller.  
Blanton A. Jessup.  
John W. Smith.  
Willis R. Singletary.  
Samuel L. Corbin.

#### SENIORITY LIST—STAFF SERGEANTS

No. Name Date of Warrant

##### CLERICAL

1. Hjortsberg, Alexander L. June 2, 1924  
2. Tomlinson, Roy A. Feb. 10, 1926  
3. Tighe, George L. June 5, 1926  
4. Dronillard, Glenn D. Sept. 10, 1927  
5. Theodore, Lawrence A. Sept. 10, 1927  
6. Uhlinger, Percy H. Feb. 25, 1928  
7. Davey, Erald D. Oct. 26, 1928  
8. Davis, Henry E. Oct. 26, 1928  
9. McCabe, Edward J. Oct. 26, 1928  
10. Lonardo, Nicolo F. March 28, 1929  
11. Miller, Francis G. June 22, 1929  
12. Curry, Edwin D. Sept. 26, 1929  
13. Slayton, Clarence D. Sept. 26, 1929  
14. Kelsey, Fred H. Nov. 12, 1929  
15. Henry, David B. Nov. 14, 1929  
16. Scheffer, Walter C. Feb. 10, 1930  
17. Murray, Albert F. April 7, 1930  
18. Day, James M. Nov. 3, 1930  
19. Berlin, John F. May 7, 1931  
20. Foster, Waldo May 19, 1931  
21. Williams, Robert L. July 7, 1931  
22. Rogers, John J. Sept. 9, 1931  
23. Imus, Wayman H. Dec. 16, 1931  
24. Gordon, Robert B. Jan. 2, 1932  
25. Sandusky, Walter April 27, 1932  
26. Fitzgerald, Vernet R. June 30, 1932  
27. Swanson, Donald W. June 30, 1932  
28. Arland, Francis E., Sr. Aug. 4, 1932  
29. Smith, Merl S. Sept. 20, 1932  
30. Quinn, Harold E. Sept. 26, 1932  
31. Hornbrook, James F. Oct. 3, 1932  
32. McCabe, Joseph P., Sr. Oct. 3, 1932  
33. Giles, Emerson W. March 9, 1933  
34. Kuhns, John W. March 9, 1933  
35. Fairbairn, Clifford A. March 21, 1933  
36. Justus, Leslie D. March 27, 1933  
37. Leonard, Clarence J. April 25, 1933  
38. McElroy, Halbert A. July 23, 1933  
39. Rice, John H. July 24, 1933  
40. Hughes, William R. July 25, 1933  
41. Leer, Leslie L. July 25, 1933  
42. Carnes, Floyd E. Aug. 2, 1934  
43. McPike, Arnold C. Sept. 11, 1934  
44. Hughes, Leonard T. Nov. 3, 1934  
45. Dunlap, Hubert H. Nov. 20, 1934  
46. Shambaugh, Levi J. Nov. 20, 1934  
47. Deason, Alvin J. Dec. 4, 1934  
48. Becker, William F. Jan. 1, 1935  
49. Hodges, Joseph McK. Jan. 14, 1935

##### MECHANICAL

1. Schmackel, Charles H. May 7, 1923  
2. Feltwell, Ernest E. April 16, 1924  
3. Noel, Charles A. Feb. 13, 1925  
4. Krabach, Frank A. May 6, 1926  
5. Balan, Yancu Dec. 3, 1926  
6. LaRocque, Arthur N. Dec. 10, 1926  
7. Powers, Robert W. April 8, 1927  
8. Eschliman, Charles Sept. 8, 1927  
9. Zuern, Alfred E. Sept. 12, 1927  
10. Commander, Eugene C. Jan. 6, 1928  
11. Wolf, Gerald E. July 5, 1928  
12. Brooks, Harry LeR. Sept. 15, 1928  
13. McArthur, Walter A. Oct. 31, 1928  
14. Pitts, Charles O. Nov. 3, 1928  
15. Falls, George April 9, 1929  
16. Roshach, Gabriel April 24, 1929  
17. Purvis, Clyde E. June 7, 1929  
18. Seckus, John July 2, 1929  
19. Cooper, John F. July 25, 1929

20. Mace, John W. Aug. 5, 1929  
21. Carter, George L. Oct. 9, 1929  
22. Kelley, Lee S. April 4, 1930  
23. Bates, Warren April 30, 1930  
24. Kent, Norman D. May 3, 1930  
25. Cain, Marlin P. Oct. 23, 1930  
26. Ratliff, George W. Jan. 19, 1931  
27. Pedersen, Jens Jan. 28, 1931  
28. McKenzie, Paul Feb. 17, 1931  
29. Magnat, William J. Feb. 26, 1931  
30. Puskarich, Mike E. March 3, 1931  
31. O'Brien, John W. March 21, 1931  
32. Papas, Julius May 23, 1931  
33. Myrel, Edward June 12, 1931  
34. Trippe, Samuel M. Sept. 3, 1931  
35. Jacobs, Clarence E. Oct. 14, 1931  
36. Debiski, Mike April 26, 1932  
37. Anderson, Cecil E. June 9, 1932  
38. Curtis, Kenneth F. July 21, 1932  
39. Wathen, Frederick E. Sept. 26, 1932  
40. Couch, Richard M. March 29, 1933  
41. Crosby, James A. March 29, 1933  
42. Vogt, Joseph G. April 12, 1933  
43. Peters, Elmer G. April 21, 1933  
44. Cagle, Vernal July 2, 1934  
45. Wood, Joseph J. July 19, 1934  
46. Stutz, Jack B. July 30, 1934  
47. Isaacsen, Elmer E. Dec. 1, 1934  
48. Arsenault, Joseph G. Dec. 23, 1934

##### AVIATION

1. Johnson, Ellis J. March 1, 1928  
2. Alcorn, Randle W., Jr. Dec. 9, 1929  
3. Heritage, Gordon W. Dec. 30, 1929  
4. Masters, Irvin V. March 4, 1930  
5. Hill, Lloyd M. May 1, 1930  
6. Hoffer, Gila S. May 1, 1930  
7. Hobbs, Ralph H. July 4, 1930  
8. Orvis, Byron E. Aug. 13, 1930  
9. Roberts, Lee E. Aug. 13, 1930  
10. Taylor, Hollis W. Dec. 5, 1930  
11. Denburger, Andrew A. March 14, 1931

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12. Billings, Edwin O. April 6, 1931  
13. Woodruff, William L. April 6, 1931  
14. Watson, William F. April 10, 1931  
15. Cortright, Louis A. June 4, 1931  
16. Hammers, Ralph E. June 19, 1931  
17. Dickey, Robert L. Aug. 24, 1931  
18. Price, Harold L. Aug. 24, 1931  
19. Staph, William L. Feb. 24, 1932  
20. Boyd, John T. March 1, 1932  
21. Brown, Charles G. April 4, 1932  
22. Forde, David L. July 27, 1934  
23. Davis, Gaston D. July 28, 1934  
24. Fogerty, John F. July 28, 1934  
25. Johnson, Norman B. July 28, 1934  
26. Paquin, Paul R. July 28, 1934  
27. Petras, Theodore A. July 28, 1934  
28. Sleght, John M. July 28, 1934  
29. White, Erving F. July 28, 1934  
30. Woolley, Sidney R. July 28, 1934  
31. Briesemeister, Ervin C. Nov. 14, 1934  
32. Schaller, Lewis M. Nov. 14, 1934  
33. Dimond, John L. Nov. 19, 1934  
34. Heckman, Paul J. Nov. 19, 1934  
35. Griffin, Tom J. Dec. 19, 1934  
36. Tuson, Vernon A. Dec. 26, 1934

##### SIGNAL

1. Mooney, John D. Dec. 23, 1931  
2. Couts, Marcus J. Jan. 6, 1932

#### RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1934

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp Wesley Harris	131-25%	179-33%	177-33%	47-9%	91%
Cape May	72-13%	181-32%	201-36%	106-19%	81%
Guantanamo Bay	32-8%	62-15%	132-22%	183-45%	55%
Hongkew	159-9%	450-27%	746-44%	347-20%	80%
International	117-21%	158-28%	236-41%	59-10%	90%
Mare Island	45-13%	95-27%	139-39%	75-21%	79%
Puuloa Point	72-17%	142-33%	152-36%	59-14%	86%
Quantico	135-5%	451-16%	1182-43%	999-36%	64%
PARRIS ISLAND					
Post Orgs.	110-32%	111-32%	96-28%	28-8%	92%
Recruits	92-3%	437-15%	1347-46%	1069-36%	64%
SAN DIEGO					
Base Orgs.	235-25%	299-31%	315-33%	103-11%	89%
Recruits	32-4%	124-14%	363-41%	359-41%	59%
Other Ranges	573-19%	778-26%	1142-39%	488-16%	84%
MARINE CORPS	1805-12%	3467-22%	6228-41%	3922-25%	75%

##### RESERVE CHANGES

###### Appointments

2nd Lt. George H. Eddleman, Philadelphia, Pa., to rank from January 18, 1935.

##### GRADUATES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE CLASS, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, 1935.

###### U. S. Marine Corps

DIXON, John, Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry Company Officers' Course.  
CORSON, George, Second Lieutenant, Infantry Basic Course.  
MOBERLY, Lee, First Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
RICHARDSON, Morris C., First Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
ROENNIGKE, Theodore L., Gunnery Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
FLICK, Joseph W., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
MASON, Frank L., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
ORLUCK, Carl, Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
TOENER, Hilmer N., Sergeant, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
DEASON, William T., Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.  
MESEROLE, Marcus, Corporal, Noncommissioned Officers' Course.

##### HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

Officers and men attaining a score of 330 or better over the regular qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Orders Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17:

2nd Lt. August Larson 334  
Sgt. Claud A. Mudd 333  
2nd Lt. Samuel S. Yeaton 331  
Sgt. James H. Regan 331  
Cpl. George W. Walker 331  
Pvt. Felix A. Hesser 330  
Pvt. Joseph T. Remas 330

##### Something to Shoot at:

Pfc. William D. Linfoot 347

##### HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1934 according to reports of target practice covering qualifications for Marksmanship Qualification Orders Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17:

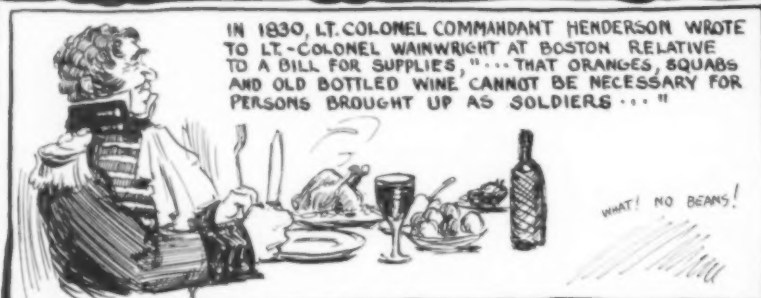
Capt. Hal N. Potter 99  
1st Lt. Samuel S. Yeaton 98  
Capt. Arthur C. Small 97  
Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi 97  
Gy-Sgt. Stephen J. Zsiga 97  
ChM Gun Ludolf F. Jensen 96  
Cpl. Norman R. Clark 96  
Capt. Emmett W. Skinner 95  
1st Lt. Howard R. Huff 95  
1st Lt. Prentice A. Siebler 95  
Sgt. Bruce Wilson 95

##### Something to Shoot at:

Capt. Hal N. Potter 99  
Capt. William P. Richards 99  
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff 99  
Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Jones 99  
Bremerton Marines win San Diego Trophy three years in succession, 1932, 1933, and 1934—in reporting the results of the San Diego Trophy Match for 1934, it was stated that the teams representing the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., had won this event TWO years in succession.



# MARINE ODDITIES



IN 1830, LT. COLONEL COMMANDANT HENDERSON WROTE TO LT. COLONEL WAINWRIGHT AT BOSTON RELATIVE TO A BILL FOR SUPPLIES, "... THAT ORANGES, SQUABS AND OLD BOTTLED WINE CANNOT BE NECESSARY FOR PERSONS BROUGHT UP AS SOLDIERS ... "

WHAT! NO BEANS!



IN 1810 SECRETARY OF THE NAVY PAUL HAMILTON, HAVING IMPORTANT DISPATCHES FOR EUROPE, REQUESTED THE COMMANDANT OF MARINES FOR THE SERVICES OF LIEUTENANT ALFRED GRAYSON TO CARRY THEM. THE COMMANDANT ACCEDED.



YE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE IT, LAD, IT'LL COST YE 20 CENTS ANYWAY

HOSPITAL CARESMAN - OLD STYLE

MARK HIM DUTY

IN 1799 CONGRESS PASSED A LAW THAT 20 CENTS FOR HOSPITAL TREATMENT WOULD BE DEDUCTED FROM MARINES' PAY - AND THAT RULING REMAINS WITHOUT ALTERATION TODAY.

## IN THE "OLD" MARINE CORPS

*Jackal*



LIEUTENANT CHARLES D. COXE, USMC, SERVING ON THE U.S.F. CONSTITUTION, WAS APPOINTED CHARGE D'AFFAIRES OF THE UNITED STATES AT REGENCY OF TUNIS IN 1807



THE MARINES WERE WITHOUT A REGULAR COMMANDANT FROM SEPTEMBER 1, 1818 TO MARCH 1819, DUE TO THE DEATH OF COLONEL WHARTON. THE ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR ASSUMED THE DUTY OF COMMANDANT DURING PART OF THIS PERIOD



YOU hear it on all sides, this eternal demand for money. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—money, money, money!

When the bills pour in and you stack them alongside your pay envelope—honestly, don't you have a sense of futility? Don't you wish you had a job that paid more money?

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Reading Shop Blueprints   | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engines                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping     | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining Engineer      | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining Engineer      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Estimating     | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer        | <input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Engines               | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration             | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wood Millworking        | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work            | <input type="checkbox"/> Aviation Engines             | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Locomotives         | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer       | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Mechanics         | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Section Foreman     | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing      | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman    | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman      | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing                     | <input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering       | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing      | <input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacturing      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Machinist                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting                | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Bridge and Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing             | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inventing and Patenting | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker              | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreman                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming           | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Farming           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer     | <input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment of Metals  | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker           | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes                | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Signalman           | <input type="checkbox"/> Radio                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting       | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer           | <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineer               | <input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning          | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer           | <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management     | <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accountant           | <b>BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES</b>                      |  |  |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management       | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. Accountant          | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising               | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service             | <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping               | <input type="checkbox"/> Service Station Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier              | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk        | <input type="checkbox"/> First Year College        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management      | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work          | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence      | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering Show Cards      | <input type="checkbox"/> Grade School Subjects     | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing       | <input type="checkbox"/> Signs                     | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects      | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning                |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> French                    |   |  |  | <input type="checkbox"/> Lumber Dealer             |

Name.....Age.....Address.....

City.....State.....Occupation.....

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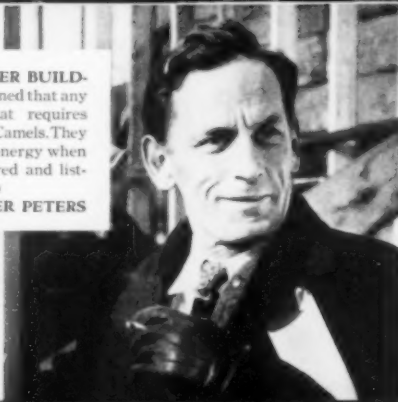
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with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. That 'let-down' feeling fades away. I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) **RAYMOND F. STEVENS**, North American Bob-Sled Champion

"I'M A CAMEL SMOKER. Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" (Signed) **JACK SHEA**, Olympic Champion Speed Skater



"AS A MASTER BUILDER, I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and listless." (Signed) **FRAZIER PETERS**



COLLEGE GIRL: "When tired, a Camel makes you feel refreshed." (Signed) **MARGUERITE OSMUN**

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You'll like the Camel Caravan starring Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over coast-to-coast WABC-Columbia Network.

**TUESDAY**

10:00 p.m. E.S.T.  
9:00 p.m. C.S.T.  
8:00 p.m. M.S.T.  
7:00 p.m. P.S.T.

**THURSDAY**

9:00 p.m. E.S.T.  
8:00 p.m. C.S.T.  
9:30 p.m. M.S.T.  
8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

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IN CAMELS..**



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